ON'S ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BOOK ISSUE

Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 29, 1969 50¢

THE STONES KEEP ROLLING by Ellen Sander

Mick Jagger, "head stone" of the English rock group

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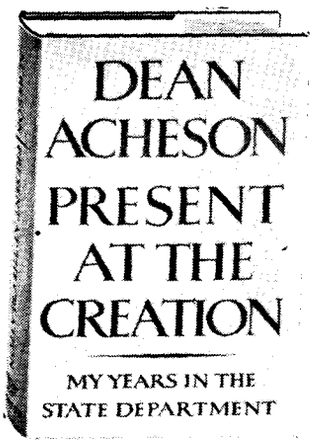

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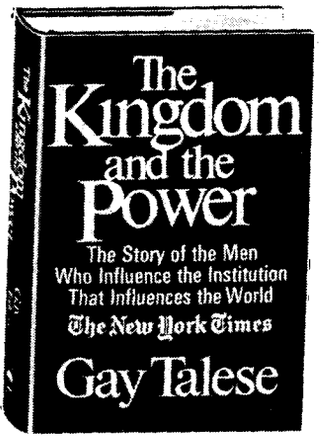
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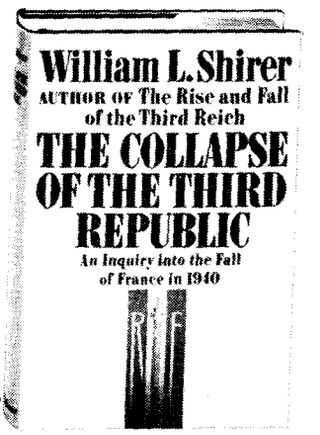
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November 29, 1969

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by Ellen Sander

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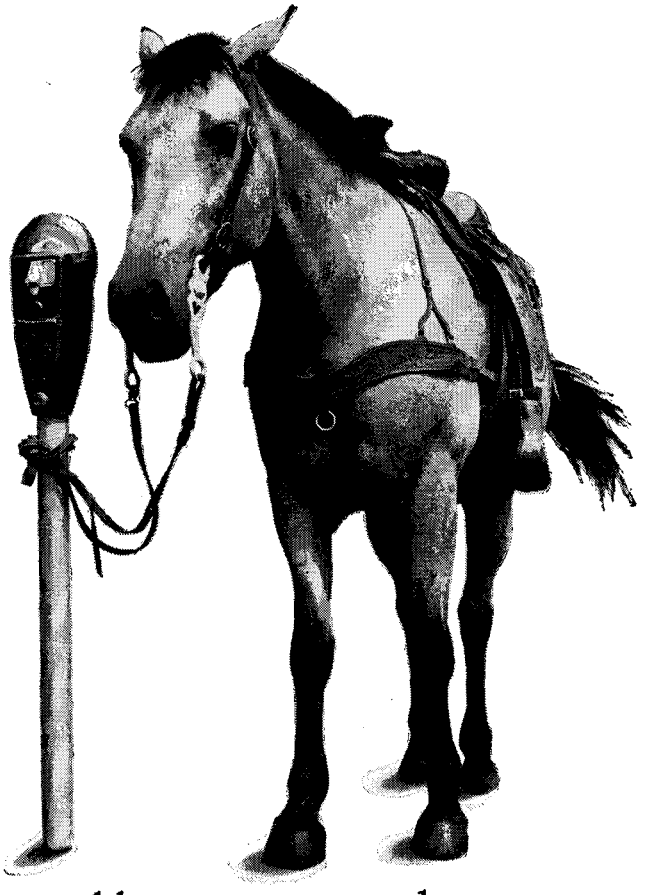

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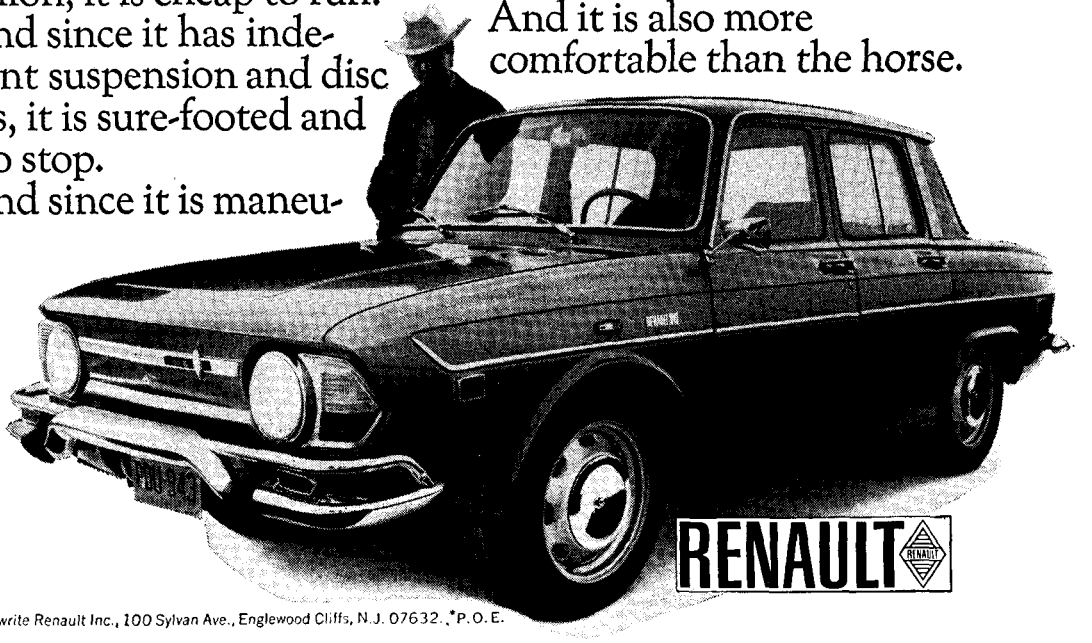

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Elga Andersen. REALITES No. 211, Pg. 90

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Thanksgiving Day

No, Virginia, Macy's didn't invent Thanksgiving Day. Christmas, maybe, but that's all. It was thought up by the Pilgrims in 1621 because they had a harvest they were grateful for. They were not Puritans. The Puritans were the ones who came here for religious freedom and who persecuted Quakers and Baptists. Also witches. Anne Hutchinson objected to this and was banished to Rhode Island. The parkway named in her honor is in New York. Other mistakes include the turkey, which the Pilgrims thought was the same as a bird they knew in Europe (many of the original group had lived in Leyden, Holland) as the turkey cock. That one had come to Europe from Africa *through* Turkey. The domestic ones you see around today didn't come from Europe. They came from Mexico.

But then our forefathers invited "Indians" to dinner, another mistake in nomenclature. They didn't have names for anything they hadn't seen before, which is understandable, but they didn't make any up, either. The "Indians" made up Massachusetts. "Massadchu-ut" ("at-big-hills") is what they made up, but the way John Smith (the same one) heard it, that's the way you hear it.

The other mistakes the Pilgrims made were crossing the Atlantic in a leaky tub in the middle of November and thinking they'd make out all right in Virginia. Well, half of them died that winter. And they sure weren't in Virginia. Those who were left the following November had plenty to be thankful for.

Cranberries are of the genus *Oxycoccus*. The potato, originally, was the sweet potato. This all-American came from Peru, and its name is Spanish. It's not the same as the yam, which has a name from Senegal. The Pilgrims didn't have any, because it wasn't raised here then. Nor was celery or olives, but they *could* have had pumpkin pie.

Not too surprisingly, many people on Thanksgiving Day have baked ham as their main dish. Often from Virginia. —Henry Morgan.

I Am Curious (Sickly Green)

Just when I had begun to think I had successfully bridged the communications gap between myself and *The New York Times*, just when I was growing confident that I really understood what the *Times* was trying to say, just when I had timorously turned to the amusement section to see if Clive Barnes was still there or had departed for a role in *Hair*—just then it happened.

My eye fell on a sentence in a review by one of the paper's apprentice drama critics. He had found the performance of a certain actress "large, but... also structured and finely detailed."

What does he mean, I asked myself. I had no answer. I had been away from New York for six months, and in Rome the *Times* costs $1 or 625 lire. I had settled every day for *Il Messaggero* for 70 lire.

"Structured and finely detailed," I read again. Well, I thought it's just something a bright, young apprentice critic might invent. He probably had been saving it up for days, perhaps even weeks.

So I turned to Barnes or where I expected Barnes to be if he hadn't deserted the *Times* for action. He was on the job. He was writing about a Pole named Grotowski, and it was Barnes's idea that Grotowski "sees an actor not as an image of a creator's vision but as a reality." I reread that and went on. "He is trying to take the metaphor out of acting and to make it naked."

So that was what Grotowski was trying to do. He wanted to make it naked. There's nothing obscure about good old Barnes, I said to myself. I paused to reassure myself that I had grasped the subtlety of Barnes's point. Then I continued.

"Yet reality is of nature unstructured," I read.

Luckily, I had an antidote at hand: a touching account in *Il Messaggero* of the death of Dox Jr., the famous police dog and son of the celebrated Dox. Dox Jr. had sixteen years, an age corresponding to 112 years for a man, *Il Messaggero* pointed out. He had re-

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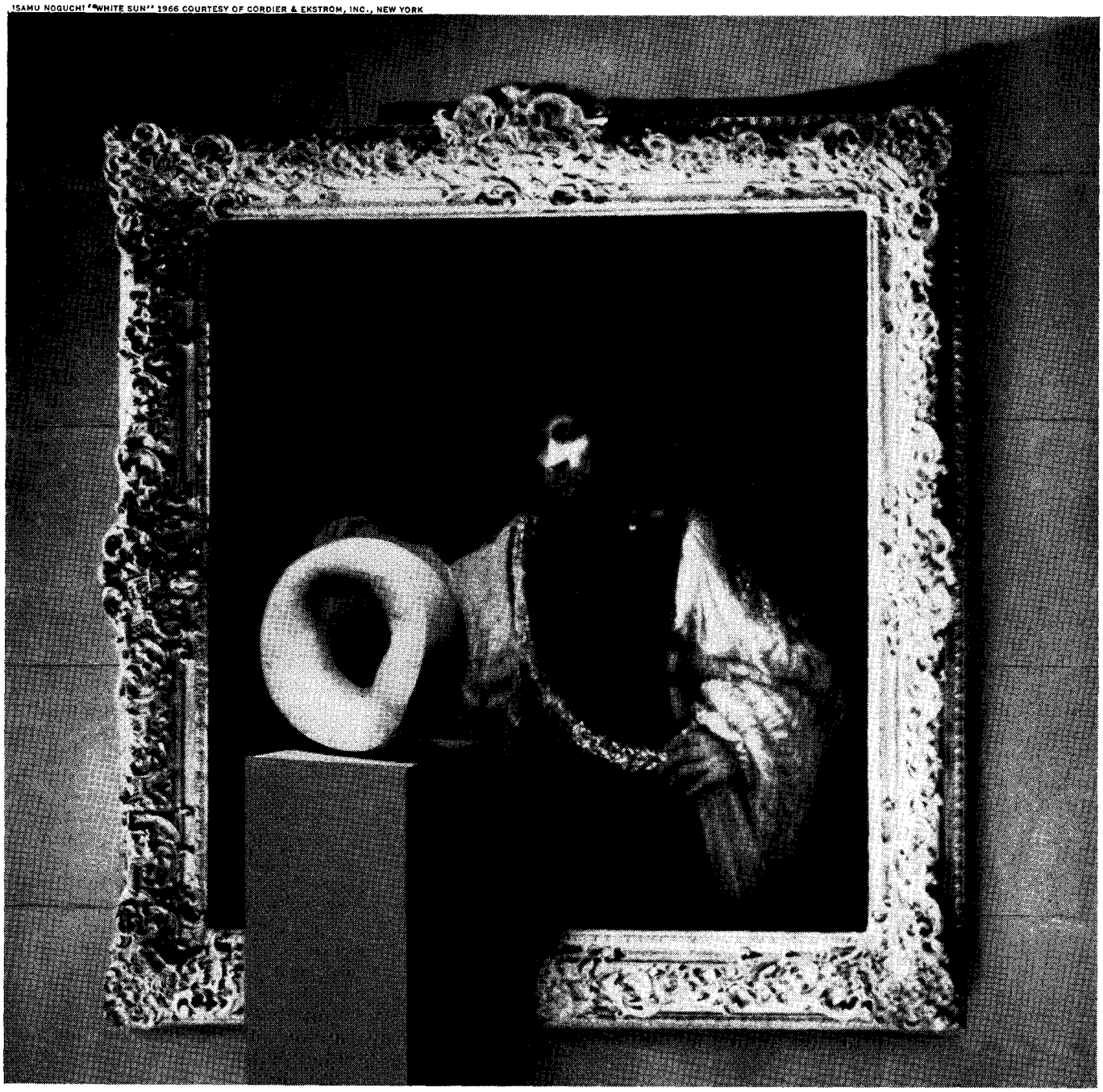
ISAMU NOGUCHI "WHITE SUN" 1966 COURTESY OF CORDIER & EKSTROM, INC., NEW YORK



For the next few months Aristotle will have something besides Homer to contemplate.

It's the Metropolitan Museum's hundredth birthday celebration.

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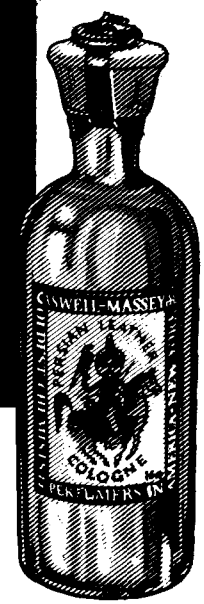

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tired some time ago. He would be buried at the side of his padre Dox. Both Dox and Dox Jr., I felt, had led unstructured lives. They had also made it naked. —JOHN FERRIS.

Stop the Vicious People

CHRISTMAS IS COMING, and the vicious people are again preparing to give fruitcakes as presents. With pre-season orders already at a record high, your chances of being targeted as a multiple fruitcake recipient have never been better.

As with life itself, we can't quite define a fruitcake, but we know some of its qualities. For the child, a fruitcake at home means the destruction of a cherished prerogative. Who'd want to raid the cakebox at night only to find a fruitcake mocking him for his tiptoeing through dark, obstacle-filled hallways?

For the college student, seeking his own values in an alienating world, a fruitcake at home can cause the final severing of an already tenuous family tie. One Berkeley sophomore, now a dropout, heeded his parents' plea to "come home for Easter," arrived in New York at 3 a.m., saw the Christmas fruitcake still squatting in the kitchen, and left on an 8 a.m. flight, without ever saying hello. "They don't even try to understand!"

For adults, receiving a fruitcake presents the same problems as an unwanted painting or a crystal bowl. You have to keep it around in case the giver drops over—you know you'd never convince him you had eaten it.

What can you do, then, to get fun out of fruitcakes without paying the penalty of being stuck with any?

First, make Thanksgiving the deadline for mailing your Christmas fruitcakes. Send them to anyone you suspect of harboring even the slightest ill will against you. For extra delight, give them to people who are all mutually acquainted; then sit back and joyfully anticipate the crossovers, as they start dumping them on one another.

Second, mark each fruitcake you send out, in a manner identifying its recipient for you. Sink a carrot chunk in the center of one, for example, a dried pea pod in another, and a cherry cough drop in a third. You'll be able to tell in a jiffy when one of your own gifts comes back, and also whom to drop in on.

Third, if you find a fruitcake in the mail, rewrap it in its original paper, mark it "Unsolicited Matter: Not Desired by Recipient," and leave it for your postman. You'll simultaneously embarrass the donor and show your support for the vital crusade against junk mail. —PETER FRIEDMAN.

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The Anti-Tuesday League.

We were shocked to learn that certain prominent parties are reported to have formed the International Anti-Tuesday League.

We know little about it, except that petitions are already circulating in Altoona, Ankara, Lisbon, Ft. Worth, Djibouti and Council Bluffs.

Why on earth? Our modest claim to Tuesday (every Tuesday) as the day for drinking Teacher's Scotch leaves six perfectly good days for the rest to share.

We trust you will sign nothing without reading the small print and will encourage any League member who comes to your door to forget all this foolishness and pick a day of his own.

Wednesday, anyone?

Teacher's Scotch

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

On Running out of Gas

Bureau of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D.C. 20013

Dear Bureau:

Hi there, Bureau. Long time no see—not since 1954. Remember when you called me down to your branch office here in N. Y. to explain a bouquet of telephone call deductions that I had claimed, and we finally reached a friendly compromise where I paid the full amount, plus penalties and interest?

Well, forgive and forget, I always say. Although you can see I haven't entirely forgotten, I must admit you got to me last summer when I read in the newspaper about that little girl in Philadelphia who wrote your department that she had always wanted a pony, and asked if you could stop deducting withholding tax from her daddy's paycheck for one week so he could buy her the pony.

Although you couldn't stop the withholding, the paper said, your boys at the Philadelphia office pitched in and bought her a pony. Now that's what I call heart—18 carat heart.

"I gave him some carrots," the little girl was quoted, "and he ate them pretty fast." I wept.

Now don't think I'm asking for a pony. They don't allow ponies in the hotel where I live. But what I do want you fellows to consider is a "Human Depletion Tax." You know, something like the Oil Depletion Tax the oil people have. They've had it since 1926—27.5 per cent off their gross income, which, the law says, can be used in "finding new reserves to replace those that have been used up or depleted."

Well, have you any idea how depleted I've been getting, sitting here at a typewriter since 1926? Every day I roll a blank sheet of paper into this machine, stare for hours at its whiteness, try to dredge up a well of gushing information, and the depletion that sets in is immeasurable.

Okay, I anticipate what you're going to say—you're going to tell me that oilmen don't always strike oil; that it takes a lot of sinking of drills, and casings, and what not, and that down through the years they often come up with what are known as "dry wells."

Excuse me for laughing. But down through the years I've done a lot of drilling myself, and have come up dried and depleted and with a sinking feeling that you wouldn't believe! That, I insist, is worth at least a 27.5 per cent allowance off my gross income. To say nothing of the incomes of all humans who down through the years have depleted themselves in the pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness, and have wound up with the two irrevocables—death and taxes.

Think about a Human Depletion Tax. Consider it carefully and with compassion, as you did the pony for the little Philadelphia girl. I realize this is an unfortunate time to be asking for less taxation, with all the money our government needs for ABM, MIRV, and SST, to say nothing of sending men to the moon.

I know how important our moon shots are, and how many billions they cost, although I did think that, after the first landing, our President was a little extravagant when he put in a phone call to the moon. And made it person to person. Who else could have answered?

Incidentally, while we're on the phone bit, I think the President could have saved some money had he not acted so hastily when after the West German election he phoned to congratulate the new Chancellor, and got Kurt Kiesinger. That's when he *should* have made it person to person. He could have congratulated the real winner, Willy Brandt.

When I think of those 1954 phone call deductions that your man here at the IRB didn't allow me, I am even further depleted. Don't you consider a human being to be as important as an inanimate oil well? Or to put it another way, don't you believe a human being, after years of contributing to the government coffers, begins to run out of gas? Shouldn't there be a graduated scale of diminishing taxes when he starts depleting?

Let me know what you think. Or better still, when you're in town, let's talk about it over a drink. A pony of brandy? (Ha ha.) I don't suggest you rush pell-mell to the President to ask what he thinks about a Human Depletion Tax. He's got enough on his mind right now—what with Vietnam, and inflation, and moratoriums, and having to read all those morning papers to learn what the hell Agnew said last night. Wishing you a bountiful Thanksgiving for your horn of plenty, I am, as always, yours.

"Bar Humbug!"

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME 7 SLEEPING PILLS, A 6 PAK OF DIET-SODA, 5 BOTTLES OF ASPIRIN, 4 JARS OF COLD CREAM, 3 PACKS OF CIGARETS, 2 BOBBY PINS AND 1 EARRING.
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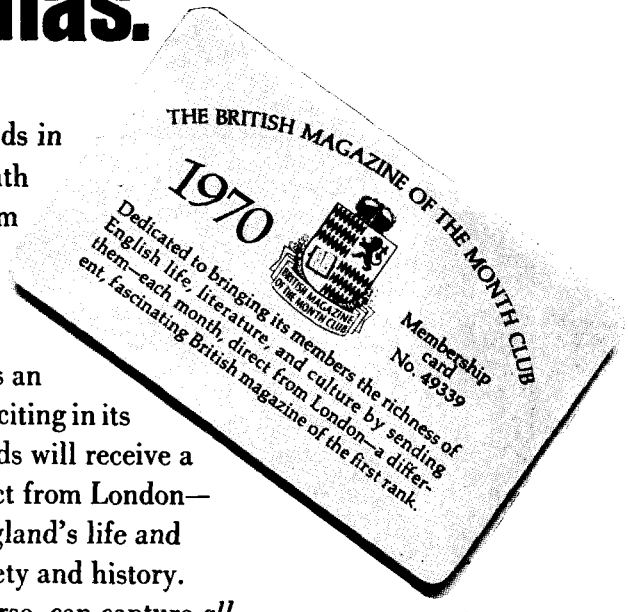
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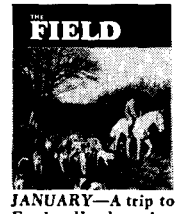

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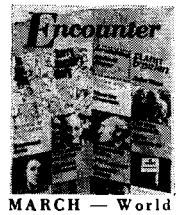

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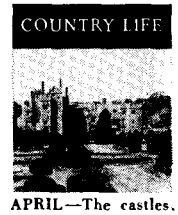

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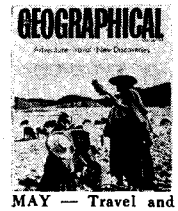

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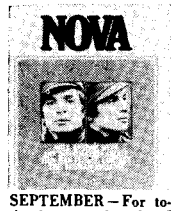

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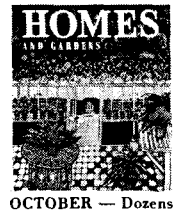

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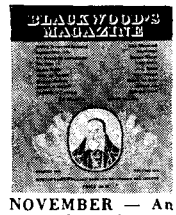

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Fresh Revivals

THE DECISION by the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center to present a season of American plays can immediately be criticized. For it puts an obviously unnecessary limitation on the acting company and its directors. On the other hand, it can be defended because the Lincoln Center audience consists mainly of subscribers who will see all four plays, and hopefully the four selected (*The Time of Your Life, Camino Real, Beggar on Horseback,* and a new play by Sam Shepard called *Operation Sidewinder*) will form some kind of comparative picture of American life over four decades. Each play will have value both in whatever performance quality the company can lend it, and as a specimen from which we can discover an American identity.

The Time of Your Life, which leads off the season, presents an immediate dilemma to director John Hirsch. Should he attempt to recapture the liberating nostalgic spirit of William Saroyan's fairyland, where little people somehow realize their modest dreams? Or should he interpret it more realistically, as a portrait of 1939 America subconsciously aware of the troubles ahead, and making us aware of these troubles through the contrast between the escapist artificialities and the reality they masked?

It would appear that Hirsch has chosen the second course. When we enter the theater we hear recordings of "We're in the Money" and other absurd songs of the Thirties. On the Vivian Beaumont Theater's open stage, designer Douglas W. Schmidt has created a saloon that emanates an air of desolation. And the jukebox in the corner plays an empty, schmaltzy recording of "The Missouri Waltz," instead of the more magical Paradise Island Trio version used in the original production.

At a table near the front of the stage sits Joe, a semi-crippled man with a generosity of spirit and a receptivity to the needs of all sincere and mixed-up people. Indeed, it has been said that Joe was patterned after FDR, whose WPA projects created lifesaving work for many who were down and out. Joe's main protégé is a willing young man named Tom, whom he sends out on whimsical errands. And when Tom falls instantly in love with Kitty Duval, a prostitute, Joe sets out to get her off the streets and to find Tom a job so that he can marry her. True, it will be a childless marriage, for Kitty cannot have children. But this fact perhaps makes Tom's decision more selfless and beautiful.

James Broderick is ideal as Joe, for there is no smugness in his do-goodism. Why does he help others so unselfishly? It is partly a recognition that the dividend income he lives on is earned through the underpaid hard labor of others. And having no family of his own, he enjoys being the father of the grown-up children who frequent this bar. There is even a suggestion that he is prophetic and considers it his function to influence America to resist a threatened domination by the power structure.

Some of the supporting performances are excellent. Robert Symonds plays Kit Carson as a real panhandler, more desperate than effusive. And the refined Philip Bosco manages to be convincing as the rough-spoken bartender. Biff McGuire plays Tom as weakhearted, and Susan Tyrrell gives us a Kitty who is the epitome of a cheap prostitute. Presumably these less spiritual interpretations make us look at something true-to-life rather than the more clichéd fable. Even Leonard Frey as the tap-dancing entertainer offers us such a sophisticated, stylish performance that we see him as a bizarre misfit.

Certainly Hirsch's conception seems often at odds with the play we remember. But, although we miss that play and find the present one somewhat less effective, we admire Hirsch and the company for sticking to their interpretation and generally executing it well.

Similarly, we can appreciate the way director Michael Kahn and the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre Company have gone all out with their adventurous interpretation of *Henry V.* On the basis of this production it would seem that through his work at the Connecticut festival Mr. Kahn has become increasingly aware that Shakespeare is not the completely romantic playwright the public believes him to be.

Although *Henry V* is usually performed as the heroic portrait of a noble and humanistic king, there is much in the play to indicate that turning his back on Falstaff was not entirely laudable and that, once king, Henry V was manipulated by the Establishment into a not entirely glorious war.

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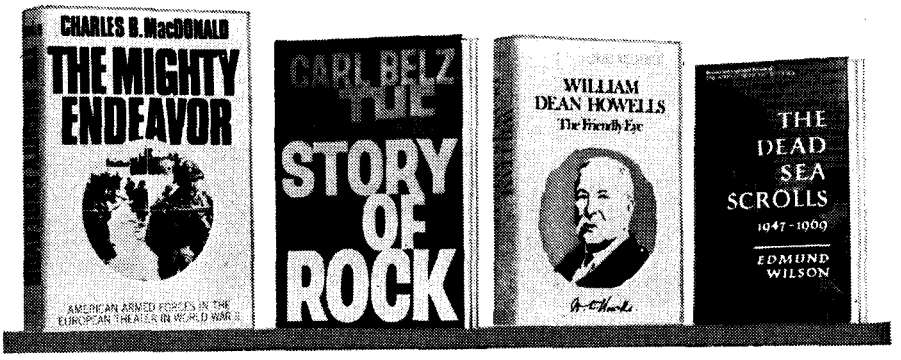

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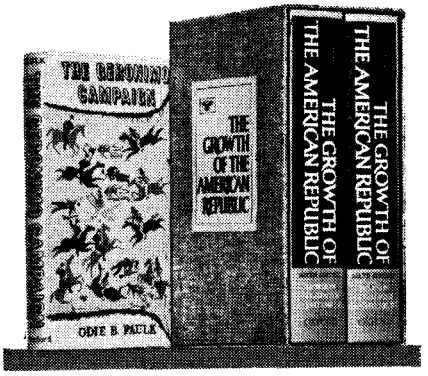

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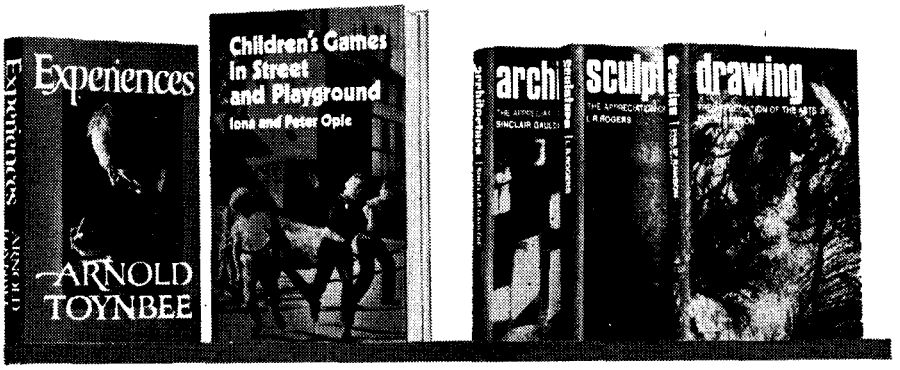

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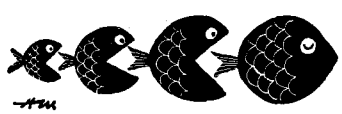
us see this play as a more balanced, realistic picture of war that is relevant to today. In the beginning, the cast, dressed in jeans and sweaters, prepare for violence with friendly interplay exercises and games. When the play starts, two bishops, dressed in exaggerated comic costumes imaginatively designed by Jeanne Button, explain that the church is in danger of losing some of its wealth through a new law being considered by the crown and that therefore it is distracting the new king by getting him involved in a foreign war.

Because the production has worked against the sober pageantry we associate with Shakespeare we better comprehend what the play is driving at. Furthermore, because the costumes continue to mix elements of old and modern, we find ourselves viewing the action not as a historical reproduction but as a more universal play relating to all wars. This is particularly powerful when the victory scenes are played in front of actors wearing blood-splattered death masks. And a Brechtian device of announcing each scene sometimes adds incisive comment, as for instance when an actor announces, "The king receives a lesson, and nothing is changed."

Other inventions work less well. The United Nations-like simultaneous translating of the speeches by the French court is amusing for about a minute, but after that it merely makes the words difficult to hear. And the use of metal stilts, presumably to indicate that certain characters are on horseback, is self-consciously strange.

Len Cariou's portrayal of Henry is deliberately unsympathetic, but within this limitation he is extremely convincing, and in the final wooing scene most entertaining. Joseph Maher excels as Canterbury and Fluellen. Philip Bruns gives us a Pistol who is all the funnier because he essays his roguery shrewdly rather than pompously. Roberta Maxwell has fun as a startled Princess Katherine. And Kristoffer Tabori's performance as the boy is full of intelligence and vulnerability.

The American National Theatre and Academy's bringing of this production to New York for a two-week engagement serves two purposes. It gives New Yorkers an opportunity to see a fresh approach to Shakespeare. And because the ANTA Theatre is more intimate than the ASTFA playhouse in Connecticut, the production is considerably more effective here than it was there last summer.



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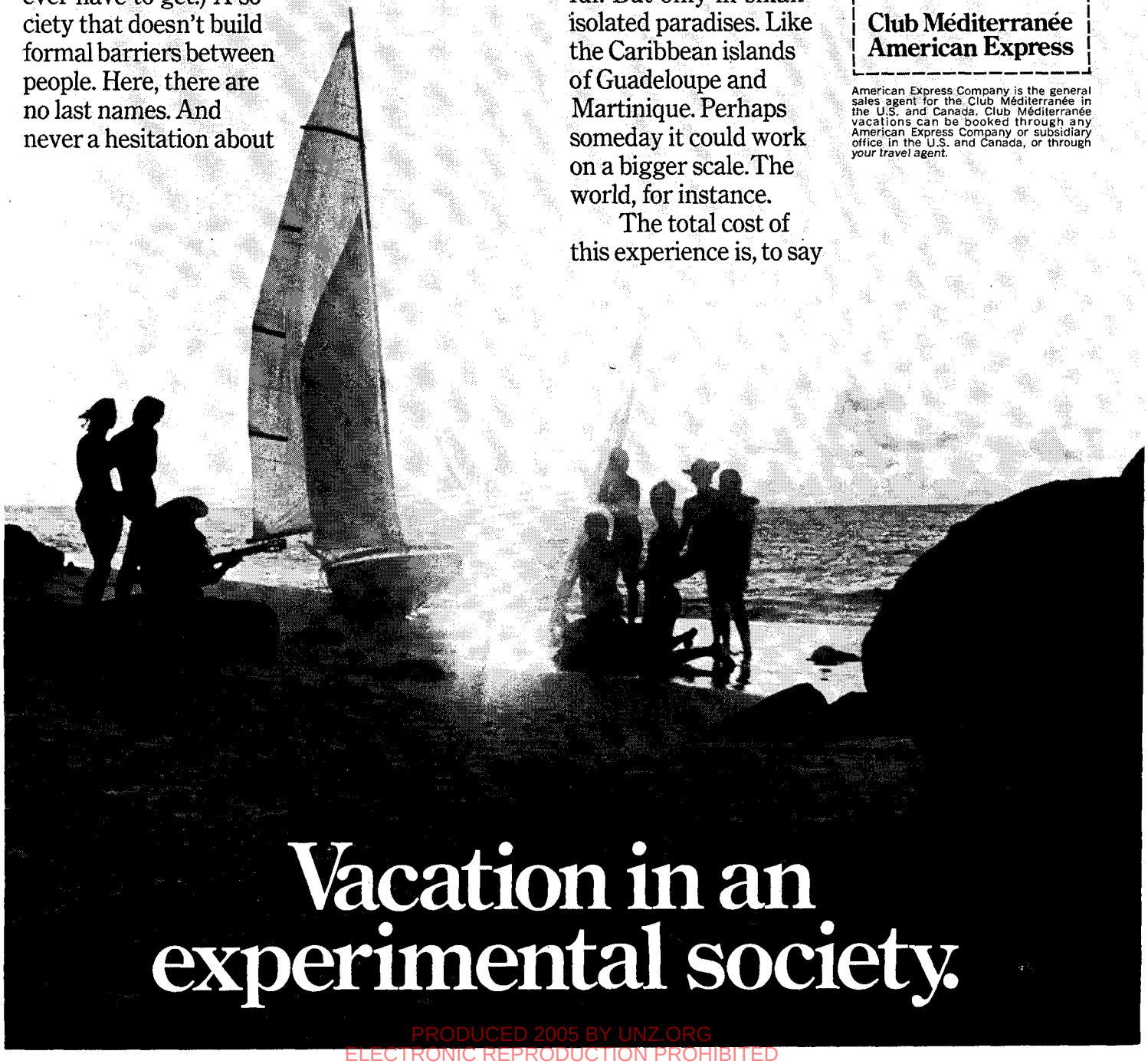

Vacation in an experimental society.

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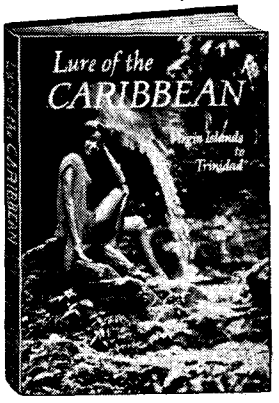
LURE of the CARIBBEAN

by Donald Stainsby



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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Advertisement of the Week was an industrial development one, and came from Mary Churchill of Boyne City, Michigan. "We want your new plant," the ad said, "fifty miles south of Phoenix, at Desert Carmel, Arizona." "The crassroads," the ad went on, "of the Southwest."

"The average humidity," the ad concluded, "is 29 per cent." Following the typo, we presume, it will be higher.

Meanwhile, our Sign of the Times was spotted on the campus of the University of Michigan by Arnold Revzin—a poster announcing the meeting of "The Anarchist Coalition."

On the other hand, Professor Donald Heines of Upsala College gave us, from the *Congressional Record,* the remarks of the Hon. James C. Cleveland of New Hampshire on the death of Chaplain Bernard Braskamp:

> For sixteen years Chaplain Braskamp ministered to this House, invoking Divine blessings on our efforts. Although he was a staunch Presbyterian, he served God.

In our next column, Presbyterians will be given equal time.

Amazingly enough during the fortnight, not one but two of our correspondents found typographical errors in the same word—the simple word "studying." One, from Janet Siegel of New York, was also ministerial—a quotation from DEAR ABBY:

> I am presently dating a young man who is wonderful in every way. He is studing for the ministry and has not been around very much.

Is this, Miss Siegel asks, the propagation of the faith? Meanwhile, Mrs. Lois Brady of Imperial, Nebraska, located, in a booklet put out by the University of Nebraska, the following:

> Study carrels are available on each floor. These will be excellent for studing, providing the corridors remain quiet.

What a time to be worried about the corridors! In any case, our favorite communiqué of all came from a lady in Logan, Utah, who asked us not to use her name. "This is a small town," she said, "but many are readers of *SR.*" Her contribution was a pamphlet from Utah State University that listed, under courses, one entitled "Self-Defense for Women":

> This course is designed to introduce the basic principles and philosophy of self-defense. The major objective of the course will be to present the marital arts as a means of protecting one's well-being in emergency situations and as an enjoyable sport.

Have a statistic. In 1955 there were in this country, at work, 244 computers. Today there are 53,500. Five years from now there will be more than 100,000. And by that time, it is predicted, 75 per cent of all college graduates will need a good working knowledge of computers to get a good job. Indeed it is also predicted, in a recent survey conducted by *U.S. News & World Report,* that, by the end of this century, *all* major industries will be controlled by computer.

There will even be, according to *Barron's,* a thing called a "modem." And if you want to know what a modem is, it's one computer that talks to another computer over the telephone. With, we presume, lots of luck in digit dialing.

Is anything being done about all this? Ah, that there is. There is, in fact, an organization known as the ISFADPM—the International Society for the Abclition of Data Processing Machines. It now has some 3,000 members in thirty countries, and the other day we met the president of the organization, Harvey Matusow, here on a flying visit from London. Mr. Matusow used to be a stand-up comic, but we persuaded him, for our interview, to sit down.

"We are not against computers as such," he told us. "But the beauty of man is that he is illogical. We cannot allow a logical system to take away all our il. We don't want people to fold, spindle, or mutilate, but we want an end to both Russian and computer card roulette.

"If I were a con in the classical Raffles sense," Matusow went on. "I would go to school, become a computer programmer, and get a job in an accounting department. I would be a millionaire in no time, and no one would know about it for years."

Matusow and his members keep track of what they call "computer atrocities." These vary from the loss, by computer error when NATO left France, of $107-million in equipment—all the way to the computer at an

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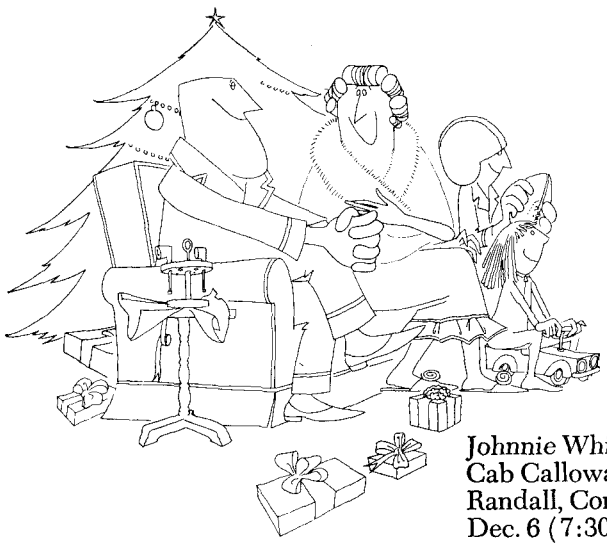
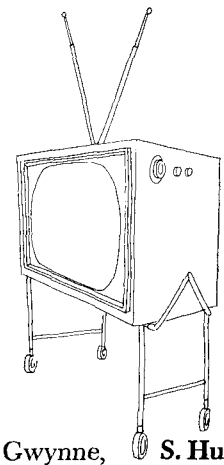
You who are about to give, sit back and receive.





We're inviting you to step off the tinseled merry-go-round. To sit back and let us entertain you.

Here's something for you to keep handy, a partial listing of December's programs. Included are music, drama and ballet.

And, for the children, some favorites we haven't space to list—Rudolph, Charlie Brown, the Little Drummer Boy and Dr. Seuss's Grinch.

And, because not even the Christmas season can halt the world's doings, there'll also be news and information programs.

In all, a sampler to choose from when you want to receive.

Sadbird. CBS Playhouse—Comedy-drama starring Jack Albertson, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin and Robert Foxworth. Monday, Dec. 1 (9:30-11 pm).

Siberia: The Endless Horizon. National Geographic Society—Picturesque study of Soviet's "frontier." Tuesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

A Timetable for Vietnam. CBS Reports—Progress of attempts to "Vietnamize" the war. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Engelbert Humperdinck Show. With Jose Feliciano, Dionne Warwick, Barbara Eden, Tom Jones. Tuesday, Dec. 2 (10-11 pm).

The Littlest Angel. Hallmark Hall of Fame–Original musical stars Johnnie Whitaker, Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, E. G. Marshall, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens. Saturday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. Taming the Killer Whale; A Matter of Pride; The Hidden World of the Forest; The Plain People. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (11:30-12 Noon).

Directions. The Nun—Parts 1 and 2; The Magical Mystery Miracle Box; Gandhi. Sundays, Dec. 7, 14, 21, 28 (1-1:30 pm).

Wild Kingdom. Year of the Otter; The Day the Grizzly Disappears; People That Time Forgot. Sundays, Dec. 7, 21, 28 (7-7:30 pm).

Frosty the Snowman. Animated children's story. Sunday, Dec. 7 (7:30-8 pm).

J. T. CBS Children's Hour—A shy, lonely, black youngster befriends a wounded cat. Saturday, Dec. 13 (12 Noon-1 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical filmed in Holland. Starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, Robin Askwith. Sunday, Dec. 14 (7-9 pm).

The Great Dollar Robbery: Can We Arrest Inflation? ABC News Special probes nationwide problem. Monday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

Sahara. G-E Monogram Series—Sociological study of desert nomads. Friday, Dec. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Nutcracker. New York City Ballet Company with Edward Villella, Patricia McBride. Tuesday, Dec. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Legend of Silent Night. Story of the Christmas carol, with James Mason, Kirk Douglas. Wednesday, Dec. 24 (9-11 pm).

S. Hurok Presents [Part III]. Concert features Russian pianist Emil Gilels and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Thursday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Christopher Discovers America. American Rainbow—A Korean orphan's first view of the U.S. Saturday, Dec. 27 (10:30-11:30 am).

Music For The Movies. New York Philharmonic Young Peoples Concert—Composer Aaron Copland conducts. Sunday, Dec. 28 (6-7 pm).

Election '69: What We Learned. The revolt of the white middle class, which President Nixon has called "the forgotten Americans," will be examined. Sunday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/G-E College Bowl/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Ten times a year, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN brings its young subscribers good fiction and poetry; authoritative articles on science, music, math, nature, astronomy and famous people; lessons in good manners; craft projects; puzzles, games and just plain fun. Each issue is 42 or more pages long, bound in sturdy tagboard. The pages are attractively and colorfully illustrated; the type is large and easy-to-read. There are no coloring or cut-out pages, for HIGHLIGHTS is meant to become part of each young subscriber's permanent library.

HIGHLIGHTS *appeals to a wide age range:* from tots of 2 who love to listen to its stories and do the simple preparation-for-reading exercises within its pages . . . to 12-year-olds who find the biographies and science articles prime sources for school reports. A special annual Resource/Index issue, available at the end of each calendar year, organizes each year's 10-issue collection as a reference source, to be turned to again and again as the child's interests and reading ability expand.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands, but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

It is sent addressed to the child himself, something all his own in a world where so much seems to be decided by adults. Where there are several children in the family, a single subscription may be shared in several names.

For a relatively small price, HIGHLIGHTS brings your love and remembrance to children you treasure . . . not just at Christmas, but ten times a year. The contribution HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN can make to a child's development, however, as it reinforces reading as a pathway to pleasure and information, is a gift that will last a lifetime.

This year give the gift that won't be forgotten: give HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN.
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American university which malfunctioned and started to type, over and over, "I need a human sacrifice." On the other hand, ISFADPMers applaud victories over computers such as when the Mets won the World Series and the bulk of the paper thrown into the New York streets turned out to be computer punch cards. "For that one day," Matusow told us proudly, "the computer industry was brought to a standstill. We think all those people were trying to tell us something."

Finally, our least favorite fashion story was the appearance during the fortnight, in *Vogue* magazine, of wolf coats. One doesn't expect much from *Vogue*, but still we can hope that at least one *Vogue* editor watched, on the night of November 18, one of the greatest television programs we have ever seen. It was called *The Wolf Men,* and it told the story of how there are now, in the United States, excluding Alaska, fewer than 500 wolves left—so few that they have been placed on the Endangered Species List by the Department of the Interior. In Alaska there are 5,000 left. So what has Alaska done? Apparently operating independently of the Department of the Interior, it has placed a bounty on wolves, and they are now killing wolves up there at the rate of 1,000 a year. It was quite a sight, all right —the brave sportsmanship of the hunters who were shooting, with telescopic sights, from helicopters, the last of these magnificent animals.

Finally we suggest that all crude and cruel people who buy wild fur coats would do well these days to avoid Cambridge, Massachusetts. Up there, when a woman goes along the street wearing a wild fur—one that can only have been cruelly trapped—students gather around and point at her. "Gross," they say quietly. "Ugly." Or even, perhaps the most effective of all, "Tramp." It takes quite a woman to walk along the street with a large number of boys saying slowly, and in unison, "Tramp. Tramp. Tramp."

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She had a funny delivery. Very sharp and quick and cute, . . . I knew right away that there was a feeling of something between the audience and Gracie. They loved her, and so, not being a fool and wanting to smoke cigars for the rest of my life, I gave her the jokes.

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Try it.

We want your guests to say, "Hey. That's good. What's in it?"

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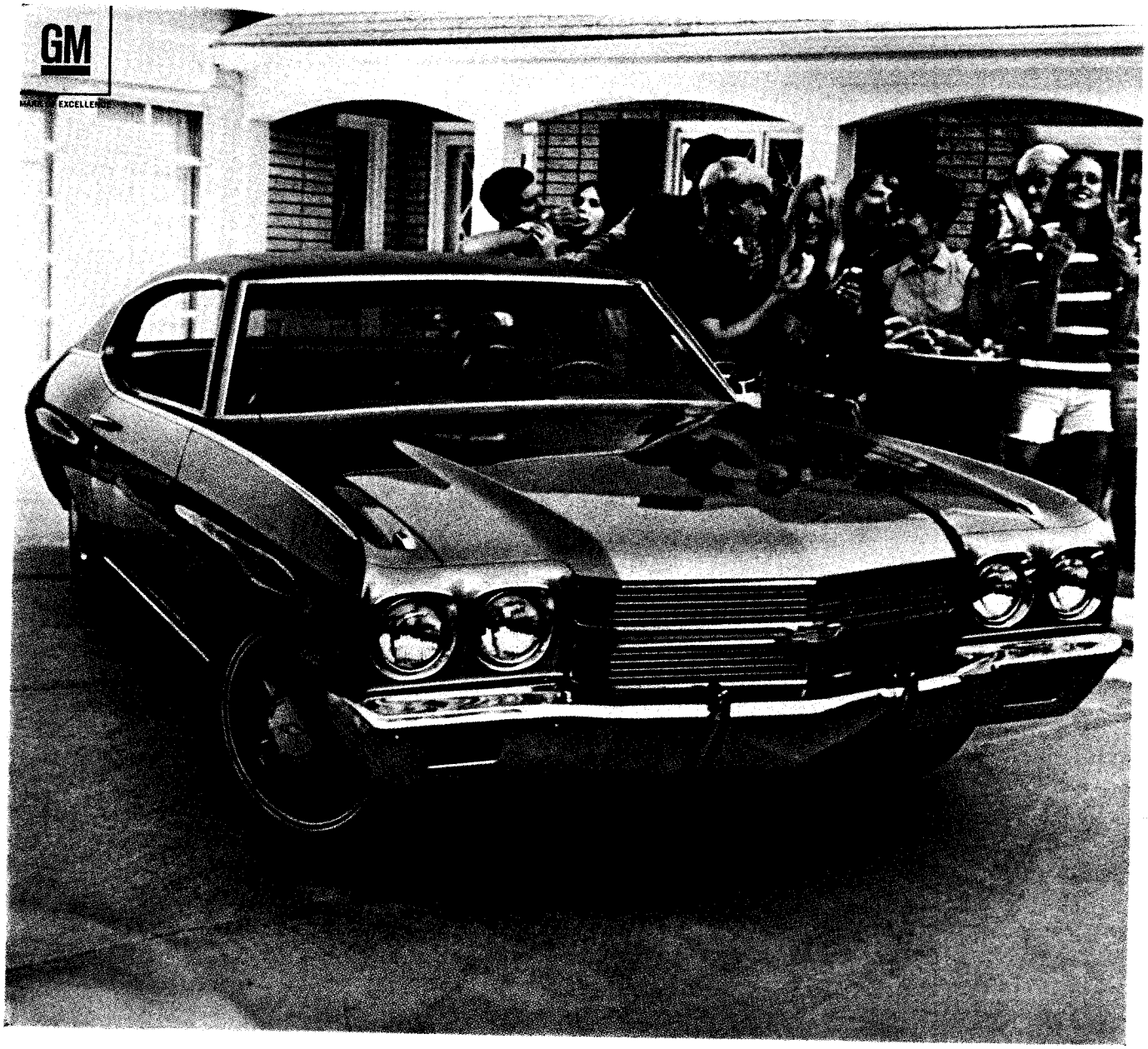
PUERTO RICAN RUM



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Saturday Review
November 29, 1969

THE GREAT UNANSWERED QUESTIONS—I

Living Nature and the Knowledge Gap

This week we publish the first in a new series of *SR* essays addressed to "The Great Unanswered Questions" that still perplex mankind. Dr. Paul A. Weiss, whose article below explores some of the missing links in our understanding of biology, is professor emeritus at Rockefeller University and a distinguished researcher in the field of life sciences. Further articles will appear in the months ahead.

by PAUL A. WEISS

Half a century ago, when I began to earn my spurs in biology, the field was sparsely populated, like pioneering country, with everybody thrown essentially on his own devices. Textbooks were few, comprehensive, original, and unique, almost every one of them bearing the signature of a master, but obviously there were wide gaps between the areas they covered. Yet, they had one important feature in common: They tried, some more than others, to balance overindulgence in their particular specialty by pointing up the place and context of that specialty within the continuum of the living world. In this way, we became aware of both the fundamental interconnectedness of all aspects of life and the appalling dearth of concrete knowledge about the interconnections, provisionally labeled by symbolic terms.

The vistas of these wide-open spaces to be explored inculcated an exhilarating pioneering drive in the curious student, who then had a relatively free rein for exercising imagination and resourcefulness to the fullest. He could choose his research problem for its novelty and promise and for the freedom to pursue it into the uncharted land of the unknown. Techniques being few and rather elementary, he could design his own adaptations to the tasks at hand, rather than have to trim his task to fit the dictates of the performance repertory of an inflexible, sophisticated instrumentation around him. But above all, he was an apprentice of a master who exposed him to the broad perspective of the land of knowledge with its vast blanks of ignorance even as he imbued him with the discipline of minute accuracy in workmanship. Mobility of shuttling between the deep shafts of specialization and the free surface above ground to regain perspective and bearings thus became second nature.

This is the science that was. Its products are still with us, but its ways have changed. Modern science has grown, by the snowballing of its own success, from an assembly of little workshops into an enterprise of the size, methods, and attitudes of a gigantic industry with all the benefits and drawbacks such a development implies. One of the drawbacks is that, by its sheer momentum, a mass of single-tracked workers tends to amplify any trend once that trend has started rolling. A fashionable course thus becomes grooved ever more deeply, draining interest, attention, encouragement, and talent away from solitary prospecting ventures. As a result of these social dynamics, the research scenery is gradually becoming converted, metaphorically speaking, from a lush mountain meadow evenly irrigated by a profusion of anastomosing rivulets into a landscape of deep canyons with raging rivers, separated by wastelands of arid mesas. Breadth is given up in favor of depth, and universality and versatility are traded for the thrust of concentrated effort.

We are so fascinated by the achievements of the latter that we are apt to forget the price they exact by drying up the former, which are the precious sources of discovery, of innovation, and, above all, of the *understanding* of nature. The physical branches of science seem to be mature enough to afford turning a major portion of their energies over to what in industry is called "development" — the post-pioneering phase of improvement and exploitation of propitious research results. Yet, biology is still far too ignorant to follow that course. Biology is not ripe enough to be delivered to the fate of a mass production enterprise, prematurely consolidating, rather than rising above, the scanty patchwork of basic principles that are truly known. In fact, the various current promotional attempts to propel or lure biology into a manufacturing mood give, by their very innocence, evidence of the immature state of our branch of science; for they prove that the awareness of how remote we actually still are from a profound understanding of living nature has grown dim in the glare of spectacular, massive advances in certain limited sectors, such as "molecular genetics."

There are other sectors in which brilliant progress is still being made on the old pattern by singular self-directed searchers, for instance, in the physiology of vision; but time has changed this approach from standard rule to rare exception. Besides, vast areas are left completely deserted in obscurity. Who is to say what crucial

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clues to the understanding of life they hold which might be missed because of our compulsive submission to the spell of a few favorite topics? Will the established favorites of today keep being swelled by masses of epigones, acclaiming the familiar and disdainful of the odd, adventurous, and risky? Will more and more workers busy themselves with fewer and fewer tasks, and tasks shrink to the posing of questions that fit the answers we already have? Is this trend inexorable, or can it be countered?

In order to answer these questions, let me review the growth of contemporary prepuberal biology in terms of the three main features of the growth of a body: 1) increase in mass; 2) mounting complexity; 3) change in proportions. Danger signs of erratic growth to watch are mass increase to tumorous dimensions; loss of integration with growing intricacy; and distortion of harmonious proportions to the point of freakishness.

Measured on a *numerical* scale, the advances have been steady and impressive. The increase in what we do know now in certain branches of the life sciences that we did not know half a century ago, or knew only very vaguely, is truly imposing—in retrospect, that is, in terms of increments over the past. Whole areas of science now heavily populated, and even overpopulated, then had neither identity nor name, let alone university departments, societies, and journals for their specialties. Those were the days of the emergence of genetics, of ecology, of biochemistry as an offshoot of physiology. Virology did not exist, for viruses were just on the horizon. Endocrinology, pharmacology, and biophysics had not yet split from their mother sciences; only twenty years ago the term "molecular biology," now in the daily vernacular, had not yet been coined. This differentiation of new problem-oriented or subject-oriented disciplines was further variegated by the formation of auxiliary technique-centered specialties, like electron microscopy, ultracentrifugation, tissue culture, cinemicrography, radiology, etc., each with its own problems, rules, skills, and slang. Moreover, specialties have kept right on splintering further into subspecialties and sub-subspecialties, each recruiting to its preserve increasing numbers of acolyte researchers by both its aspect of novelty and the relentless operation of Parkinson's Law.

And in this manner, the life sciences have grown vigorously, both in *size* and in *diversity*, exuberantly forging on without compunctions about the resulting diaspora. Some of these massive concentrated attacks on specified problems have borne rich fruit. Deservedly spotlighted, they stand out in the public mind as monolithic achievements; for instance, the deciphering of the genetic code, the synthesis of proteins and enzymes (not of "cells" or "life," as has sometimes been glibly hinted), the electrochemical explanation of nerve excitation, or the analysis of the mechanisms by which muscles contract, cells divide, and food and blood charge tissues with life-supporting energy.

But let me point out two qualifications to that success story. In the first place, none of those pinnacles was reached by blind mass assault, but each trek was spearheaded by a few pioneers of exactly the kind of mind, vision, and ways of practice that I have cited above as hallmarks of the researcher of the pre-industrial phase of our science. Second, most of their "break-throughs" can be traced to residues of the catholicity of thinking of that earlier age, for they were generated largely by the "interdisciplinary" cross-fertilization of ideas of different parental origins to yield offspring with "hybrid vigor," comparable to the superiority of hybrid corn.

This innovative and invigorative value of compatible crossbreeding is in sharp contrast to the degenerative and sterilizing effects of inbreeding. The transfer of this simile to cultural evolution points up the risk biology incurs by overindulgence in monomaniac proliferation of ever more splinter lines, followed by smug self-isolation in those branches.

If this were to come to pass, then the growth of biology would have failed to satisfy the third criterion on my list of diagnostic signs of healthy growth: The *harmony of proportions* to be maintained by *integrative interactions* throughout the growing system would have been allowed to vanish. Biology, even in its early life, has never been truly unified. In matters of subject, interest, methodology, concepts, principles, terms, units, and standards, it has never attained the degree of unification displayed by the physical sciences. All the more is it crucial and urgent to counteract the trend to further atomization and disintegration. There is still time, but for how long?

It seems that really nothing more drastic is called for than merely to bring back into full view as research targets the faded, age-old, unresolved "great questions," but stripped of their former envelopment in misty, musty, obscurant verbiage by peeling out their essential naked kernels of clearly and objectively circumscribed phenomena and properties. Then let

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imaginative researchers draw a bead on them and find out whether the unveiled problems yield to explanations in terms of what we know—probably not—or whether we must expand the frame of our concepts in order to encompass and accommodate them.

Our task then is to illuminate the old goals in the harsh light of modern scientific scrutiny, which by delineating boldly and in sharp relief the solid core of our present knowledge without embellishment will bring back the realization of the immensity of our remaining ignorance. The great voids and flaws in the tenuous fabric of our knowledge, now covered by illusive verbal wrappings, which insinuate knowledge where there is none, must be exposed openly and set forth explicitly as targets for research and the conceptual integration that renders the map of knowledge not only more complete, but more consistently coherent.

This is a task for education, because education is the force that gives shape to the amorphous urge of a young investigator to add to knowledge. Education can give him scope for self-direction and creativity or it can mold him into a mere cog in a mass production machine. Society needs the latter kind, well-trained for practice, in increasing numbers, but here we are concerned primarily with those aiming at the advancement, rather than the application, of knowledge. If research is not properly goal-oriented, then education has failed to point out the goals and the ways to approach them. If goals have been too narrowly, too vaguely, or too forbiddingly presented —or what is worse, been kept concealed—the blame must again be laid at the doorstep of education. And above all, if the incipient investigator is enticed to keep on riding currents of fashion, instead of being challenged to chart his own course toward self-chosen destinations, it is his education that has been at fault. So, what is needed is certainly not "planned research," but sounder plans for *"education for research."* Hopefully, many treks to neglected research destinations would then start moving again.

To instill concrete sense into this plea based on my diagnosis, I shall bring two examples of the basic "unanswered questions" in the life sciences, which in my view have not been brought significantly nearer to solution in this half century: the problems of "organization" and of "specificity." The meanings of these stereotypes of colloquial language, which designate two of the most fundamental attributes of living systems, are so ambiguous that it is truly perplexing to find them throughout the biological literature indiscriminately intermingled with the rigorously defined symbols of the so-called "exact" sciences in a precarious misalliance between the body of science and phantoms. Phantoms make no fit targets for research. Can they not be made to materialize?

"Just take one of these love potion time capsules, and hundreds of tiny exclusive ingredients will dissolve at set intervals to keep you lovable for hours."

To say that "organization" is what distinguishes an organism from a sheer pile of matter sounds like a platitude. And yet it holds what poets call "the mystery of life." Popular science, more optimistically, would call it "the secret" of life on the presumption that a secret is more likely to be cracked than is a mystery. Descriptively, the difference between a pile of matter and an organism is, of course, quite plain: An ordinary pile of matter, scrambled, remains a pile of matter, whereas a living organism whose parts are scrambled is dead—reduced to just another pile of matter. True, organs of multicellular organisms can be dissociated into their component cells, many of which remain viable and can be reared in isolation ("tissue culture") for countless generations of single-celled progeny. But this only proves that the living cell itself is an organism superior to a mere assembly of its constituent materials—superior by virtue of its "organization." The higher organism, of which it formed a part, is simply of a higher order in a hierarchical cadre of organizational levels.

The step from higher to lower levels of organization is not irreversible. In fact, I have observed cell masses, isolated from embryonic liver or kidney or skin and then scrambled into haphazard heaps, reconstitute themselves into typically organized miniature livers or kidneys or skin with feathers, respectively. Yet, observation is not tantamount to explanation and understanding, and, scientifically, the "mystery" has remained. At any rate, the experience cannot be duplicated as one descends further downward from the cell; fragments of a fractionated cell have never been shown to be capable of putting themselves together again to compose a living cell. Their "organized" state has been lost irretrievably by the disruption of the system of which they had formed the elements.

So, we can tell the "organized" state from an "unorganized" one, but this is about where the science of life has left it. For instance, "normal tissue growth is 'organized,' cancer is not." What does this mean in concrete terms? We do not know. We read about chemical "organizers" telling tissues what to become and do. A pile of molecules instilling order, not their own, into an equally naïve respondent? Now, with the recent upsurge of molecular genetics, what used to be unknown under the catchall term of "organization," has been transliterated to "information," which thereby is made to be synonymous with "lack of information."

This started from the classical demonstration of the ordered linear array

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"Guess who outwitted the computer today?"

of genes in chromosomes, resolved into a correspondingly unique seriation of chemical constituents into enormously long filamentous molecules of a nucleic acid (DNA), comparable to the letters spelling out a message on a tape. Parts of this are then "read" by other molecules, which, in turn, translate the seriation (the "message") into a corresponding sequence of amino acids for the assemblage of proteins. So far, so good: One form of order is converted into another, one-to-one. But then what? How do we get from a bag of protein to the organized shape and functions of a living cell, let alone to the integrated viable masterpiece of a human organism? The standard answer one is apt to get is: "Genetic information does it." This is the point where scientific language becomes utterly unscientific. Machines and houses are built *from* blueprints ("information" charts), but not *of* blueprints. The "information" must be translated into reality through the brains of human beings. Brain function being a paradigm of "organization" ("information"), we find ourselves thus caught in a tautological trap.

The truth is that the entrenched analytical and reductionist brand of scientists, who are committed to the prejudicial verdict that exclusive study of the *smallest* elements of any natural system is the royal road to knowledge about nature, have in their concentration on ever smaller fractions of the universe lost irretrievably the view and cognizance of the rules of order that prevail at the higher levels of cooperative *group operation* of those units. And when they are put to it to explain how, in objective terms, the phoenix can rise from the ashes, they either prove to be "organization-blind," or else they bring up terminological stopgaps which are blindfolds to hide ignorance.

Let me highlight the problem by just one striking example. I have pointed to the "organized" character of brain function. What does that mean? It means the operation of a *principle of order* that stabilizes and preserves the total *pattern* of the group activity of a huge mass of semi-autonomous elements (in this case, brain cells), notwithstanding a tremendous range of individual variation and flux of and among the elements themselves. Our brain contains more than ten billion nerve cells, each of which averages about 10,000 connections with others; each cell, in turn, contains a minimum of 10,000 complex macromolecules, not only in constant agitation, but being renewed about ten thousand times in a life span. Thus, looking at it from the worm's-eye view of the macromolecule, brain action must deal in a lifetime with at least 10^{22} (10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) macromolecular constellations in various degrees of instability and impermanence. A fact that the individual molecule, of course, cannot know, but which our integral brain cannot help but ponder, is that throughout all that churning and changing of a population of molecules, which is ten thousand billion times as large as the human population on earth, we do retain intact our sense of individual unity and identity, our habits and our memories.

Just what sort of principle will be revealed, or will have to be postulated, in order to account for that relative stability of a pattern as a whole despite the infinitely greater autonomous variability of its elements—*order in the gross with freedom in the small*—is as obscure for the case of brain action as it is for the coordinated activities of cell life or for the integrated wholeness of the development of an individual from an egg. It is one of the great unsolved questions of biology, temporarily bottled up under the label "organization." Other names have been coined for it (Gerard's "org"; Koestler's "holon"), and I have couched it in terms of "field" theory. These were attempts to specify the problem, not to solve it. They differ from the axiomatic "soul" of the theologian or the "entelechy" and "élan vital" of the vitalist only by their intent, which is to go beyond the simple acknowledgment of the principle and to arrive at formulations and propositions of properties that can be rigorously verified by controlled tests and thereby acquire some predictive value. It is doubtful that the current conceptual frame in biology is wide enough for this task. The influx into biology of physicists might help to widen that intellectual bottleneck and bring this fundamental problem down from the attic into the workshop. But the first thing to do is for education to make budding researchers face the problem soberly rather than to look the other way when they meet it.

If "organization" refers to a collective property of groups of elements whose interrelations bind them dynamically into a unit of higher order, then "specificity" is one of the chief biological devices for the establishment and maintenance of such bonds. The dictionary defines "specific" as "having a special determining quality." In the living world, such qualities are used universally as means of communication, recognition, affinity relations, selectivity; the basic principle being *matched* specificities — a

(*Continued on page* 56)

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HARRY SCHERMAN

1887-1969

—*Wide World.*

Just offhand, no one would have taken Harry Scherman for a revolutionary, because he was a low-voiced, quietly courteous, self-effacing man. Those who were closer to him, and others who came to recognize the magnitude of his achievement as the creator of America's first major book club, knew better. In the forty-three years during which he presided over the Book-of-the-Month Club, from its founding in 1926 until his death at eighty-two on November 13, he was indeed a revolutionary.

Like all successful revolutionaries, Harry Scherman could be tough-minded and stubborn. He had to be, in view of his goal, which was nothing less than an utterly new concept in American publishing: the distribution of good books to hundreds of thousands, even millions, of readers to whom those books would not otherwise be easily available. It followed that the organization he designed and shaped to this end was to have a profound influence directly upon the reading patterns of America in his time, and indirectly through the clubs that sprang up in his club's wake.

This was generally to the advantage of two generations of readers, writers, and publishers and, of course, to that of himself and his enterprise. There were those who quarreled—and still do—with the book club idea. It made, they have said, for an unhealthy uniformity, tended to confirm mediocrity, and favored the "popular" book at the loss of better ones. There is some truth in this, but Harry Scherman could convincingly refute it in the case of his own club, and by and large its record bears him out. It succeeded because, aside from his hardheaded business acumen, he had an abiding faith in the intelligence of his countrymen. Looking back in 1966 at the forty-year list of BOMC selections, he said: "Its lesson to me is that, if you are to deal with and think about the American people en masse, you can trust them as you trust yourself. You can trust their consuming curiosity about all the quirks and subtleties of human existence. You can trust their fascination with every colorful aspect of history. You can trust their immediate response to good humor and gaiety, but also to the most serious thought. Above all, you can trust their gracious open-mindedness, forever seeking new light upon their troubled but wonderful world."

All this was to become evident in due time. It could not happen suddenly or by chance. In partnership with others he discovered that, given a chance, Americans were hungry for classical literature at low prices and outside the conventional bookstore channels: Some forty million small leatherbound editions of a hundred classics were sold at 25 cents in dime stores and the like. For all those commanding figures, that market had its limits. There could not be an unending demand for, say, *Romeo and Juliet*. But perhaps there might be a comparable market for the best newly published books, to be sent by mail to subscribers after the quality of those books had been attested to by a board of reputable judges. And, with that, Harry Scherman's concept was off and running.

Like many other historic innovations, in retrospect it seemed so simple that the wonder is no one had thought of it before. Then, as now, the number of bookstores in the United States was shockingly small in proportion to the national population. Library facilities in a large part of the country are grossly inadequate. But there are those readers, or hungry would-be readers, in the thousands of remote towns and hamlets that at least have post offices. The figures tell the story of the distribution revolution that Harry Scherman wrought. In the BOMC's first forty years it mailed 200 million books. The total is now close to a quarter of a billion. In his judgment, no more than 10 per cent of these would have been distributed had the club not existed. One must believe that he was right about this. What are the chances that in 1929 a citizen of Lolo, Montana, (population 200) would have become aware of Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* save by way of the BOMC? In the answer lies Harry Scherman's contribution to a breakthrough in the reading habits of a vast number of Americans.

What the Scherman concept did was simply to expose the public to new, good books. Inevitably, the BOMC has had its lapses—worthy books overlooked, inferior ones chosen. But, in the main, the evidence is that it has followed its founder's vision.

A final note, a personal one. At a time in the late 1930s when this magazine was riding on the thin edge, Harry Scherman, long its friend, joined in a rescue operation. He helped meet an ominous deficit. A master of the art of direct-mail promotion, he wrote a subscription letter and made BOMC's mailing list available to the magazine, all with characteristic generosity and not a shadow of quid pro quo.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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The Tip of the Iceberg

Vice President Agnew's recent attack on network newsmen for their television commentary immediately following President Nixon's November 3 speech on Vietnam presents both a danger and an opportunity. The danger lies in confining the issues that Agnew raised to a debate between the White House and the networks over government intimidation and freedom of the press. The opportunity inherent in Agnew's polemic is the opening of public examination of the larger questions brought to light in this debate.

What were the Vice President's objections? The newsmen were critical and querulous; they contradicted and challenged the President. Agnew objected chiefly to their "instant analysis," claiming that their minds were made up in advance. Actually, the newsmen read the President's speech shortly before he spoke. The Vice President was irked that the newsmen characterized—through their prejudices—the President's words and thoughts before his audience had a chance to digest them. The criticism of the press, he implied, should be defused, controlled, and delayed.

Even to verbalize these notions is to make explicit their untenability in democratic theory. As for instant feedback, Agnew has apparently forgotten the McLuhanisms with which the Republican Party's image-makers fashioned their mythical candidates. The instant quality of the TV message, according to the Canadian theorist of communications, is the very medium itself. Shall it regress into slow-plodding print? Commentators seek to get at the truth behind the facts. Personal journalism has its pitfalls, but its essence is sticking one's neck out—and the opposite of ignorance and prejudice is being resolute, inquiring, bold. Intentional slanting of the news cannot be defended; but the vigor of personal belief in opinion should be supported.

The trouble with broadcast journalism is that there is hardly enough personal opinion. It is true, as the Vice President argues, that the network news-teams constitute small groups of men who have great power in their selection and treatment of what they judge to be the news. Concentration of control, however, in the hands of fewer and fewer gatekeepers is a fact of life not limited to the networks. There are fewer decision-makers in all media. Agnew's proposed strictures on the networks, made with the obvious accord of the White House, would tend to concentrate control more narrowly.

The networks give too much time, he complained, to minority spokesmen, to marchers and demonstrators. The Vice President confused genuine controversy in the news with the emphasis that networks place on the search for excitement.

Encounter and conflict are the staples of mass journalism, of course. But the ideologies that the newsmen evolve are notoriously middle-of-the-road and hardly representative of the full political spectrum. The force of the Vice President's attack pushes them to still narrower centers rather than to broader reflections of diverse viewpoints.

Beyond news, television hugs the bland and the neutral in the much more significant areas of repetitive entertainment and advertising. It is in such domains that our culture is mostly shaped, its agenda set, and in these areas the networks are part of a pattern involving industry and government. Agnew chose to fight in one small corner of the battlefield; his fight is a family feud—the people are not broadly involved.

Agnew's speech-writers were shrewd. They had read the record and they allied the Vice President with many who have been criticizing television on other counts. But their case is poor, and it should be separated from the larger issues. The Vice President's writers made one important error. They included, as ritual, the late Judge Learned Hand's celebrated view that right conclusions are more likely to be gathered from a multitude of tongues than through authoritative selection. They also noted the Supreme Court's *Red Lion* decision, delivered six months ago, in which the right of the public in broadcasting is placed higher than that of the broadcasters. But they neglected to add exactly what the Court said the public has a right to hear and see—namely, the very thing that the Vice President decried: "the presentation of vigorous debate of controversial issues of importance and concern to the public. . ."

The Court unanimously held that "it is the right of the public to receive suitable access to social, political, esthetic, moral, and other experiences. . ." The Vice President charged that the newsmen are provincial and that they distort the news. He is open to the same criticism. The network journalist gets only 5 per cent of TV's prime-time schedule; the average station devotes barely 10 per cent of an eighteen-hour day to the news. Agnew's parochial finger touched but the tip of the iceberg; the probe should be directed at the underlying mass. He has begun a debate that should go on. The public interest rests neither in a maintenance of the status quo nor in a contraction of it. It rests in a multiplication of the voices that have access to the medium, and in an escalation of the quality of all the messages.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Letters to the Editor

Diagnosing Cities' Ills

I READ WITH interest Gus Tyler's "Can Anyone Run a City?" [*SR*, Nov. 8], but found his assumptions about causes of city problems totally unconvincing and his proposed solutions shortsighted and naïve.

Mr. Tyler claims that the "universal malady" of cities is density. Density in cities is not a disease. The disease is economic stagnation. And density is not a cause of economic stagnation. Furthermore, the assumption that creating new cities would get rid of old problems, such as overpopulation, too few jobs, too many automobiles, too little tax money, and too much debt, seems childlike in its expectation. What hope do we have that the old problems won't relocate themselves? How can we think new towns will be "dynamic"? Will "all those exciting ideas of city planners" flourish only in a utopia?

How can anyone justify spending billions or "a trillion" to start over when the only alternative that would leave would be to hope the problems wouldn't re-occur? (Of course, we could always build *newer* cities.) It would seem more sensible to spend our billions on removing the economic stagnation of our existing cities. I hope Tyler's thinking is not prophetic, for it is disappointing.

CONSTANCE M. GUTOWSKY,
Sacramento, Calif.

ONCE UPON A TIME, "escape to the suburbs" was regarded by many as a solution to urban problems. "New cities" could easily follow the same course, particularly as the phrase is dangerously deceptive, suggesting that the new cities will be populated by a new people, who—unlike you and me—do not have the attitudes, desires, and habits that make our existing cities precisely what they are.

MARK HEYMAN,
Long Beach, N.Y.

Livingston/Haponski Exchange

REGARDING Lt. Col. William C. Haponski's "Reply to a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Oct. 25] in answer to Dr. Gordon S. Livingston's "Letter from a Vietnam Veteran" [*SR*, Sept. 20]: Colonel Haponski immediately turned his article to the official civil affairs of the Eleventh Armored Cavalry Regiment, and ignored the unofficial, everyday aspect that Dr. Livingston emphasized. The official projects of the Eleventh ACR are without doubt praiseworthy to the U.S. and beneficial to the South Vietnamese, but further considerations should be made.

I, along with other members of the First Cavalry Division (the squadrons of the Eleventh ACR in Quanloi, Binh Long Province, are under the operational control of the First Cavalry Division), have been required to initial a letter that dealt with the treatment of Vietnamese nationals. In part, the letter stated that hitting children with C-rations thrown from the vehicles in a convoy should not be done. (The kids line the roads to beg for Cs and to give the peace sign. They beg *for* the C-rations, not to be hit *by* them.) Additionally, the letter abjured helicopter and fixed-winged aircraft pilots from buzzing Vietnamese civilians and ARVN troops along the roads. (Specific instances of violations, along with the injuries incurred, were given.) Lastly, the letter contained reports of shooting incidents in which Vietnamese children (eight to ten years old) were needlessly and inexplicably picked off by soldiers.

These are the incidents that sicken Americans such as Livingston. To oppose those actions described by Haponski, such as the building of schools and the supplying of medical treatment outside regular hours, is like opposing motherhood and apple pie. A man would have to be unnatural not to be moved by the plight of many Vietnamese. Colonel Patton's actions are laudable. He could have left the people to rely on their own nonexistent resources. But he and his ranking subordinates have the power and the mission to do such acts. That is his job and he does it. Livingston's objections were to things not classified as jobs or missions; they were objections to bullyish actions with forethought and to horrible bunglings without forethought.

The fact that I and others like myself were required to indicate officially that we had read and understood the letter indicates that the problem does exist and exists to a degree that both explains and justifies Livingston's position. Haponski's reply was naïvely conceived and lopsidedly written.

SP/5 MICHAEL STANCAMPIANO,
191st Military Intelligence Detachment,
First Cavalry Division.

D.C. Defense

AS A PROUD Washingtonian, I resent David Butwin's condescending remarks in "Button-down Town" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Nov. 8] about Washington's Southern sluggishness and behind-the-times clothing.

Mr. Butwin obviously failed to heed the words of his young friend Jay Friedlander that New York can't be compared with any other city. It is because Washington lacks the super-sophistication and rat-race pace of New York that many of us prefer to live here. Butwin has been guilty of careless journalism in drawing conclusions about Washington from a single and obviously short trip to our city, during which he visited only selected watering holes and walked only selected streets. Judging Washingtonians by a visit to Nathan's is like judging New Yorkers by a visit to Sardi's.

KARL NORDLING,
Washington, D.C.

"Really, Smedwick, you picked a fine time to ponder about what's happened to the old values of Christmas!"

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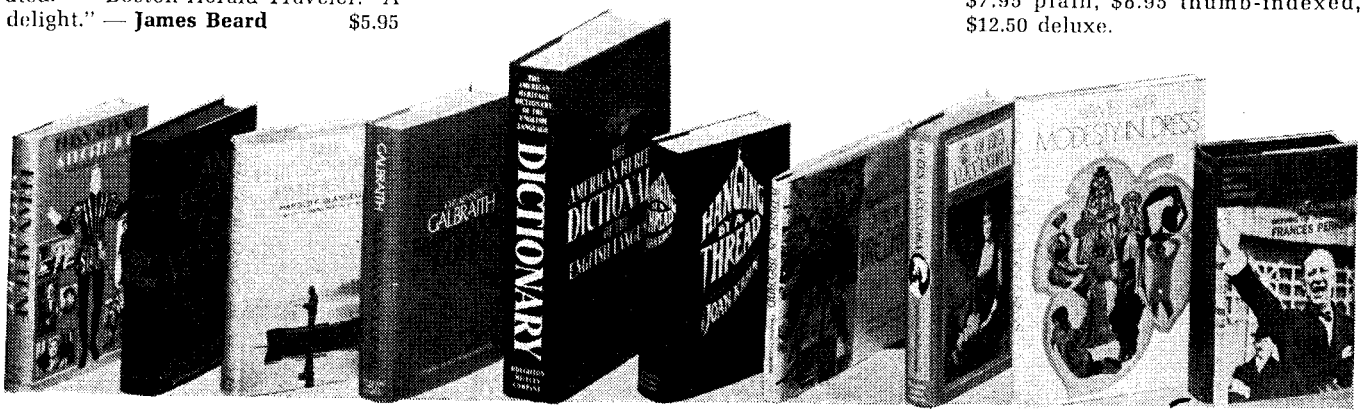

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An essay review of "Fire from Heaven," by Mary Renault (Pantheon, 374 pp., $7.95)

Alexander's Ascent to Greatness on a Ladder of Gore

by LIONEL CASSON

Though men have always played the leading roles in Western history, women can generally be discerned operating in significant ways behind the scenes. There is one important exception: the glory that was Greece was fashioned almost entirely by men. Now, after almost twenty-five hundred years, the ladies have finally evened the score—this masculine world *par excellence* has been brought to life by a gifted female novelist, Mary Renault.

In ancient Greece the guests at a party, after draining their wine cups, would empty the lees into a bowl, and, on departing, toss the last drops on the ground to see what symbolic shapes they might form. For her first fictional evocation of Greece's past, Miss Renault chose the closing decades of the fifth century B.C., when the leading city-state, Athens, after drinking the exhilarating wine of achievement and renown, reached the bitter dregs of military and moral collapse. She titled her book, meaningfully, *The Last of the Wine.*

In 432 B.C. Athens was, as Pericles put it, "a school for all Greece." Its army was a match for any, its navy ruled the seas, it governed itself by a town council in which every citizen had an equal vote and voice, its theater was presenting the latest masterpieces of Sophocles and Euripides, Ictinus had completed the Parthenon and Phidias the famed statue of Athena housed there.

The following spring Athens embarked on the war against Sparta that, with a few short-lived intervals of truce, was to last twenty-seven years. The Athenians began it to maintain their grip upon an overseas empire, kept rekindling it through greed for expansion and thirst for revenge, and ended it only when their city was besieged and the sole alternative to surrender was starvation.

Miss Renault tells her story through the voice of a character named Alexias, an Athenian of good family and comfortable means who was born just as the curtain went up on the first act of this tragedy. Alexias spent ten years of his youth and early manhood under arms, in the beginning fighting for a mighty city of proud reputation, at the end fighting in a desperate civil war against thousands of his countrymen who had betrayed Athens's ideals.

Alexias is a fictional person, but Miss Renault has him rub shoulders with figures whose names are household words. He grows up with a boy called Xenophon, uncommonly adept at military exercises and particularly good with horses. (She allows herself one of her rare flashes of humor with Xenophon; when Alexias reports that he will soon have a baby brother or sister, Xenophon is quick with advice on how to train it: "at times it seemed he wanted me to bring it up as a Spartan; at others, as a horse"). Alexias gets to know a serious, dreamy-eyed boy whose powerful build earns him the nickname Plato ("Broad Shoulders"). He serves for a while under the brilliant but erratic and unscrupulous general Alcibiades.

Through all his formative years Alexias listens entranced to the street-corner chats of an oldish man with a satyr's face who tirelessly quizzes everyone he can buttonhole on their views about the proper way for men to behave. Socrates was to be the second most important influence on Alexias's life, after that of the man he was in love with. Greek males of the leisured class as often as not found the fulfillment of love only with each other. Perhaps it could not be otherwise, con-

LIONEL CASSON, professor of classics at New York University, is the author of *Masters of Ancient Comedy, Masterpieces of Classical Literature,* and other books on the literature and history of the ancient world.

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sidering the rigid exclusion of women (except for courtesans) from all social intercourse; when men were around, Greek women were to be neither seen nor heard. Miss Renault gives us both sides of the coin, the very special and precious relationship that could exist between men who were lovers, and the pathetic lot of Athenian women of good family, who could aspire to nothing higher in life than playing the role of housekeeper and brood mare.

Writers too often have looked at this dazzling age through rose-colored glasses. Miss Renault sees the shadows as well as the highlights. She shows us the people who created democracy using it to vote for mass murder, the people who voted to build the Parthenon squeezing the money for its construction out of oppressed subjects, the people who once prided themselves on their heroic resistance to tyranny dumbly submitting to the viciousness of a committee of tyrants handpicked by victorious Sparta. The tragic story was first told by Greece's great historian, Thucydides, with clinical dispassion; Miss Renault retells it as living human experience. *The Last of the Wine* is her masterpiece. None of the novels that followed quite comes up to the mark it set.

Her next book departed from history for the filmy stuff of legend. Of the many tales surrounding Theseus the best-known relates how, despite the pleas of his father, the king, he joined a group of Athenian youths and maidens who were being shipped off to Crete as human offerings to the horrendous Minotaur, half man and half bull, who was kept imprisoned in a maze called the Labyrinth, from which there was no escape. With the aid of the Cretan king's daughter, Ariadne, he slew the monster and made his way back home, only to find that his father had just died.

Until the beginning of this century the story was thought to be more or less a myth. But then Sir Arthur Evans began the series of excavations on Crete that led to the discovery of a people, hitherto unknown to history, who had developed a rich and sophisticated civilization. Among other things, he uncovered a royal palace so vast and with so complicated a ground plan that it seemed a veritable maze, and its numerous paintings and sculptures revealed that bulls figured prominently in the religious ceremonies carried on there. Historians began to have second thoughts about the Theseus legend: Could it perhaps contain kernels of fact? Might it not reflect a distant age when these mysterious Cretans were overlords of the Aegean, levied taxes on their subjects, and offered at least some of what was collected to their gods?

In *The King Must Die* Miss Renault retells the legend in the form of Theseus's autobiography. It is the middle of the second millennium B.C. He and a group of Athenian boys and girls are sent to Crete as part of the tribute destined for the king; on arrival they are purchased by the heir apparent, a coarse, bull-necked man of vicious temper, who dedicates them to the Earth Mother; as servants of this deity they are trained in a Cretan version of bull-baiting, dancing as a team around the animal and vaulting over it. Theseus welds his companions into the finest troupe of bull-dancers Crete has ever seen, plots a revolt of all the captive bull-dancers in the palace, has a flaming love affair with Ariadne and enlists her aid, takes advantage of a timely earthquake to spring his plot, kills the bull-necked villain in one of the tortuous corridors of the palace, and gets himself and his troupe safely off the island. It is a riproaring tale à la H. Rider Haggard, but with one significant difference: all Miss Renault's fertile inventions are ingeniously derived either from elements in the legend or from material unearthed by the archeologists' spades.

The Bull from the Sea takes up where *The King Must Die* left off. It relates the rest of the hero's story: his return to Athens, his voyage to the wilds of Scythia and his encounter with the Amazons there, his winning of their queen as his bride, the birth of their son, her death in battle, his ill-fated second marriage to Phaedra, youngest daughter of the king of Crete. Phaedra, consumed by a passion for her stepson, Hippolytus, made advances to him, was rejected, and—at least according to one version of the legend—took revenge by writing a note accusing him of rape and then killing herself. Miss Renault heightens the drama by having Phaedra accuse Hippolytus to his face in his father's presence. The boy, intuitively aware of her sick mind and unwilling to betray her, turns away without a word in his defense and rides off in a chariot. Theseus calls down the curse of Poseidon upon him, and the god responds by sending a fierce bull from the sea, which causes the horses to stampede and destroy chariot and driver. Theseus soon learns the truth and kills his wife with his own hand. The novel, slower paced and more somber than its predecessor, reflects the darker mood of the legends of Theseus's later life.

Having completed the transformation of the Theseus myth into fiction, Miss Renault returned to the terra firma of history. One of ancient Athens's great contributions to Western culture was the theater. For protagonist of *The Mask of Apollo* she invented a fictional tragic actor named Nikeratos, a Laurence Olivier or Paul Scofield, as it were, of the fourth century B.C. With vivid and telling touches she recreates the special way of life of the ancient Greek actor: the elaborate voice exercises by which he developed the power and technique to make even a stage whisper audible in an open-air theater the size of a sports stadium (the one at Athens seated 14,000 people, and there was standing room for additional thousands); the elaborate physical training that inured him to three hours or more of nearly continuous performance in a suffocating mask (those used by Greek actors did not cover the face alone but the whole head); the elaborate dramatic training that enabled him to play a spectrum of roles from blushing young girls (all

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parts in those days, male and female, were done by men) to tottering graybeards, and to switch from one to the other with lightning speed (the Athenians allowed only three speaking actors per play, and these divided all the roles among them; the masks made this possible).

The author portrays Nikeratos and many of his fellow performers as homosexual, very likely an asset for an actor called upon to impersonate Helen or Andromache as often as Menelaus or Hector. Most of the action is laid in Syracuse, the wealthy and powerful capital of Greek Sicily, during a period in its history that held some grimly comic moments. For the better part of the fourth century B.C., despots ruled the city, first the able and ruthless elder Dionysius and then his shrewd but dissolute son, Dionysius the Younger. The latter was induced to invite Plato, whose *Republic* was a blueprint for running an ideal state, to come and try his theories out on Syracuse.

Plato accepted the challenge, and set out to lecture the king and his court on the behavior to be expected from a perfect sovereign. He also put them through a refresher course in mathematics, which he considered the *sine qua non* of mental discipline. It was a tough curriculum with no student options; the number of dropouts swelled daily and eventually included Dionysius, who went back with a sigh of relief to the boudoir and the bottle. Since the city was a political powder keg at the time, and the distinguished visitor's lofty pronouncements were striking dangerous sparks, he was put

(*Continued on page* 61)

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1373

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1373 will be found in the next issue.

JVSUS XD ZCJ G DXZAWS OUCPSUL XZ MGPCU CM SGUWK UXDXZA JVGJ GOOSGWD JC JVS VXAVSU ZGJTUS CM IGZ.

—UCLSUJ WKZH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1372

So far, evolution has been nothing but staggering from one error to another.

—IBSEN.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

In the Good Old Pagan Days

CONTRARY TO DEWEY HOITENGA'S uninformed statement [Book Forum, Nov. 8] that "Jewish and Christian history give more dignity and prominence to women" than do Greek and Roman history, women figure far more largely in ancient pagan than in modern records.

Herodotus, the reporter of the ancient world, fills his histories with the exploits of great women such as Artemisia, Tomyris, Atossa, Candaules, Hiera, etc. Manetho glorifies Netocris and other ancient Egyptian women, as Berosus does for Babylonian and Sumerian women. Plutarch speaks more highly of Aspasia than of Alcibiades or Pericles, and reports that even Socrates sought her advice. Plato reveres Diotima. Pythagoras elevated his pupils Theoclea and Theano above their male counterparts, and idolized his teacher Aristoclea. Strabo praised the valor of Candace, and Tacitus that of Boadicea and Cartismandua, whom the Roman legions considered the most valiant and formidable of their enemies. Tacitus mentions Claudia Quinta as a great heroine and founder of the imperial Claudian family.

In ancient history there are as many female as male "glorious ancestors." It is only when we come to Christian times that we find women deliberately relegated to anonymity. Yet even Geoffrey of Monmouth praises Martia the law-giver and equates her with Alfred the Great. And the English long credited Matilda of Scotland, the "Aetheling," with restoring their ancient rights after the Conquest. Our ancestors did not, as we moderns do, brand as "anomalies" all women of force and character. They admired *audax muliebris*, feminine audacity—a quality which, as Edward Carpenter observed, is considered by the Christians "unbecoming in women and slaves."

The pre-Christian Celts of Europe regarded women as equal and in some respects superior to men, particularly in the fields of law and justice. Caesar reports that the men of Gaul took their orders from a council of women, and Tacitus that the great Roman general Cerealis was forced to plead with Veleda to persuade her men to free his flagship on the Rhone. The Celtic treaty with Hannibal specified that the Carthaginians must submit their grievances to the women for arbitration: "If the Carthaginians have any charge to lay against the Celtae, it shall be brought before the Celtic women."

The Celts of the first century, according to Tacitus, offered their brides wedding gifts of caparisoned horses and embossed swords, and the marriage vow "was designed to reassure the bride that she would forfeit none of her independence in the married state." She was required to swear "to share with him and dare with him in peace and in war" —not to "obey" him as in the slavish Christian rite.

Plato wrote in the *Republic* that their sex need not bar women from intellectual pursuits or the holding of public office, for the only difference between the sexes was that "women bear and men beget children."

The historian Carcopino writes, "One of the fairest examples of human greatness was the woman of Imperial Rome"; and Juvenal speaks for all women in his lines: *"Clames licet et mare caelo confundas! Homo sum!"* Which, freely translated, means "You men may raise all the hell you want to about it. I too am a human being!"

ELIZABETH GOULD DAVIS,
Sarasota, Fla.

Whitman's Alleluya

IN HIS ARTICLE on Alan Paton [*SR*, Nov. 8] Edward Callan says, "English literature has no notable form for rejoicing at funerals—and certainly none that solve the problem of how to say 'alleluya,' and mean it, in the presence of death."

Has he never read Whitman? His works abound in the celebration of death. Try "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed."

SANFORD CARLISLE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Custer Was Clipped

REGARDING WARREN PAYNE'S LETTER [*SR*, Nov. 1] questioning my assertion that General Custer was without his famous long hair at the Battle of the Little Big Horn: See Colonel W. A. Graham's preface to *The Custer Myth*, compiled by that eminent authority on the battle and author of the classic *The Story of the Little Big Horn*. Colonel Graham declares: "His yellow locks had been closely shorn with clippers before he left Ft. Lincoln on the 17th of May." See also the frontispiece to *The Custer Myth*, a reproduction of the figure of Custer on his last day, by the artist Dwight Franklin. Colonel Graham continues: "Such was Custer on June 25, 1876, and thus Dwight Franklin has depicted him: hair short, face covered with stubbly auburn beard . . ."

JOHN K. HUTCHENS,
Rye, N.Y.

Unfortunate Platform

DAVID SCHOENBRUN'S VIEWS on Vietnam are well known. So is his love for the glories of France. It is unfortunate that he used an otherwise competent book review of William Shirer's book [*SR*, Nov. 8] as a platform for continuing his criticism of our Vietnam policy.

ROBERT C. OELHAF,
Takoma Park, Md.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

London swings. No foreigner seems to doubt it. This summer the youth of the world flowed into London. They roosted as thick as starlings under Eros in Piccadilly: droves of them, as aimless as sheep, wandered from Trafalgar Square to the steps of the National Gallery and back again. They were very quiet; occasionally they sang softly, at times listened to whispered poetry. They looked hungry, dirty, purposeless—a generation that sits waiting for Godot who never comes. For the mature voyeur, however, the scene was brighter—particularly in the theater, which offered *Boys in the Band, Hair,* and a most remarkable tour de force, *Aubrey's Brief Lives,* with its wonderful baroque, slightly obscene seventeenth-century prose, spoken in an incredible solo performance by Roy Dotrice. For the rich young executive it was a far livelier town still: girls galore in extravagant dress or undress, fast cars, new fashions, new clubs, new restaurants, everything new and consumable. They turned Chelsea and Fulham into an adman's carnival. And, of course, Soho set the pace for the chicks and the crumblies; there were deafening discothèques and Carnaby Street for the burgeoning fourteen-year-olds and a warren of striptease joints and "book" shops for the waning middle-aged male. It was rather as if someone had sprinkled London with a handful of slightly faded tinsel.

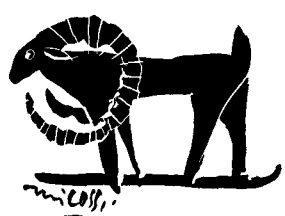
Yet London does not swing as New York does: by comparison it is still a quiet, relatively clean, well-ordered, peaceful city. Even the theater is sedate by New York standards—no *Geese* here and no *Calcutta.* The Soho pornography shops would scarcely raise the eyebrow of a New York adolescent. What is missing in London is the undercurrent of social hatred, the absence of that ferocity against society which seems to infuse even the bookstores along 42nd Street, where the exposed male and female organs seem to be yelling obscenities at the world that wants to hide them. London is still essentially middle-class and cosy: the oddities that are going on there are largely ignored except by the press and the tourist agencies. In New York, however, one can feel the dissidence and hostility that express themselves in wild clothes or wilder obscenities. Even the New York hippies look different—yours weird, crazy, beyond society, ours like hired film extras. Nor does the raucous aspect of New York seem like a decoration on a solid and stolid middle-class core. Swinging London gently titillates, whereas New York makes one dizzy and slightly sick—and much more thoughtful. The hippies and the yippies should preoccupy us, for outcasts of society can deepen one's insights into society itself.

This was brought home to me forcefully by a new series that Delacorte is publishing called "Pageant of History," a rather banal and meaningless title for what promises to be a fascinating shelf of books. So far four volumes have come my way—*The Saints,* by Edith Simon; *Gladiators,* by Michael Grant; *Highwaymen,* by Christopher Hibbert; *Nihilists,* by Ronald Hingley ($3.95 each). All are readable and fascinating, but there may be even better to come, and I look forward eagerly to Eric Hobsbawm's *Bandits.*

Although superficially these sets of men and women—saints, bandits, etc.—seem to have little or nothing in common, in essentials they belong to the same family. In the milieus that gave them birth they were highly specialized groups, small in number but with immense repercussions. All maintained a romantic hold on the imagination of their time. The societies in which they flourished seemed to need their image—often, indeed, a romanticized one, largely created by those who wrote or talked about them. None of these groups was firmly integrated into the prevailing social structure: they belonged to but were distinct from it.

Many of the early saints who practiced lunatic austerities—living on platforms in the desert, bricking themselves up in walls, encouraging filth and disease to ravage their bodies—were obviously very near to total derangement, yet society fed upon and willfully exaggerated their excesses, attributing to them miraculous powers and a refined spirituality. The saints obviously plucked a deep social chord: for their own times they became a desperate necessity. Few could see them as they truly were, rather than as the masses wanted them to be.

There was a similar quality about highwaymen, who battened on eighteenth-century English society like flies



on a putrescent carcass. Everyone who made a journey expected to be robbed. Even in Hyde Park aristocrats and statesmen were held up. Most of these robbers were thugs, but to the ballad-makers and to the writers of cheap books they were "gentlemen of the road" who robbed with courtesy and showed the utmost respect for ladies. Within their own short lifetime highwaymen like Dick Turpin became the subjects of legend; society took them to its heart, glossed their violence and turned them into folk heroes. In literature, if not in life, highwaymen were as generous to the poor and the unlucky as they were courtly to women. The fantasy of robbery that seemed to redress social injustice was one which gripped the imagination of those who lived on the edge of economic disaster. How right, many felt, that the rich should be robbed in a world of violent contrast between riches and poverty. As people of the Dark Ages needed the image of intense spirituality, of unimaginable triumphs over the flesh, to help them through a world of visible decay, corruption and barbarism, so the eighteenth century needed its heroic robbers. Nor is it surprising that nihilists caught the imagination of many oppressed by absolutism or hounded by secret police. Again society could vicariously redress injustice and speak of the valor of the mavericks. Such groups often provide an emotional safety valve.

Unfortunately, except for Mr. Grant, whose book *Gladiators* is excellent, the authors of the Delacorte series are far more concerned with the colorful nature of their subject than the reasons for their existence. This makes for immensely entertaining reading but occasionally I would have liked a chapter of analysis that gave meaning and depth to these strange manifestations. Rightly read, as all good histories should be, these books make us think more carefully, even more warily about our own times and circumstances. We should not dismiss too easily the swarm of gentle adolescents—casual, dirty, amoral, deliberately penniless—who infest our cities in summertime. Their seemingly flagrant anti-materialism may provide a soothing fantasy for ourselves; or their immorality, obscenities, drugs and filth may serve as focus for hatred that might be better directed towards slums, poverty and hypocrisy. In either case they feed the fallacy that the ills or aspirations of a society are to be found in nonconformity. Yet all that such aberration reflects is the deeper crisis of a people, and any society that ignores its most extravagant manifestations, or fails to question its own reactions to them, is heading for disaster.

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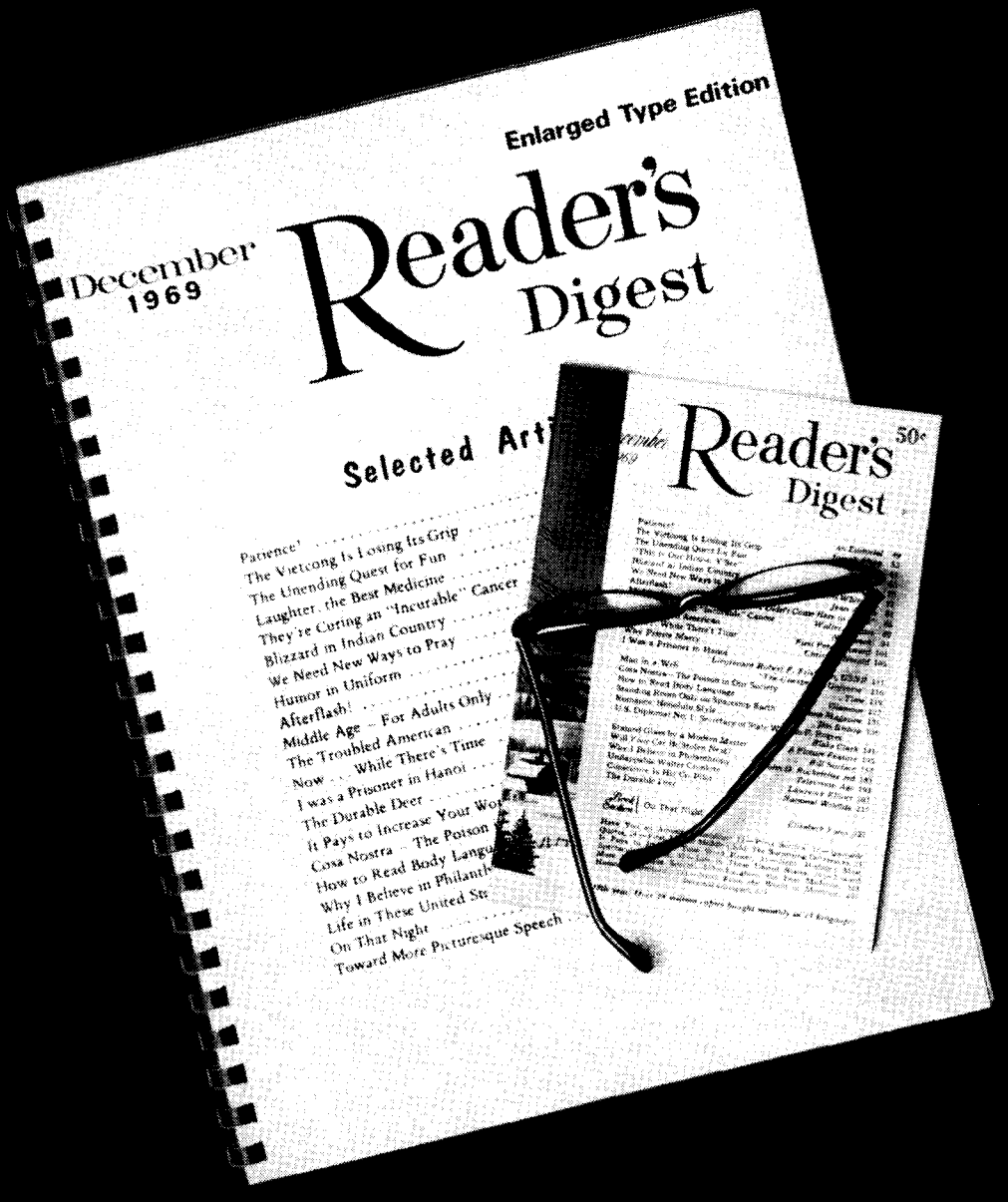

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Life Styles

THE AESTHETIC MOVEMENT: Prelude to Art Nouveau

by Elizabeth Aslin

Praeger, 192 pp., $15

THE INDIGNANT EYE: The Artist as Social Critic in Prints and Drawings from the Fifteenth Century to Picasso

by Ralph E. Shikes

Beacon, 439 pp., $12.50

SOMETHING ABOUT THE TASTE of the 1960s—its catholicity or its contradictions—makes it possible for the reader to be equally persuaded by Elizabeth Aslin's *The Aesthetic Movement* and Ralph E. Shikes's *The Indignant Eye*; this, despite the clear antithesis of the two writers' motives. The unblinking aestheticism upon which Miss Aslin's book is founded, and from which she never deviates, is an attitude toward which Mr. Shikes is at best only impatiently tolerant. Yet the one's embrace of art for art's sake and the other's suspicion of it are somehow both unmistakably born of the values of the present period. In fact, it is hard to imagine either book being written ten years ago, even though nearly all the material in both of them was accessible then.

Miss Aslin is part of a growing company of scholars who have been devoting themselves recently to the rehabilitation of the artistic good name of the Victorian Age. The twentieth century's hostility toward the tastes of the late nineteenth has been softening since the 1930s, and even turning into a kind of nostalgic affection. The latest evidence of *rapprochement* has been the increasing inclination to narrow the phases, and kinds, of badness once freely attributed to nearly all of nineteenth-century sensibility. Early in the Sixties we more than made our peace with Art Nouveau, a style the Forties and Fifties couldn't abide, and lately we have begun to look anew—and with some enthusiasm—at such painters as Lord Leighton, William Powell Frith, and even the erstwhile unredeemed Sir Edwin Landseer.

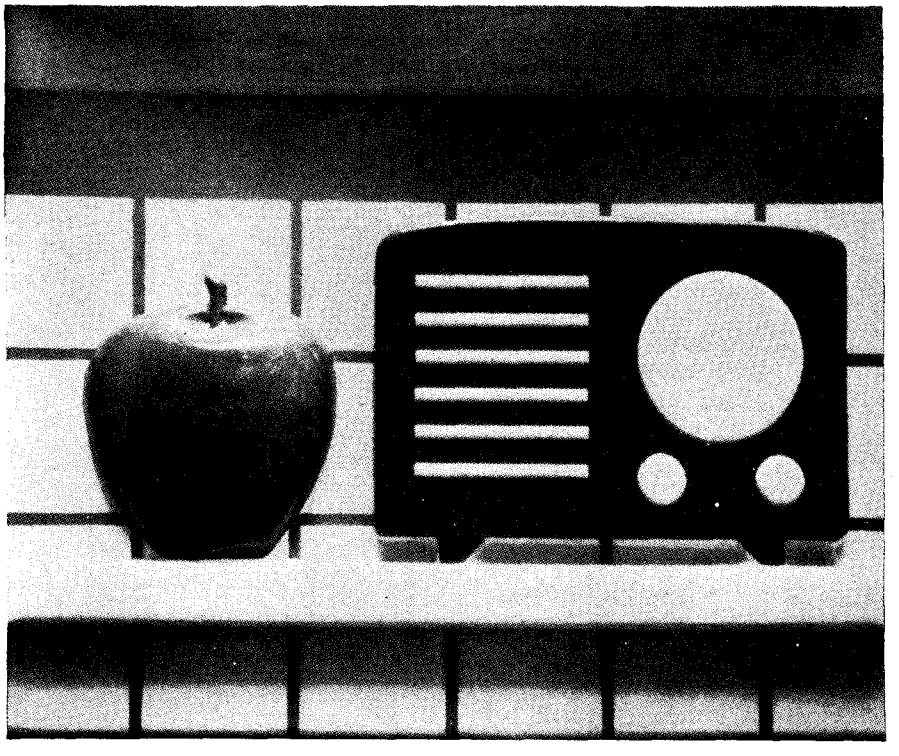
What has been happening, of course, is that our own tastes have been changing, from a starkness reflecting early modern influences like International Style architecture and Bauhaus formalism, to a more cheerfully decorative mannerism (as evident in clothes as in pop art) that suggests a freer, "later," perhaps more ironic frame of mind. And while this has been going on the discipline of art history has been gaining in refinement, with scholars allocating longer study to shorter periods of the past. In so doing they are frequently compelled to question old judgments, to qualify and pick apart old simplifications.

These several developments, then, have contributed to the view that much Victorian art is a good deal better than we thought just a few years back. Not all of it, surely, but a lot of it. And it is on this note that Elizabeth Aslin rises to the defense of yet another phase of once-discredited Victorianism: the decorative arts of the 1870s and 1880s.

There is plenty of residual antagonism to mount a defense against. Those two decades have long been associated, all too easily, in all too wholesale a manner, with the most bloated of nineteenth-century endeavors. One's first thoughts are likely to turn to such buildings as the Palace of Justice in Brussels, the Victor Emmanuel II Monument in Rome, and the egregious fantasies of Ludwig II in Bavaria. America in particular cannot help remembering the excesses of the Rococo revival, whose obesities in furniture, textile and utensil design were maximal in the 1870s.

But Miss Aslin, who is a staff member of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, chooses to zero in on the art of her own England, and she comes up with an emphatically different image of the time. She locates the worst English Victorian offenses in a period roughly between 1830 and 1860, when "ornament was lavish and overwrought, and the exciting possibilities of new materials, new industrial processes . . . and, above all, an expanding market merely led manufacturers to the indiscriminate production of ever increasing quantities of singularly ill-designed and elaborate objects."

But when at last, in the late Sixties, a higher level of taste was achieved, it was not—and here again the author corrects a common notion—because English artists decided to make the best, rather than the worst, of indus-



—From "Pop Art Redefined."

"Still life," by Tom Wesselmann (left), "Homage to Magritte," by Clive Barker (above)—"a more ironic frame of mind."

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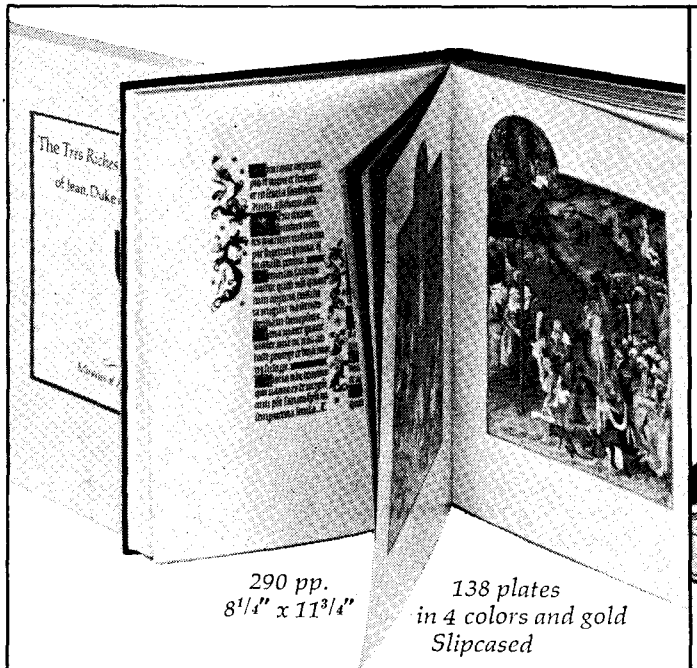

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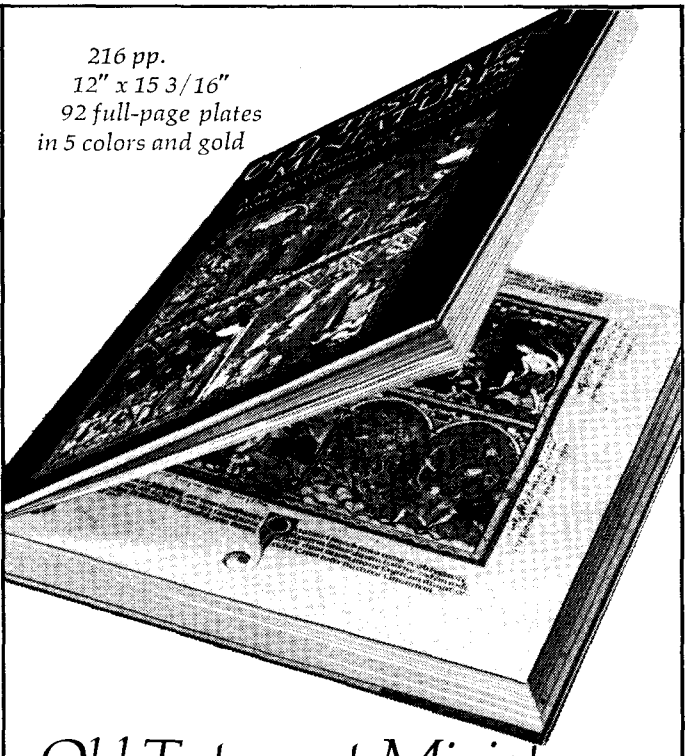

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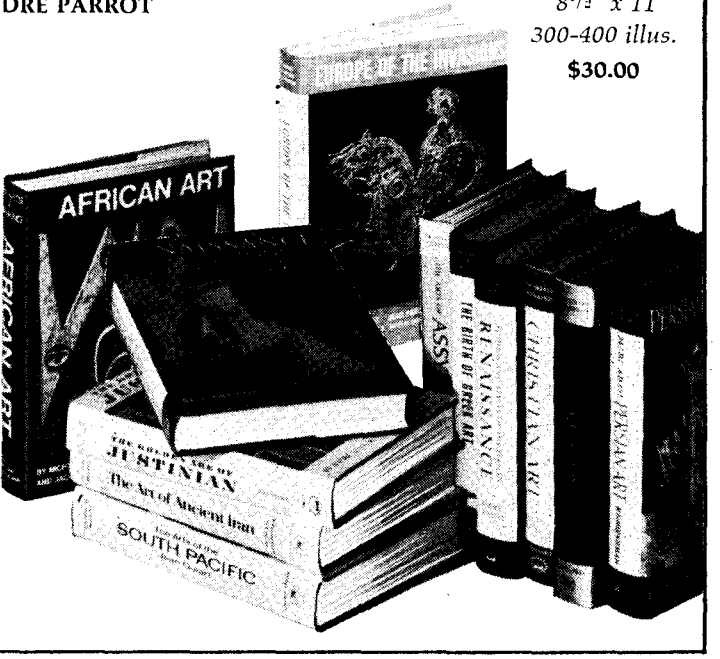

George Braziller, *One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.*

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try. That accommodating gesture had to wait for the twentieth century. In the 1870s it was art that came to the rescue of art. William Morris cordially despised the machine, and this very contempt led him to argue for an upgrading of handicrafts, and for a return to an "art of the people"—a dream that was fashioned from reminiscences of the Middle Ages. Clearly in this respect he was close to the Pre-Raphaelites, especially to the Rossettis, Burne-Jones and Ford Madox Brown, and equally clearly there was never a more devoutly aestheticized circle than they in all of the nineteenth century. Art was a mission to Morris, a religion to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and life itself to the likes of James McNeill Whistler and Oscar Wilde. It was these men who gave symbol and form to the times: symbols as rarefied as the lily, the sunflower and the peacock feather, and form as deliciously languid as the pre-Art Nouveau curves of the newly imported Japanese style.

Yet despite this extremity of sensitivity, the decorative arts of the time reveal a surprising simplicity of form and, perhaps because of this sensitivity, a similarly impressive elegance. The "art furniture" of E. W. Godwin is remarkably spare and correct, the "art embroidery" of Morris strikingly restrained, while in the houses designed by Philip Webb and Norman Shaw there is a clarity and succinctness that hardly accord with the bromides about inflated Victorianism. The path from these products to the art of the twentieth century is far straighter than one may have supposed.

Of course, the Aesthetic Movement never reckoned with the kind of implacable formal reductions that cubism was to impose on art two or three decades later. Hanging over the English art of the Seventies and Eighties is a delicately lavender preciosity which is not only recognizably Victorian but suggestive of a waning century. It is this tender attenuation, so accurately, fastidiously, and fully described by Miss Aslin, and so discreetly apotheosized, that is in harmony with the ironic refinements in the tastes of our own day. Our century, too, is growing old.

Actually, it was pop art, a pretty un-Victorian phenomenon, which turned us toward irony in the 1960s. Likewise it was pop that refocused our attention on content in art, on the expressive possibilities of imagery and narrative that had been largely ignored in the 1950s, when formalist abstraction dominated the scene. The pendulum has swung all the way back. By now literary meaning, storytelling and "idea" art are perfectly acceptable again, while many artists are fashioning whole careers out of "anti-form" objects and processes.

So now we come to Mr. Shikes. The subtitle of *The Indignant Eye* reads "The Artists as Social Critic in Prints and Drawings from the Fifteenth Century to Picasso." Anger and social consciousness have been re-legitimized in art and, it should be added, hardly on account of pop art alone. Between Jackson Pollock and the present-day intervene the double specters of Vietnam and the race crisis, both of which have contributed greatly to the climate of opinion out of which Mr. Shikes has approached his subject.

The Indignant Eye is a lucid, highly readable, at times quite moving catalogue of six centuries of protest art, ranging from the Master ES's mordant defenses of the late medieval peasant class through such great satirists as Brueghel, Hogarth, Goya and Daumier, down to the Mexican leftist artists of the 1940s and the American political cartoonists of today. The idea for such a summary has been explored before, but seldom so propitiously, at a time when social dissent is so immediate a reality of our time, and rarely by so well-trained an art historian. Against the backdrop of today, the productions of great artists like Rouault and Picasso become more than a matter of formal authority. The message, Mr. Shikes insists, is potentially as much a part of the total impact of the work as the composition and the drawing, and that is a lesson the Fifties were too often blind to. Its reiteration here gives new dignity as well to certain lesser artists who fell into disfavor or oblivion during the formalist phases of the twentieth century: the ungainly but ferocious eighteenth-century Englishman James Gillray; the profoundly compassionate German Kaethe Kollwitz; even the cartoonists—Th. Th. Heine of *Simplicissimus*, Herblock of the *Washington Post*.

Nevertheless, the advantage of timeliness carries a backlash. Mr. Shikes's admission that his book is "written and edited from a liberal point of view" explains but doesn't altogether excuse the omission of those respectable artists whose social commentary was, shall we say, counter-revolutionary. There is plenty of anti-papist opinion in the author's text and in the illustrations he selects, but none directed against Martin Luther. Worse still—and this is the most irritating aspect of the book—Mr. Shikes allows his own admiration for sentiment in art (inevitably of a certain persuasion) to get the better of his judgment of form, which does an injustice to the very history of art he otherwise knows so well. It is really hard to accept that Rico Lebrun is "one of the greatest of contemporary draftsmen," or that the highly mannered and melodramatic figures of Leonard Baskin are "free of cliché." Nor does he help his own cause by constant derisive references to the "self-preoccupation" and "subjective withdrawal" of the abstract expressionists. That kind of polemic doesn't diminish Pollock, Arshile Gorky and Willem de Kooning as artists, but it does reflect somewhat poorly on Mr. Shikes as an aesthetician.

In any event, reading Shikes after Aslin confers this benefit: it brings us back to a balanced judgment of the subject in the largest sense. It reminds us that art can never be fairly regarded as either the pure aestheticism independent of life that the most dandyish of Miss Aslin's Victorians thought it was, or the sheer propaganda forwarded by the least gifted of Mr. Shikes's troupe.

Franz Schulze

Franz Schulze is art critic of the Chicago Daily News.

I Am Peter

by Lewis Turco

I am Peter,
the original rock. On me
all churches are founded.
I gave my substance to be joined with
water

that all this world's
things might have their being, even
flesh and dust. I am no
man, but I am half of all. Out of the
night

that moves through time
like a spider without a face;
out of suns like needles
that are the spider's eyes, I move with
my fluid

wife. Our motion
is a begetting of motion.
I do not think; water
does not feel. Yet I will sire thought
out of

waves, under night,
and light shall be woven into
the fabric of being.
The penultimate son will understand
that

I am Peter;
his child will understand I Am.
He will be the thinking
Rock, the feeling Wave—flesh, dust,
heart, mind, Maker.

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THE POLISHED SURFACE: Essays in the Literature of Worldliness

by Louis Kronenberger

Knopf, 202 pp., $6.95

QUALITY: Its Image in the Arts

edited by Louis Kronenberger

Atheneum, 454 pp., $24.95

THE TRACING OF a mood or a canon of taste through modern prose narrative, theater, or poetry is an engaging if conventional activity of comparative literature, especially in the hands of such a veteran as Professor Louis Kronenberger. Despite his teaching experiences at Columbia, Oxford, Princeton, and Brandeis, in *The Polished Surface* he chooses to approach literature not so much as a scholar but as a dilettante in the most legitimate sense of the word. Awed by the very breadth of his subtitle ("I have not in any way sought to deal comprehensively with so many-sided a literature"), he permits himself one guiding, restrictive principle of selection: his own favorite reading. Thus he returns to a number of authors to whom he has devoted studies or editions, starting with La Rochefoucauld.

Unlike most scholars, Kronenberger never quite defines at the outset his interpretation of worldliness, but it eventually comes across to us that he conceives of it in its very broadest semantic potential. Nor does he care which aspect of a book makes it "worldly." Sometimes it is the protagonist ("Becky Sharp is worldliness incarnate"). Sometimes it is the book's social milieu ("*Barchester Towers* is a first-rate chronicle of clerical worldliness"). Sometimes, indeed often, it is the foremost characteristic of the novelist or playwright himself.

Nor is the worldliness discussed here limited to any genres, movements, or periods, even though Sheridan and Congreve almost corner the market for a while. Obviously, to Kronenberger the purest example of mundanity is that comedy-of-dubious-manners *The School for Scandal.* As he sees it, worldliness permeates prose as well as poetry, romanticism as well as realism, decorous as well as dissolute societies. It collides with and makes its accommodations with snobbism, irony, satire, sarcasm, dandyism, urbanity, and a multitude of other moods, attitudes, and tastes. The one giveaway of the worldly mentality is the maxim or aphorism. For this reason Kronenberger, who once edited a collection of aphorisms with W. H. Auden, puts La Rochefoucauld first in his gallery of worldly writers. Many epigrams enliven the present volume, from Wilde's "Old enough to know worse" to Horace Walpole's less familiar "The first step toward being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth . . . Not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue."

No one will quarrel with the classification as worldly of Saint-Simon, Sheridan, Walpole, Voltaire, Byron, Pushkin, Henry James, and Henry Adams. The two ladies present, Jane Austen and Edith Wharton, would seem to be out of their element, but let the reader judge. One does miss chapters on several more likely worldlings, such as Wilde. After all, Wilde's mere presence in a room made those around him worldly and clever, especially Whistler, who was moved thereby to the wittiest of his insults.

In most of his sixteen chapters Kronenberger concentrates on a single book. While discussing *The Charterhouse of Parma* or *Barchester Towers* or *Candide,* he inevitably probes many other facets of the work ("Nor have I been so restrictive as to look upon these writings for worldliness alone"). The essays are thus well-rounded introductions to "a fair number" of masterpieces.

The "polished surface" advocated by Horace remains for Kronenberger an ideal of expression, and he aims at elegance in his own prose. Yet on a few occasions his dilettantism will bother scholars. He sometimes tosses off compound generalizations with the easy conscience of a hit-and-run essayist: "Snobbery plays the same lurking role in English fiction that adultery does in French, and in time becomes as unwelcome. County geography plays the same role in English fiction as a sort of cosmic lack of any does in Russian, and becomes no less hard to grasp. . . ." Commonplaces now and then stand proudly before us decked out in the finest of raiment—a goal of poetry, but hardly of scholarship. Kronenberger plays fast and loose with such words as humanism and allegory. *Volpone* "suggests" allegory, whatever that means. That the author finds a "poetic sense of allegory" in Melville's Claggart and Billy Budd need not surprise us. Professors of American literature now see allegorical Christs looming up more frequently than did the Spanish mystic poets of the Golden Age. Only once does the author, himself a paragon of mundanity, raise a critical voice. Regretting that English-language translations of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin* are unsatisfactory, he adds: "Nabokov's close rendering, however notable for accuracy, is hopeless for transmitting Pushkin's art." To cap this, he proceeds to utilize lengthily an older translation that has now, in the opinion of American Slavicists, been superseded.

In fine, Mr. Kronenberger has chosen to represent his vast and important topic those writers whom he most cherishes. By expanding his essays beyond the unilinear development of his announced theme, he has given us a major contribution to comparative literature. After one has read the recent widely distributed structural analysis of *Les Liaisons dangereuses* composed with the aid of a computer, Mr. Kronenberg's appreciative chapter on this worldly novel comes as a breath of fresh air.

Not only does such a broad concept as "worldliness" inspire Mr. Kronenberger; so also does the ineffable term "quality." For his very latest book he invited sixteen authoritative essayists to write one chapter each defining what makes for quality in a major or minor art.

Along with such predictable subjects as music, theater, sculpture, popular arts, and painting, the minor "arts" of gastronomy, landscape, wit and humor, and "avant-garde" (an art?) are discussed. It is clear that Kronenberger urged his contributors to seek quality not only in the most contemporary examples but in archaic works. This same chronological spectrum dictated the choice of the more than 400 illustrations, ranging from the pot-bellied paleolithic "Venus of Willendorf" to a photograph of one of *Laugh-In*'s frenzied studio parties. These plates, forty-two in full color, illuminate effectively all of the essays except, understandably, those on poetry and fiction.

With fortitude and good humor the contributors, including such familiar names as Virgil Thomson, Eric Bentley, Gilbert Seldes, and Sherman Lee, cope with their assignment, avoiding "editorial formula" and coming up with entertaining and often original pieces. They explain as well as evaluate, for after all *qualitas* originally meant merely the inherent nature of a thing. Kronenberger's essay on "Wit and Humor" is characteristically diverting. Some of the arts, such as sculpture, painting, and photography, don't stick to their allotted places and make welcome reappearances here and there. The theme of "quality" does not automatically give unity to the collection, but diversity has many merits.

This elegant volume with its lively digressions will be read with pleasure after the other Christmas gifts have been worn out, broken, or drunk up.

Robert J. Clements

Robert J. Clements is head of the department of comparative literature in NYU's Graduate School.

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Politics '68

THE YEAR OF THE PEOPLE

by Eugene J. McCarthy

Doubleday, 323 pp., $6.95

WE WERE THE CAMPAIGN: New Hampshire to Chicago for McCarthy

by Ben Stavis

Beacon, 206 pp., $7.50, paperback $2.95

McCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT

by Arthur Herzog

Viking, 309 pp., $6.95

THESE THREE BOOKS, at the same time fascinating and disappointing, will help the future historian determine the significance and place of the McCarthy campaign in American history. Each book, however, provides only a fragment. Each is written from a special point of view. And each is in a real sense incomplete, Senator McCarthy's most of all. *The Year of the People* is episodic and defensive. It partly explains McCarthy's attitude toward life and politics, yet it throws little new light on many important people and events of the year. The book might have been twice as good if it had been twice as long.

Today we see the McCarthy campaign of 1967-68 as the determining factor—perhaps even more than the Tet offensive of February 1968—in President Johnson's decision not to seek re-election. Without the Minnesotan's trail-blazing, at a time when he was not taken seriously by the press or by politicians, it is unlikely that Senator Robert F. Kennedy would have entered the race, at least soon enough to affect the primaries. Johnson's withdrawal on March 31, 1968, came as a bombshell to almost every perceptive observer of the Johnson régime, including members of the Cabinet and White House staff. Preparations were fully under way for the President to run and run hard. He had talked with reporters about how he would campaign and he had given instructions to staff members.

McCarthy's surprising strength in the New Hampshire primary and Senator Kennedy's prompt entry into the race coincided with advice from Johnson's trusted advisers, who had supported him on Vietnam, that a drastic change of policy was essential. Johnson previously had not recognized either the depth of anti-Vietnam sentiment in the country or the impossibility of military victory when the sources of the enemy's strength cannot be attacked.

The sources of North Vietnam's military and industrial strength were in China and the Soviet Union. As long as those supplies lasted Hanoi could wage a war of attrition against the United States more effectively than the United States could wage a war of attrition against it. Johnson's advisers forced him to face up to that fact at the very time McCarthy made him recognize that his own political base at home was dangerously eroded.

"The change in attitude might have taken place without a primary challenge, but I doubt it," McCarthy writes. "The primaries gave the people a chance to pass a judgment on the war, and in Democratic primary after primary they indicated their opposition."

Many persons have asked what kind of President McCarthy would have made if he had won. In their books Ben Stavis and Arthur Herzog, both of whom worked in the McCarthy campaign, express doubts. On Vietnam, it is fair to ask whether he would have been any more successful than President Nixon has been, for the ironic fact is that the President has adopted the major points that McCarthy and Senator Edward F. Kennedy succeeded in putting into the Democratic platform. McCarthy records that he fought for and got into the platform four principles: an unconditional end of the bombing of North Vietnam while continuing to provide in the South all necessary air and other support for American troops; negotiation of a mutual withdrawal of all outside forces from South Vietnam; encouragement of Saigon to broaden the base of the government, and, finally, serious efforts to lower the level of violence.

Ben Stavis was a leader of the students for McCarthy. While he had no previous political experience, he proved to be an effective organizer and a tough fighter. Yet more than once he was so provoked with McCarthy that he was ready to quit. In conclusion, he says that whereas many Americans were impressed by McCarthy's "honesty and decency," many others "felt that, while he was a wonderful protest candidate, he could not have been President. He was too aloof, too difficult to reach with important questions. . . . His nondirectiveness, a breath of fresh air after five years of the Texas manipulator, may be considered inappropriate to achieve social change in a highly organized capitalist society."

Herzog says that even the degree of McCarthy's willingness to become President "haunted" his campaign chieftains. Such a question could never have been raised about a Kennedy, a Johnson, a Nixon—or a Roosevelt. Because strong leadership was feared there was sometimes no leadership at all, Herzog states. "The result was that the campaign broke into factions and feuds. The campaigners seemed innocent of the dangers of ego and self-interest. The McCarthy idealists, older and young alike, pursued personal power, and even misused it, just as they had accused [President Johnson] of doing. 'A Man You Can Trust in the White House,' went a McCarthy slogan in New Hampshire, but of trust within the campaign there was little."

None of the books throws much light on McCarthy's future, although

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Each name listed below is the title of an opera, serious or light. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Athens, Ga., asks you to match each lady (?) with her identification and the composer. Check your acoustics on page 53.

1. Aida ( )
2. Carmen ( )
3. Euridice ( )
4. Gloriana ( )
5. Lakmé ( )
6. Louise ( )
7. Manon ( )
8. Martha ( )
9. Norma ( )
10. Patience ( )
11. Salome ( )
12. Tosca ( )

A. Brahmin priestess
B. Captive Ethiopian princess
C. Druid priestess
D. English lady disguised as servant girl
E. English milkmaid
F. Gypsy cigarette-girl
G. Hell-bound dryad
H. Governor's stepdaughter
I. Italian prima donna
J. Parisian courtesan
K. Parisian seamstress
L. Queen Elizabeth I

a. Bellini
b. Bizet
c. Britten
d. Caccini
e. Charpentier
f. Delibes
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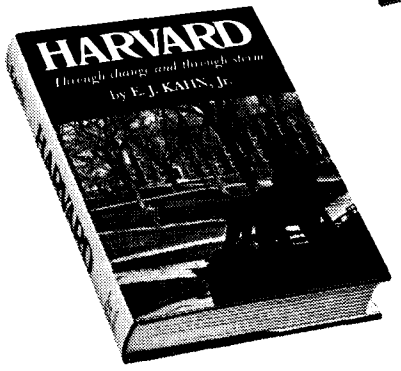

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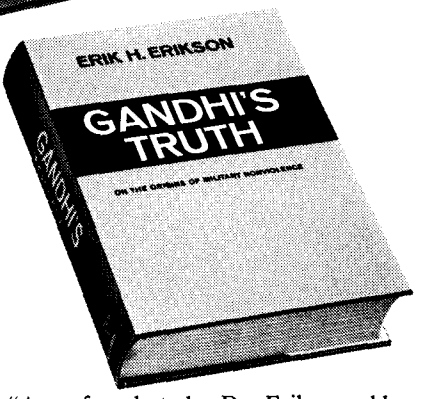

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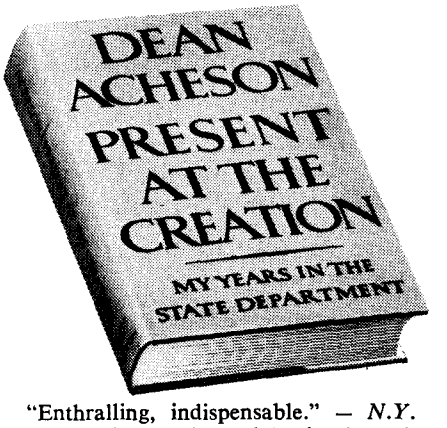

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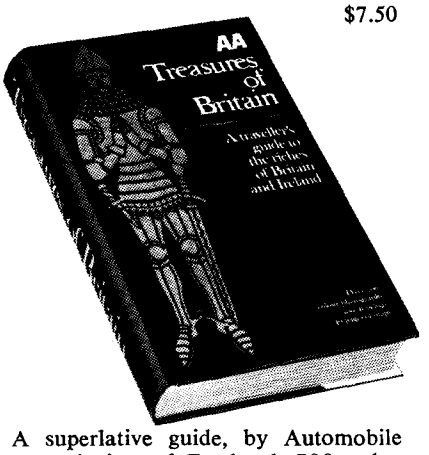

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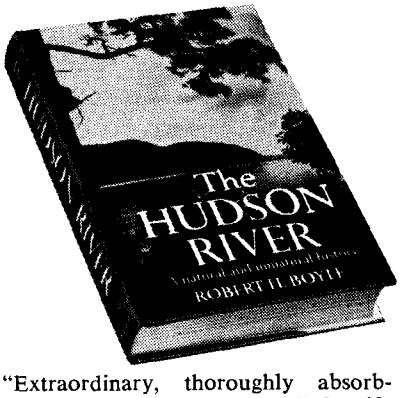

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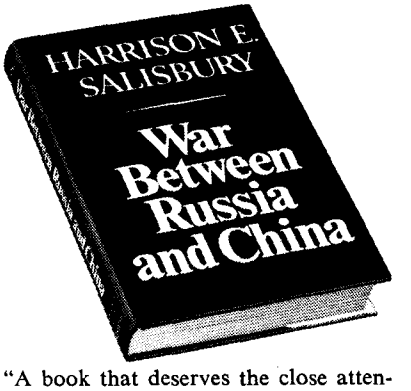

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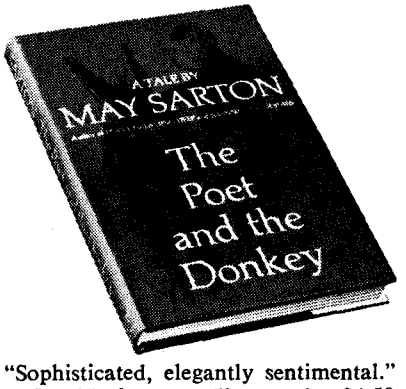

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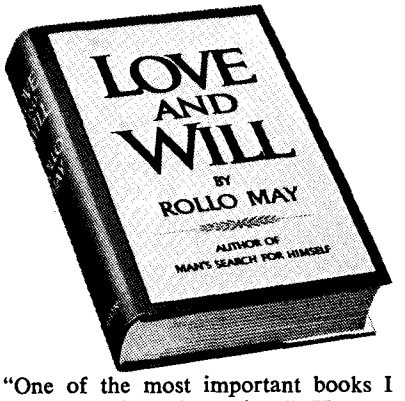

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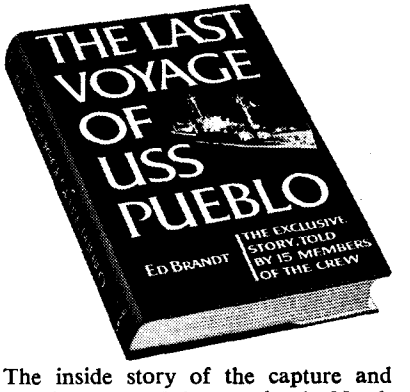

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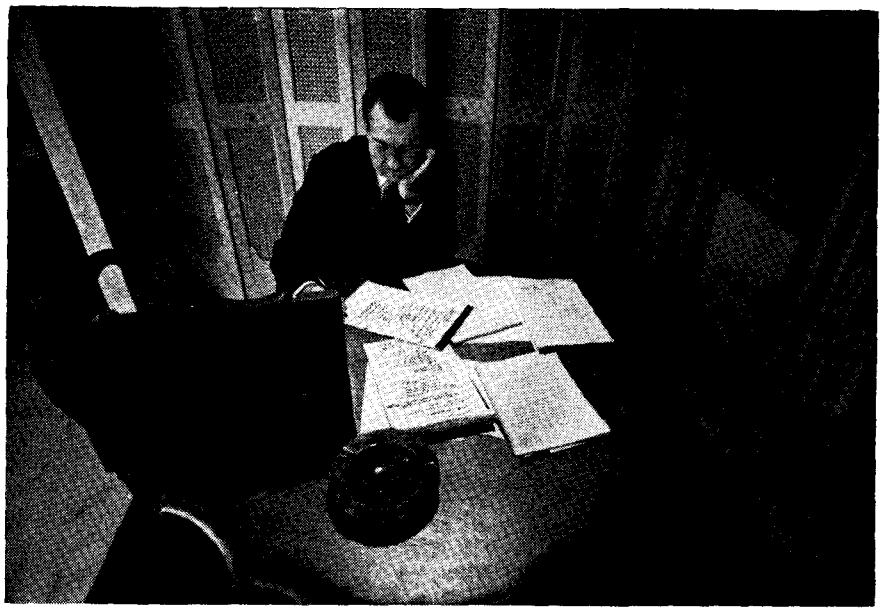
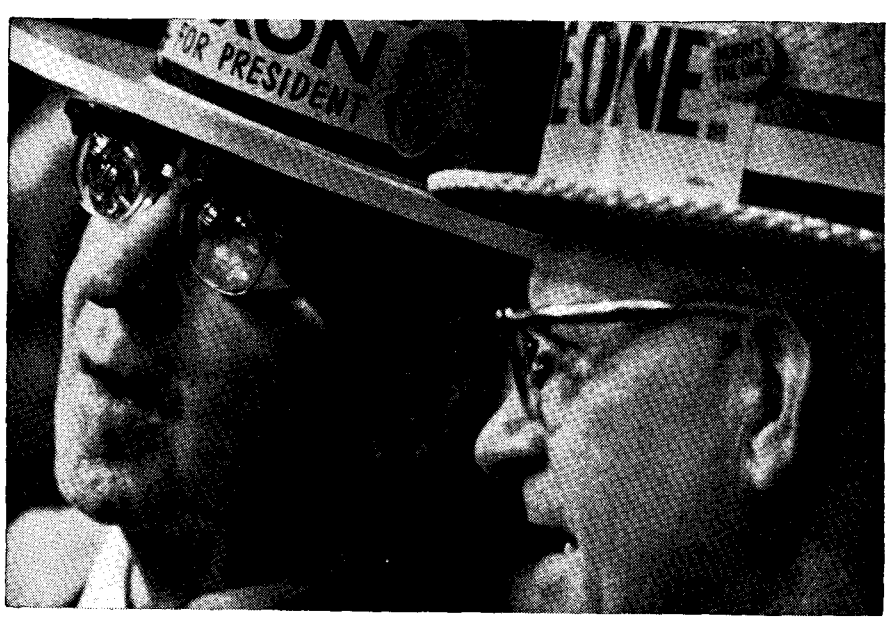
the Senator hints that he might be persuaded to lead a third—or fourth—party. But the erosion of his own support, not unlike Johnson's, appears, at least from the testimony of Herzog and Stavis, fairly serious. He may only fleetingly have been a powerful force in American politics. He was effective in 1968, but both Stavis and Herzog exaggerate the popular support he had. It was large, significant and vocal within a Democratic Party tired of Johnson and the war. But even if McCarthy had won the nomination, which he all but conceded even before the convention began to vote, it is extremely doubtful that he could have beaten Nixon. A victorious candidate has always occupied the middle ground, and McCarthy would have alienated too many Democrats who are in the middle.

His crusade was legitimate, honest, successful to an extraordinary degree, and fully in the American tradition. It forced a tired and dispirited party to reassess its directions. It proved that change can be wrought through the democratic process. But the quixotic nature of its leader raises doubts that he will stay in command of the restless, the disillusioned and the young. The issues and the circumstances that made McCarthy a strong voice crying in the wilderness will change in four years, or we will be in very bad shape indeed.

Carroll Kilpatrick

Carroll Kilpatrick has been White House correspondent for the Washington Post since 1961.





SELF-PORTRAIT: U.S.A.

by David Douglas Duncan

Abrams, 240 pp., $18.50

As a combat photographer and a veteran member of *Life*'s roving lensmen, David Douglas Duncan has chalked up an almost thirty-year record for being where the action is. His service with the Marines in World War II, coverage of the Korean conflict and of recent action in Vietnam, the restorative interludes that were devoted to documenting the masterworks of Picasso and the art treasures of the Kremlin—these provided the self-styled "Yankee Nomad" with exploits and exposures for countless photo-essays and six books.

These, too, were part of the impressive credentials that motivated NBC-News executives to an unprecedented decision: the commissioning of a still photographer to record the National Conventions and to appear on camera

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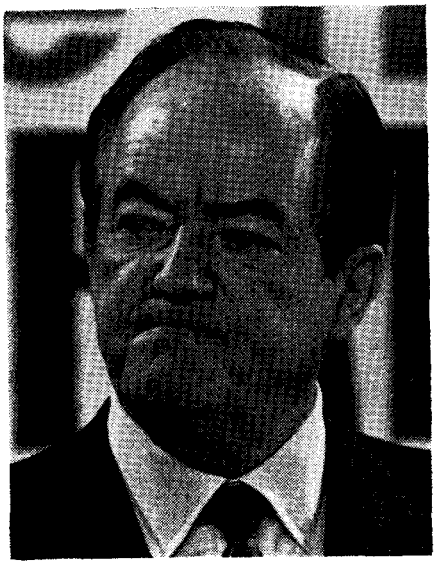

–Photos from "Self-Portrait: U.S.A."

At Miami (left), Chicago (above) " . . . as we are—close up—during the gathering of our two national political clans—our best, worst, most mediocre, up tight."

with his pictures in nightly five-minute sessions. Duncan's TV photo-reportage proved an incisive postscript to much of the audio-visual tedium that was beamed to home screens from Miami Beach and Chicago in the summer of 1968.

Like many of Duncan's colleagues, however, we were unprepared for the announcement that his Convention portfolios would be published as a book. The idea seemed a maverick on two counts. First, publication date would be more than a year after the Conventions had passed into history, making the picture material too old to be topical and too recent to be of archival interest. Second, its publisher was one whose reputation had been built on a distinguished list of art books and whose standards would permit no compromise on quality production and highly styled book design.

Self-Portrait: U.S.A. has vindicated the convictions of both the photographer and his publisher. On the printed page the 300-odd photographs not only continue to hold a wide measure of human interest but gain in context and visual impact from the dynamics of graphic presentation and skillful editing. (Duncan's "midwifery" of every stage of design and production is apocryphal; "the only thing he didn't do was set the type and bind the book," reports one reliable informant.)

Master of the telephoto lens, Duncan also frames his editorial intent broadly:

> This book shows us as we are—close up—during the gathering of our two national political clans—our best, worst, most mediocre, up tight. Nixon, Rockefeller, McCarthy, Humphrey, hippies, preachers, protestors, professors, Negroes, delegates, dreamers, cops and their killer dogs. Wounded Vietnam veterans, wounded McCarthyites, wounded spirits along the sidelines—pictures of almost all of us Americans of one breed or another.
>
> I was angry, surely, at some of the situations which exploded into bloodshed before my cameras, but having been conditioned by a lifetime of reporting violence in its most extreme form on the battlefields of the last quarter-century, I believe that I viewed the conflict in Chicago with fairness and in perspective—just as I did the almost country-carnival atmosphere in Miami Beach. Within both Conventions one could detect much of the strength and weakness of the political system under which we live today. And during the Conventions one could form a fairly comprehensive picture of us all . . .

Certainly that last observation is debatable, and Duncan's thesis gains little from commentary spiked with such full-blown generalizations. He is at his best when he lets his pictures speak for themselves, especially when his camera focuses on the Nixon inner sanctum, the delegates with their banners up and defenses down, the Chicago scene as programmed by Barnum and Daley, the antiwar demonstrators, and the war-wounded in a nearby naval hospital.

Considering the wealth of perceptive view-finding in *Self-Portrait: U.S.A.*, it may be quibbling to point out that the book's title does it a disservice. A wise and sharp-witted chronicler, Duncan has delineated a profile sketch rather than a full-length portrait—though admittedly his candid shutter-clicks of caricature are often more revealing than many an in-depth character study might be.

Margaret R. Weiss

Margaret R. Weiss is photography editor for Saturday Review.

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SR's Checklist of Books for Christmas

Wishing everyone merry Christmas shopping, *SR*'s editors and columnists have nominated what they consider the year's most desirable books, categorized below according to the special interests of various recipients. For modestly priced tokens of esteem, see ON THE FRINGE (page 45) and PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS (page 48). To please those who are keen on sports turn to page 50. Supplementing the titles for children herewith are many in *SR* November 8. A reference book cornucopia follows next week, and on December 13 suggestions in the music field.

Art

LIVES OF THE PAINTERS. By John Canaday. Norton. $29.95.

GOTHIC EUROPE. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $11.95.

BEYOND MODERN SCULPTURE. By Jack Burnham. Braziller. $15.

Cinema

THE EMERGENCE OF FILM ART. Edited by Lewis Jacobs. Hopkinson & Blake. Paperback, $3.95.

THE HOLLYWOOD STYLE. By Arthur Knight and Eliot Elisofon. Macmillan. $17.95.

THE MOVIES, MR. GRIFFITH, AND ME. By Lillian Gish. Prentice-Hall. $7.95.

SEX, PSYCHE, ETCETERA IN THE FILM. By Parker Tyler. Horizon. $7.50.

LITERATURE AND FILM. By Robert Richardson. Indiana University Press. $4.95.

FILM 68/69. Edited by Hollis Alpert and Andrew Sarris. Simon & Schuster. $6.95.

RUNNING AWAY FROM MYSELF. By Barbara Deming. Grossman. $6.95.

Communications

MASS COMMUNICATIONS AND THE AMERICAN EMPIRE. By Herbert I. Schiller. Augustus M. Kelley. $9.

THE PEOPLE MACHINE. By Robert MacNeil. Harper & Row. $7.95.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL SYSTEMS OF BROADCASTING. By Walter B. Emery. Michigan State University Press. $12.50.

DOCUMENTS OF AMERICAN BROADCASTING. Edited by Frank J. Kahn. Appleton-Century, Crofts. $8; paperback, $4.50.

THE LIVING-ROOM WAR. By Michael J. Arlen. Viking. $5.95.

MOTION PICTURES AND TELEVISION IN AMERICA: Sight, Sound, and Society. Edited by David Manning White and Richard Everson. Beacon. $7.50.

PROBLEMS AND CONTROVERSIES IN TELEVISION AND RADIO. Edited by Harry J. Skornia and Jack William Kitson. Pacific Books. $10.

THE KINGDOM AND THE POWER. By Gay Talese. World. $10.

Belles-Lettres

SELECTED WRITINGS OF E.T.A. HOFFMANN. Edited and translated from the German by Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth Knight. University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. $17.50.

PROMETHEUS BOUND. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95; paperback, $1.95.

AGAINST THE CURRENT: Selections from the Novels, Essays, Notes, and Letters of Konstantin Leontiev. THE EGYPTIAN DOVE: The Story of a Russian. By Konstantin Leontiev. Both translated from the Russian by George Reavey. Edited by George Ivask. Weybright & Talley. $7.50 each.

THE COLLECTED ESSAYS, JOURNALISM, AND LETTERS OF GEORGE ORWELL. Edited by Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus. Harcourt, Brace & World. 4 vols. $40.

Crime, Suspense

THE EVERGREEN DEATH. By James Fraser. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

A KISS BEFORE DYING. By Ira Levin. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

SUNDAY THE RABBI STAYED HOME. By Harry Kemelman. Putnam. $5.95.

KINGS FULL OF ACES: A Nero Wolfe Omnibus. By Rex Stout. Viking. $4.50.

FORFEIT. By Dick Francis. Harper & Row. $4.95.

A RISKY WAY TO KILL. By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott. $4.95.

Dance

ALPHABET OF MOVEMENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY. By V.I. Stepanov. Dance Horizons. Paperback, $1.95.

ARTISTS OF THE DANCE. By Lillian Moore. Dance Horizons. Paperback, $4.95.

DANCE: A Short History of Classic Theatrical Dancing. By Lincoln Kirstein. Dance Horizons. Paperback, $5.95.

PRE-CLASSIC DANCE FORMS. By Louis Horst. Dance Horizons. Paperback, $2.95.

MISS RUTH. By Walter Terry. Dodd, Mead. $6.95.

Economics

ONCE IN GOLCONDA: A True Drama of Wall Street, 1920-1938. By John Brooks. Harper & Row. $6.95.

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Education

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Fiction

IN THIS HOUSE OF BREDE. By Rumer Godden. Viking. $6.95.

(*Continued on page* 42)

1. —*From "Lincoln—A Picture Story of His Life."*

A Pictorial Holiday Sampler

by MARGARET R. WEISS

History, biography, art, graphics, space science, religion, travel, and of course photography itself are explored, explained, and exposed most clearly and colorfully in pictures. That's why the camera may well be a harried gift-hunter's best friend, for all one has to do is mesh-or-match a photographic book with the career or hobby interests of the potential recipient. Here are a few brief exposures to help you check off some of the names on your Christmas list:

LINCOLN—A PICTURE STORY OF HIS LIFE, by Stefan Lorant (Norton, $7.95). Among the more than 5,000 volumes that have been written about Lincoln, this one continues to rank as a classic. Now in a revised and enlarged edition, it contains every known photograph that was ever taken of Lincoln. To accomplish this, Stefan Lorant hunted down original plates, daguerreotypes, and ambrotypes from which new prints were made — some 600 pictures, including the "hitherto unknown" portrait that has been receiving so much attention in the press. Other additions that should please Lincoln buffs of all ages are a lively collection of campaign cartoons and sketches, as well as a series of pictures in which Lincoln's head appeared on the bodies of Jackson, Calhoun, Van Buren, and Clay. For students of photography the forty-page "pictorial bibliography" should be of particular interest.

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VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN LONDON: FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, with introduction and captions by John Betjeman (Viking, $8.95). The lens on London from 1840 to 1910 exposes an evocative Dickens-to-Shaw panorama of the stratified life of the metropolis.

W. EUGENE SMITH: PHOTOGRAPHER, with afterword by Lincoln Kirstein (Aperture, $7.50). This picture-monograph biography capsules the life and times of the noted photo-journalist who created some unforgettable documents of World War II, Albert Schweitzer, the Ku Klux Klan, a Spanish village, etc., etc.

BUDDHA, photographs and text by William MacQuitty (Viking, $10). The many-splendored world of Buddhist art and religion is pleasingly presented by a many-faceted, much-traveled Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (whose credits also include the award-winning film *A Night to Remember*).

MIRRORS, MESSAGES, MANIFESTATIONS, photographs and text by Minor White (Aperture, $35). "Sequences of verbal and pictorial insignes of experience"—call them what you will—remain "pure White," in the special idiom of one who was strongly influenced by Stieglitz and Weston.

THE GENTLE PEOPLE, photographs by James A. Warner, text by Donald M. Denlinger (Grossman, $20). A gentle portrait of the Amish in Lancaster County, Pa., emerges from the color camera of an expert amateur and the pen of the founder of Mill Bridge Craft Village, where candle-making, spinning, and toleware painting commingle with freshly pressed cider, Schnickelheisen, and funnel cakes.

3. —*From "Victorian and Edwardian London."*

4. —*From "Buddha."*

6. —*From "The Gentle People."*

2. —*From "W. Eugene Smith: Photographer."*

5. —*From "Mirrors, Messages, Manifestations."*

1. Lincoln and his son Tad (looking at a photo album) in Brady's Washington Gallery, Feb. 9, 1864.

2. Albert Schweitzer.

3. The Ladies' Archery Club, Kensington Gardens, 1900.

4. Artist restoring wall paintings, Temple of the Emerald Buddha, Bangkok.

5. Beginnings, 1962.

6. Child with Doll.

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(*Continued from page 40*)

THE THIRD EYE. By Etienne Leroux, translated from the Afrikaans by Amy Starke. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE ESTATE. By Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated from the Yiddish by Joseph Singer, Elaine Gottlieb, and Elizabeth Shub. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $6.95.

PRICKSONGS AND DESCANTS. By Robert Coover. Dutton. $5.95.

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF PETER TAYLOR. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $10.

CORKY'S BROTHER. By Jay Neugeboren. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

COME BACK IF IT DOESN'T GET BETTER. By Penelope Gilliatt. Random House. $5.95.

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CRONOPIOS AND FAMAS. By Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn. Pantheon. $4.95.

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MARKS OF IDENTITY. By Juan Goytisolo, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa. Grove. $7.95.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY. By Doris Lessing. Knopf. $7.50.

ADA OR ARDOR: A Family Chronicle. By Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

TIKE AND FIVE STORIES. By Jonathan Strong. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.75.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE PARACLETE. By Thomas Keneally. Viking. $4.95.

ORFEO IN PARADISE. By Luigi Santucci, translated from the Italian by Joseph Green. Knopf. $4.95.

A SET OF VARIATIONS. By Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $6.95.

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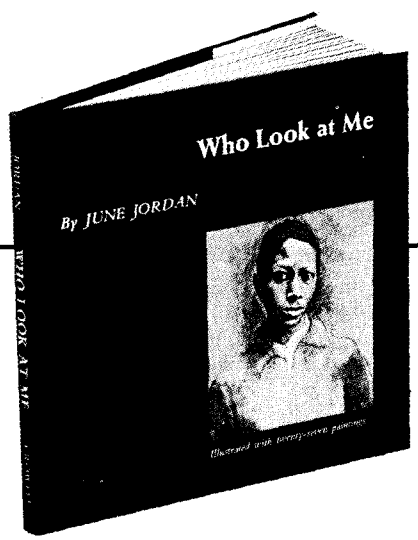

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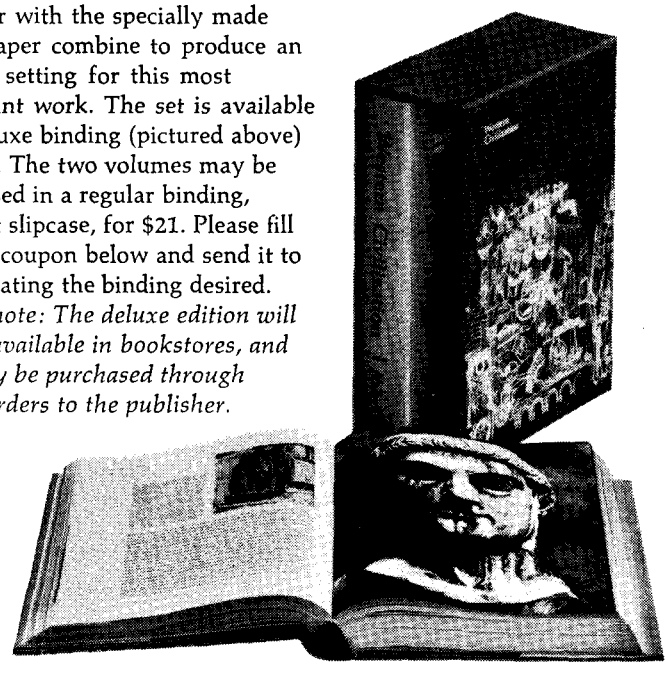

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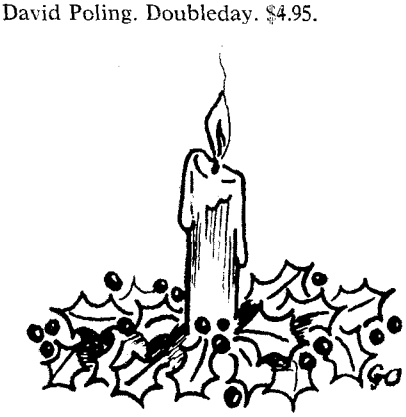

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NOTES ON A COWARDLY LION. By John Lahr. Knopf. $8.95.

THE SAME ONLY DIFFERENT. By Margaret Webster. Knopf. $7.95.

THE SEASON: A Candid Look at Broadway. By William Goldman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

50 BEST PLAYS OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE FROM 1787 TO THE PRESENT. Selected by Clive Barnes. Crown. $45.

MORE THEATRES. By Max Beerbohm. Taplinger. $15.

A FEW SELECTED EXITS. By Gwyn Thomas. Little, Brown. $5.95.

Travel

A TRAVELER IN SOUTHERN ITALY. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead. $10.

SPIRIT OF PLACE. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $10.

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING. By Laurie Lee. Atheneum. $5.95.

A WALK THROUGH BRITAIN. By John Hillaby. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

USA

SUPERGROW: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America. By Benjamin DeMott. Dutton. $5.95.

WHITE POWER/BLACK FREEDOM. By Arnold Schuchter. Beacon. $11.50.

THE SOUND OF MOUNTAIN WATER. By Wallace Stegner. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE AGE OF ROCK. Edited by Jonathan Eisen. Random House. $6.95; paperback, $1.95.

THE WAY TO RAINY MOUNTAIN. By N. Scott Momaday. University of New Mexico Press. $4.95.

THE VALACHI PAPERS. By Peter Maas. Putnam. $6.95.

Young People

STEVIE. By John Steptoe. Harper & Row. $3.50. Ages 4-8.

THY FRIEND, OBADIAH. By Brinton Turkle. Viking. $3.95. Ages 5-8.

TUCKER'S COUNTRYSIDE. By George Selden. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95. Ages 8-12.

PORTRAIT OF IVAN. By Paula Fox. Bradbury. $4.50. Ages 10-12.

THE YOUNG UNITED STATES: 1783-1830. By Edwin Tunis. World. $6.95. Ages 12 up.

WHERE THE LILIES BLOOM. By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Lippincott. $3.95. Ages 12 up.

I'LL GET THERE. IT BETTER BE WORTH THE TRIP. By John Donovan. Harper & Row. $3.95. Ages 12 up.

WHO LOOK AT ME. By June Jordan. Crowell. $5.95. Ages 12 up.

THE CAY. By Theodore Taylor. Doubleday. $3.50. Ages 12-16.

JULIA HARRINGTON. By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown. $7.95. YA.

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHINS. By Robert Merle. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. YA.

THE TIME-AGO TALES OF JAHDU. By Virginia Hamilton. Macmillan. $4.50. All ages.

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On the Fringe

Haskel Frankel

In case you hadn't noticed, prices are going up. Therefore this annual survey of what's available from the bookstores for Christmas giving at $5 top has moved to $5.95 top. As for next year's top price—*quién sabe*? As usual, paperbacks and children's books are omitted, since both are covered elsewhere.

Promptly ignoring my $5.95 ceiling —just this once, and besides this is my column!—I've got to tell you about one $6.95 book that has me fascinated. It's *A Gamut of Games*, by Sid Sackson (Random House), and it's the perfect gift for an indoor game nut. It contains the rules for thirty-eight games — the sort played with cards, checkers, or pencil and paper — none of which, the author claims, "is available in any book on the subject."

First Choice

My absolute first choice for gift-giving this year isn't a book at all, but it can be found in bookstores. It's an outsize deck of wipe-clean playing cards. Called *French Recipe Cards* (Golden Press, $3.50), they are the work of Albert L. Haman III and Roberta Wolfe Kizis, and, as you've already guessed, each card contains a recipe—fifty-two in all. Most handsome, most giveable.

Better take a look for yourself at *The Beautiful Island*, by Meg Rutherford (Doubleday, $4). It's an offbeat adult fantasy about buildings that decide to live someplace nicer. The collage illustrations are a knock-out. A special gift for someone special.

Bounty Books, a division of Crown Publishers, seems to have discovered a way to produce major art books at minor prices. If you want to create a rich impression for little money consider *Honoré Daumier: Selected Works*, more than 200 of his satiric black-and-white drawings and lithographs—this for $4.95. If that is not enough, Crown offers in their Q.L.P. Art Series, which I find myself recommending every year, *Picasso: The Blue and Rose Periods*. For a mere $3.50 you get a text by Denys Chevalier, fifty-one color reproductions, twenty two-tone drawings.

Under Full Sail (Grosset & Dunlap, $5.95) contains 196 of Morris Rosenfeld's marine photographs culled from fifty years of work. Here's a book that should help any sailing buff get through the winter. Some of the captions are a bit too cute for my taste, but the pictures are what count.

Worth Considering

A gift to give before Christmas is *The Family Christmas Book*, by Barbara Rinkoff (Doubleday, $4.95). Here are games, superstitions, and, best of all, recipes for food and drink from all over the world. Make somebody's Christmas — maybe yours? — memorably different this year.

So small—but oh so charming with its handsome type and color artwork —that it could serve as a Christmas card for someone special is *Plants of Christmas* (Golden Press, $1.50). The text is by Hal Borland, paintings by Anne Ophelia Dowden.

The Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar, by Zino Davidoff (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), is bound to look like a cigar box. Inside is everything about the cigar—past, present, and who's who in the stogie set. The author has a tobacco shop in Geneva, Switzerland, that is the Tiffany's of the nicotine world.

If papa has an expense account and/or a paunch what better gift than *The Expense Account Diet*, by Jonathan Dolger (Random House, $3.95)? With a light touch and a heavy appetite, Mr. Dolger tells "how to lose weight on $24.95 a day and master the rules of the lunch business."

Robert Vavra, writer, took twenty-five paintings by Fleur Cowles and wove a tale around them entitled *Tiger Flower* (Reynal, $5.95), and this is one you'd better take a look at. It is most attractive, most giveable, and most keepable.

In *The Beatles Illustrated Lyrics* (Delacorte, $5.95) editor Alan Aldridge has created a colorful package. The illustrations run from way-out to camp to decidedly not for the up tight.

Great Cartoons of the World, edited by John Bailey (Crown, $4.95), is the third series, meaning there must be a first and second. Beyond that, the title tells all. *Charlie Brown's Yearbook*, by Charles M. Schulz (World, $5.95), is not a collection of comic strips, but illustrated stories of the "Peanuts" gang. It's a handsome bargain provided the receiver does not already have the four books that were combined to make this one.

Two, just a bit different, for the green thumbs on your list: *The After-Dinner Gardening Book*, by Richard W. Langer (Macmillan, $4.95), tells you how to grow plants from the fruits and vegetables you bring home from market. *Gardens Under Glass*, by Jack Kramer (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), offers how-to info on gardens in bottles, bowls, apothecary jars—you know!

If your gift-giving needs are more literary, check out the following. At the age of thirteen—that was in 1829—Charlotte Brontë wrote an offbeat little tale. Simon & Schuster has turned *The Search After Hapiness* (as you can see, they kept her spelling) into an attractive albeit slim volume with color illustrations by Carolyn Dinan ($3.50). Only the title of *Pith and Vinegar* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95) is in dubious taste; William Cole's anthology of short humorous poetry continually rises above it.

Cookbooks, of course. To mention a very few, the fascination with fondue has produced two books. There's the strictly fondue-ish *The Fondue Cookbook*, by Beth Merriman (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95), or the more expensive *Fondue, Chafing Dish and Casserole Cookery*, by Margaret Deeds Murphy (Hawthorn, $5.95). And, yes, Virginia, there is a Chanukah. So how about *Treasured Jewish Recipes*, by Shaner Greenwald (Hawthorn, $5.95)? Aside from the dishes you'd expect, the lady also offers pizza and eggrolls—kosher, naturally.

For a wind-up hodgepodge just in case there is still someone ungifted on your list, let's start with *A Wife's Guide to Pro Football*, by Elaine Tarkenton and Michael Rich (Viking, $3.95). The wife of the New York Giants' quarterback, Fran Tarkenton —he's added some footnotes—, makes a try for pigskin togetherness by explaining the game to ladies. *Secrets of the Sky*, by Guido Ruggieri (Golden Press), is as large and color-filled as the more expensive gift books, but it's only $5.95. The stars and planets, from the beginning to space travel, is the province of this book for incipient astronauts or armchair scientists.

Finally, if all else seems inappropriate, may I suggest *The Hunza-Yoga Way to Health and Longer Life*, by Renée Taylor (Grosset & Dunlap, $5.95)? The Hunzas are a people high up in the Himalayas of India to whom an active life beyond the age of 100 is not abnormal. Renée Taylor visited with them, and now in words and pictures offers a guide to their diet and exercises. If you can keep the people on your Christmas list alive to 100, it will give me enough time to find just the right book for them.

Happy holidays!

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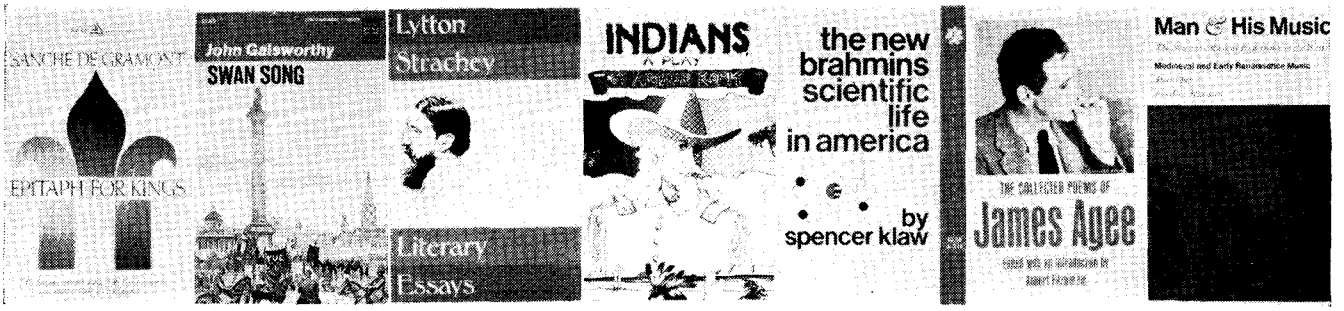

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

Let's see now. What do you give for Christmas to Tom, Dick or even Harry? They ought to get more than a Yuletide greeting card but they're not up to the winter-scarf category. I mean, we expect the same from them, not more or less. Then there's the holiday hostess. She deserves at least a thought, gift-wrapped.

What's needed is something enduring, individually selected from a diverse choice. Nothing showy or pretentious. The size must be right.

Simple. Give a paperback book.

Rollene W. Saal

Fiction

THE EUSTACE DIAMONDS, by Anthony Trollope (Penguin English Library, $1.95). An out-of-the-way novel for Trollope, who usually wrote about the genteel clergy. Here Lizzie Eustace's gems are every bit as exciting as Lizzie Burton's.

THE FIRST CIRCLE, by Aleksandr I. Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by Thomas P. Whitney (Bantam, $1.25). It's hard to separate truth from fiction in this realistic, beautiful novel about life—such as it is—in a Soviet prison camp. The truth is it's terrifying.

THE FORSYTE SAGA, by John Galsworthy (Scribners; *The Man of Property*, $1.65; *In Chancery, To Let, The White Monkey, The Silver Spoon, Swan Song*, $1.95 each). A British TV version of this epic work now showing on our screens will take about two years to run. Big as this saga is, it's still quicker and far more fun to read.

I AM MARY DUNNE, by Brian Moore (Bantam, 95¢). The author of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, Moore knows his women. Mary Dunne is rootless, confused, searching, undone.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY, by James Leo Herlihy (Dell, 75¢). In case anyone hasn't seen the movie, this is how two unlikely and unlucky fellows—big, handsome Joe Buck and the misbegotten Ratso Rizzo—get together and for a moment or two bring a little light and warmth to their dark, cold lives.

THE KINGS IN WINTER, by Cecelia Holland (Pocket Books, 75¢). The author illuminates the murky world of eleventh-century Ireland with some lively and complicated characters, authentic background, and a rousing tribal feud.

THE SEANCE, by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Avon, 95¢). Will wonders never cease? Not in Singer's world, where dybbuks and devils are sometimes more real than the humans.

The Current Scene

THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE, by J. J. Servan-Schreiber, translated from the French by Ronald Steel (Avon, $1.25). The editor of France's *L'Express*, who recently went into politics, delivers a cogent warning that unless Europe pulls together, and quickly, it will become a U.S. satellite. A Continental best-seller.

THE HIPPIE TRIP, edited by Lewis Yablonsky (Pegasus, $2.45). "Notes from underground" pads and communes, where hippies reflect (into a tape recorder) on the human condition, their own and that of the world they have fled.

THE NEW BRAHMINS, by Spencer Klaw (Apollo, $2.50). The aristocrat of the Sixties—the scientist—is here scrutinized and even sometimes criticized.

THE PUMP HOUSE GANG, THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST, by Tom Wolfe (Bantam, 95¢ each). In the first book such disparate examples as Hugh Hefner, Carol (the Silicone Girl) Doda, and Marshall McLuhan are considered as reflections of a certain life style. *Kool-Aid* recalls writer Ken Kesey and the more halcyon days of California's psychedelic scene.

THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH, by Ferdinand Lundberg (Bantam, $1.95). Parties and taxes and all those other things the du Ponts and Fords and Texans worry about are catalogued and analyzed for the enlightenment of the have-less.

SKETCHES IN THE SAND, by James Reston (Vintage, $2.45). *Times*man Reston is much too modest. Several of these recollections of a quarter of a century—from 1941-67—will not be so erasable.

THE YEAR THE METS LOST LAST PLACE, by Paul Zimmerman and Dick Schaap (Signet, 95¢). This is a record of the amazing Mets, who came from nowhere to win all the marbles, a bigger stunt than Rififi's. And, shades of Jim Bishop, the authors, with zest and wit, account for success hour by hour.

Grab Bag

THE COMPLETE BREAD COOKBOOK, by Ted and Jean Kaufman (Paperback Library, 95¢). The staff of life comes in all shapes and guises: ryes and pumpernickels, sourdoughs and rose petal sweet bread; there's even a golden egg bread baked in red clay flower pots. Knead we say more?

DIVER BELOW! THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO SKIN AND SCUBA DIVING, by Hank and Shaney Frey (Collier, $2.95). If you can get past the photographs of killer sharks and barracudas, you can then proceed to the pertinent information about how to succeed in the underwater business.

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FELL'S GUIDE TO SUNKEN TREASURE SHIPS OF THE WORLD, by Harry E. Rieseberg and A.A. Mikalow (Signet, 95¢). For those who yearn for riches beyond the dreams of avarice.

FLYING KITES: IN FUN, ART AND WAR, by James Wagenvoord (Collier, $2.95). Like chess players, pigeon racers and astronauts, kite flyers are an élite group. This abundantly illustrated guidebook tells all anyone ought to know about kites and their history, how to design a dozen classic models, and mostly how to latch onto some of the fun of it.

FUN IN BED: THE CONVALESCENT'S HANDBOOK, edited by Alice Scully (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). No, no. The fun here's all intellectual—puzzles, games, and stories. Even the illustrations keep the temperature cool.

GARDENING IN THE SHADE, by Harriet K. Morse (Scribners, $2.45). Some green thoughts for a green shade, together with practical advice about what to grow and how in those corners where the sun rarely shines.

IBERIA, by James Michener (Crest, $1.95). *Olé!* Some of the blood and sand and much of the grandeur of Spain both past and present are displayed in this super-duper travelogue.

MONTGOMERY WARD AND COMPANY'S CATALOGUE SPRING AND SUMMER, 1895 (Dover, $6.95). The quintessential dream book. It reads like fantasy but this facsimile edition of what the *fin-de-siècle* American family bought is for real: kangaroo shoes ($4), double-breasted, square-cut sack suits ($7), and even a horse-drawn phaeton ($82.50 without the animals).

THE MOTH BOOK: A GUIDE TO THE MOTHS OF NORTH AMERICA, by W. J. Holland (Dover, $5). More than 1,500 winged and furry insects are preserved forever in the colorful plates of this classic, unabridged 1904 edition. The first time in paperback, and for lepidopterists an event.

THE SEA-BEACH AT EBB-TIDE, by Augusta Foote Arnold (Dover, $3.50). A compendium of shells, seaweed, jellyfish—anything you wouldn't want to step on barefoot.

Poetry

THE BLUE SWALLOWS, by Howard Nemerov (Phoenix/University of Chicago, $1.95). Nemerov has always been concerned with the issues of his times, and some of the best poems in this new collection are about loyalty oaths and segregated cemeteries. Still, he can reflect upon a skull in a museum along with the best of them.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES AGEE, edited and with an introduction by Robert Fitzgerald (Yale, $1.75). Here is the formally poetic Agee. A highly personal, touching book of verse by the novelist and screenwriter who was above all a poet.

A GATHERING OF POEMS, edited by Maxwell Nurnberg (Washington Square Press, 75¢). Two things distinguish this refreshing anthology: the first is the division of the poems according to theme. The second is taste. It's good.

THE WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS READER, edited by M. L. Rosenthal (New Directions, $3.25). Fiction, drama, and some beautifully incisive autobiography are included along with verse in a weighty and highly worthy anthology.

THE WORKS OF WALT WHITMAN: THE COLLECTED POETRY, THE COLLECTED PROSE (Minerva Press, 2 vols., $2.95 each). This is known as the Deathbed Edition because in 1891, the year Whitman died, he gave specific instructions as to what he wanted included and what left out. Malcolm Cowley's preface explains all this and a good deal more.

People

CHARLOTTE BRONTE, by Winifred Gerin (Oxford, $2.95). This odd, super-sensitive, extraordinary writer had the great good luck to be written about by sensible, scholarly, compassionate Miss Gerin, whose biography deservedly won some top-drawer British literary prizes.

EPITAPH FOR KINGS, by Sanche de Gramont (Delta, $2.65). These sad stories of the death of kings are sparked by some cheerier history concerning those French monarchs who nearly made the sun stand still. All, of course, before the deluge.

LITERARY ESSAYS. BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS, by Lytton Strachey. Harcourt, Brace & World. 2 vols. $2.45 each. Among Edwardian Bloomsbury's finest blossoms was prosemaster Lytton Strachey, who in these two books reflects on such diverse subjects as Stendhal, Frederick the Great and Sarah Bernhardt.

TOLSTOY, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Nancy Amphoux (Dell, $1.65). At eighty-two, Tolstoy set out alone, staff in hand, to seek "utmost simplicity." But before that he had lived a long, productive life as an eccentric nobleman. In his expansive biography Troyat captures all of the idiosyncratic and some of the genius.

THE UNFINISHED ODYSSEY OF ROBERT KENNEDY, by David Halberstam (Bantam, 95¢). Among the best of the Kennedy books, this one tells about RFK as man and politician, as well as about the forces that, during the last year of his life, changed him into something of an evangelist.

Seeing and Hearing

BREAK-UP: THE CORE OF MODERN ART, by Katharine Kuh (New York Graphic Society Art Library, $3.50). Uncommonly intelligent essays, impeccably illustrated, explore the fragmentation —and creative reconstruction— of contemporary painting and sculpture.

THE JUDY COLLINS SONGBOOK (Grosset & Dunlap, $3.95). Just what makes Judy Collins peerless is implicit here in her own words and in the words (and music) of the songs she's sung, from the early folk of "Maid of Constant Sorrow" to Joni Mitchell's "Both Sides Now."

INDIANS, by Arthur Kopit (Hill & Wang, $1.95). One of the few hits of the new Broadway season, *Indians* posits that the "Buffalo Bill's defunct who used to ride a watersmooth-silver stallion."

MAN & HIS MUSIC: THE STORY OF MUSICAL EXPERIENCE IN THE WEST. *Medieval and Early Renaissance Music,* by Alec Harman. *Late Renaissance and Baroque Music,* by Alec Harman and Anthony Milner. *The Sonata Principle,* by Wilfrid Mellers. *Romanticism and the Twentieth Century,* by Wilfrid Mellers (Schocken, respectiveiy, $2.75, $2.95, $2.75, $2.75). *SR*'s reviewer called this quartet "one of the finest surveys of Western music to appear." However, it's only fair to say that this Musical Experience does not include the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or even the Jimi Hendrix Experience.

ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, by Robert Schumann, translated from the German by Paul Rosenfeld, edited by Konrad Wolff (Norton, $2.45). Schumann on his contemporaries was often the first word as well as the last. He despised Meyerbeer, adored Mendelssohn ("the prophet of a glorious future"), and of Rossini's visit with Beethoven he wrote, "The butterfly crossed the path of the eagle."

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Sports Titles to Score No Errors

by RICHARD L. TOBIN

About this time of year, when Christmas lists include hard-to-buy-for males, a run on sports books is not unnatural. An awful lot of them are sold—and read—wherever sports addicts thrive, which seems to be just about every house on the block these days. Yuletide 1969 will be no exception, so we have picked a few recent books off the sports shelf and gone through them, often with enjoyment, sometimes in utter fascination, always amazed at the wide reach of interests in this golden age of sporting events.

Best of the lot, by far, is Macmillan's great new reference book, *The Baseball Encyclopedia*, a complete and official record of major league baseball going way back before fouls counted as strikes and there was such a thing as the World Series. Its 2,337 pages are jam-packed with every imaginable statistic and many categories never before available. For example, the complete hitting records of all who played in the majors are here, even hitting records of pitchers. Pitching records, too, of course. In this one magnificent volume, worth its $25 price and more, are the leaders in batting, pitching, by season and by lifetime; the lineups of all the teams that ever played (with the participants and their positions); the teams in their order of finish; the managers; the team statistics, league statistics, Series statistics; an alphabetical list of every man who played in the old National Association; all-star game highlights and scores; special decisions and changes in baseball rules—the entire history of the development of baseball. No one concerned with sports or reference works should miss this nonpareil research, despite a few errors in spelling that will have to be corrected later. Lou Gehrig, for instance, turns out to be "Gerhig" for one whole page (2,310) in the back of the book. But that is the way of computers.

The Joe Namath book is as breezy as its title. The best chapter in it, by far, is called "I Like My Girls Blond and My Johnny Walker Red," and you have to read it to understand the man named Joe Namath, possibly the greatest passer football has ever seen, not excluding Sammy Baugh. Joe likes all females except redheads, and he has his own golden rule about a woman: "Make her happy, and she'll make you happy; look after her, and she'll look after you. I really believe that. Hell, it's got to be a two-way street. I know some guys who look at women just like objects, just like something they can use, and I think that's plain sick. Women are just too good to be treated like that." This un-Victorian attitude has, apparently, won Joe the longest list of conquests since the late actor Errol Flynn was breaking records. But Joe says he's no professional lover, "just an avid amateur." Anyway, the sections in the book about his sex life are about as winning as anything you're likely to read from an athlete (Dick Schaap helped him write it, of course).

As to football, Namath likes to take a bottle of scotch and a girl to bed the night before big games. The only time he didn't have a drink he threw five interceptions and got whomped by an underdog Buffalo team. That made

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THE BASEBALL ENCYCLOPEDIA: The Complete and Official Record of Major League Baseball
Macmillan, 2,337 pp., $25

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW—'Cause I Get Better-Looking Every Day by Joe Willie Namath with Dick Schaap
Random House, 279 pp., $6.95

MY TURN AT BAT: The Story of My Life by Ted Williams as told to John Underwood
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $5.95

JERRY KRAMER'S FAREWELL TO FOOTBALL edited by Dick Schaap
World, 202 pp., $5.95

BOBBY ORR AND THE BIG, BAD BRUINS by Stan Fischler
Dodd, Mead, 273 pp., $5.95

VROOOM!!: Conversations with the Grand Prix Champions by Peter Manso
Funk & Wagnalls, 227 pp., $8.95

RICHARD L. TOBIN, a sports enthusiast, is associate publisher of *SR*.

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him superstitious. On the eve of the Super Bowl game against Baltimore he really tied one on, including women, had a magnificent hangover at kickoff and never played better football in his life. Neither did anybody else.

If you missed the new Ted Williams book published last summer (which he dedicates in part to himself) you have missed a truly revealing piece of athletic narcissism. Ted always wanted to be known, as he'd walk down the street, as the greatest hitter in the history of baseball. He darned near was. Only Ruth and Cobb have better American League records, though Musial in the National League probably outranks Williams. Nobody ever knew more about hitting than this handsome, erratic man, and few people have possessed a greater pair of eyes. Since becoming a highly successful manager of the Washington Senators, Ted has mellowed and also he has made it clear that he can teach hitting, as well as hit, and isn't a bad handler of pitchers, either. About the only thing Ted hated worse than Boston sports writers, who tormented him from his first day to his last, were neckties, which he still won't wear. His theory of successful batting is to wait for a good ball to hit, and as a student of the science of waiting for just the right pitch Ted Williams is still champion. This is a good book in which to learn more about the splendid splinter and baseball as seen from the plate. That was where Ted Williams was happiest.

I found Jerry Kramer's *Instant Replay* a truly great sports book, just about the best on football I had ever read, and said so in these pages a couple of years ago. Written once again with the help of the talented and prolific Dick Schaap, Kramer's *Farewell to Football* goes on from the triumphs of a world championship to the decline and fall of the Green Bay Packers and, of course, Kramer himself. This has to be a let-down, and it is. Not that Jerry Kramer is a less sensitive human being or that we do not suffer with him and his aging team, which is by now over the hill. But how do you follow Sarah Bernhardt? Not even the Divine Sarah could do that, and anything after the magnificent simplicity and drama of *Instant Replay* must be in its shadow.

Stan Fischler's book about Bobby Orr and the big, bad Bruins of Boston is typical sportswriters' stuff: filled with blacks and whites, heroics and over-simplifications, it's melodramatic yet fascinating reading. With the Boston Bruins, Fischler, one of the best-known hockey reporters and author of the only syndicated hockey column, has color to spare. He doesn't have to make up anything. He has Eddie

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Shore, the celebrated defenseman, and now, of course, young Bobby Orr, who may yet become the greatest defensive player in the history of a very exciting contact sport. Listen to what Eddie Shore absorbed in fourteen years of National Hockey League: "The best estimates place Shore's total number of stitches in excess of 970. His nose was broken fourteen times, his jaw shattered five times, and all his teeth had been knocked out before his career had ended. He barely missed being blinded in both eyes and nearly lost an ear." Bobby Orr will probably have come close to these statistics a dozen years hence, if he survives. It's a rough, thrilling game, and this book will be a joy for any true hockey fan, particularly if he's young and lives around Boston. Good readable stuff.

Peter Manso's *Vrooom! !* is a series of interviews or conversations with Grand Prix champions, and I suspect you have to be a true auto racing *aficionado* to get much out of it. You learn from Stirling Moss how it feels to be trapped for half an hour in a drowning race car whose petrol tanks have been ruptured (unpleasant); from Dan Gurney, son of an opera singer, what it's like to kill a seventeen-year-old spectator (impersonal); from Jacky Ickx, youngest of Grand Prix drivers, what's needed to develop the reflexes that make you a champion or save your life in a crash (experience): and from John Surtees you get a great many strong opinions on racing and race, on driving as a creative thing, and on the right to demonstrate (limited). The book is printed in alternating bold-face and light-face type on two-column pages that are interlarded with fine racing shots and closeups.

WIT TWISTER #141

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ River, shady
_ _ _ _ _, and brooks
Define the _ _ _ _ _ of her
cramped daily rounds.
She wisely _ _ _ _ _ with
necessary bounds
By finding an unfettered world
in books.

(*Answer on page* 83)

Fiction

ANGELS FALLING

by Janice Elliott

Knopf, 409 pp., $6.95

"I THINK ALL OF YOU, all the Garlands ... have made a myth out of your family. You're obsessed with each other ... It's not natural. No, that's not the word. Not *real*. You all behave like characters in a play. Whatever you do in your outside lives, there's always this inner drama going on. You're acting all the time for each other."

So Julia, who is to marry one of the Garlands, sums them up to her future brother-in-law, and her estimate is not a bad assessment of the strengths and weaknesses of Miss Elliott's novel. The Garlands are not quite real characters. They talk and talk and talk, sometimes brilliantly—but endlessly. And one reads on vainly hoping that something will happen, that a point will emerge from this flood of self-analysis.

For a story that follows an English family from 1901, when Lillian Candish is born in London on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral, to Lily's deathbed in present-day Oxford, very little does happen. We see Lily's girlhood, her marriage to Andrew Garland, who becomes a journalist, their unsatisfactory extramarital affairs, their children, and the latters' unhappy attempts to find something worthwhile in life.

Occasionally Miss Elliott's story seems on the brink of drama or perhaps even comedy—as when Lily arrives home to find Andrew, "trousers at half-mast, sweating and blushing," making love to their fat friend Maud Weatherby, "her boned pink corset unhooked but not put aside, still half-encasing her like the cast-off shell of a mollusk." It is a memorable description—but that is all. What Iris Murdoch could do with such a scene! Eventually Lily takes Andrew back, for, as he confesses, "Without you I don't know who I am." And so they go drearily on together.

The Garland children don't fare much better. Frances, a clever writer, takes lovers but can't bear the prospect of marriage. Melvyn, his mother's favorite, tries to find answers in conversion to Roman Catholicism and in psychoanalysis, and fails. Barbara strains nervously to cope with a brood of children and an ineffectual husband whom the rest of the family ignores. And Adrian, a social worker in whom Lily feels she and Andrew have truly created goodness, dies in a plane crash on his way to his mother's deathbed.

What is Miss Elliott trying to say? She uses English history as background—World War I; the woman suffrage movement; the Spanish Civil War, to which Andrew runs away to fight; World War II, in which he serves as a correspondent. But this is no *Forsyte Saga* and doesn't attempt to be. Miss Elliott, who is the author of *The Godmother*, does not see the Garlands as representatives of a social class; she is solely interested in her characters as individuals. She shows them to us in illuminating phrases (as when she describes the aging Andrew as "a molting lion"). But it is not enough. We never quite understand (or, finally, care) why these people act as they do. For all its occasional brilliance, *Angels Falling* drifts, rather than crashes, to an abrupt end.

Elizabeth Easton

Elizabeth Easton is on the editorial staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

THE FRUITS OF WINTER

by Bernard Clavel, translated from the French by Patsy Southgate

Coward-McCann, 382 pp., $6.95

IN AWARDING THEIR PRIZES to this novel, the juries of the Prix Goncourt and of the Prix de la Ville de Paris crowned a fine specimen of the realistic genre, which is still going strong in spite of its age. If this seems a criticism of the juries and a backhanded compliment to the book, it is only because I believe that originality of form should attract juries as much as achievement in an old form, and that *The Fruits of Winter*, with its technique put to the service of social history and psychology, is not very different from *Eugéme Grandet* or *Le Père Goriot*.

Bernard Clavel's hero is Père Dubois, a retired baker who, with his good wife, is shown coping with the trials of old age and daily living during the German Occupation of World War II and the Liberation. Their house, surrounded by a big garden which they work for their livelihood, is graphically described: a typical country dwelling with its unused front room, its freezing bedroom. There is no running water, no electricity. The house and its inhabitants could belong as well to the 1840s as to the 1940s.

Clavel's subject matter is as reminiscent of Balzac as his technique. If Père Goriot had daughters, Père Dubois had sons—and neither could die rejoiced thereby. Paul Dubois gets rich dealing with the Germans, while Julien Dubois is a deserter. After the war Julien refuses to return home and follow the family trade, while Paul just wants to hustle

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his father off to the grave. Eventually he does go, preceded by Mère Dubois who had keeled over out in the frozen garden trying to cover vegetables. Their lives had been all work and privation, to what end they could really not have told. As Paul remarked, his parents might have sold a piece of their property and lived very comfortably. But work and privation were their morality, their religion, all their reason for being. Their peasant thrift can seem as wholesome as Mère Dubois's soup; yet when the old couple almost kill themselves carting firewood down from the mountain because they refuse to convert to coal, they seem sorry victims of their virtue.

Their tale is told against a background of realistic detail as fine as genre painting. Little scenes fit into big tableaux which give the setting for each of the episodes that divide the book. The journey down the mountain, Julien's return to hide out in his parents' home, the attack on the town, the arrival of the Americans are presented against great canvases. But the description, since it always involves event and episode, never slows down the action. If the old man's second trip to the forest starts with a picture of nature at dawn, it ends with a very lively account of a fight with snakes. Balzac did not blend his ingredients so skillfully.

Yet in judging what he had written, Clavel seems no cleverer than Balzac. Just as Balzac fancied for his novels a moral dimension they never had, so may Clavel delude himself. By dedicating his book "to the memory of the mothers and fathers quietly killed by work, love, or war" he indicates that it is not meant to be an objective study of rural life, old age, or anything so much as a tribute to martyred parents. One wonders if his characters deserve it. Mère Dubois is touching but a shadowy figure, whereas Père Dubois, real enough, is no martyr. If he is something like Père Goriot, he is more like old Grandet—mean, self-pitying, every bit as ungenerous as his sons find him to be. Indefatigable toil was not only his greatest joy, it was his only virtue. It should not be overrated.

Laurent LeSage

Laurent LeSage teaches French at Pennsylvania State University.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 Bl, 2Fb, 3Gd, 4Lc, 5Af, 6Ke, 7Jh, 8Dg, 9Ca, 10 Ek, 11 Hj, 12 Ii.

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Fiction

The Case of the Prodigal Daughter. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan. $4.50.* Ludovic Travers, learned peeper, suffers bodily harm while trying to determine who is an heiress and who is not.

The Toff Down Under. *By John Creasey. Walker. $4.50.* Rightful heir takes over at the end of this family affair, in which, as advertised, some of the action is in Australia.

The Case of the Fabulous Fluke. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. $4.95.* Perry Mason trails gal who wanted to get lost and obtained her wish, in part; terminal trial is one of shortest on record.

The Link: A Victorian Mystery. *By Robin Maugham. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.* The narrator of this robust tale is an English boy-youth-man who could recall Her Majesty's accession, and saw a lot of what used to be the British Empire.

The Spy Who Spoke Porpoise. *By Philip Wylie. Doubleday. $5.95.* You can't beat Hawaii for a setting; Mr. Wylie knows a lot about marine life, too, and that helps.

Fact

The Spy from Israel. *By Ben Dan. Photographs. Hartmore House. $4.95.* This richly detailed recital of the life and death of Elie Cohen, who was hanged in Martyrs' Square in Damascus on May 19, 1965, demonstrates that Cohen's superb gift for his perilous calling was of paramount importance to the Israelis' victory in the 1967 six-day war.

Syndicate Abroad. *By Hank Messick. Macmillan. $5.95.* Mr. Messick's "abroad" is the Bahamas, rather unpleasantly close to home. He is, of course, a ranking authority on the Syndicate set-up and movements. His new book is lucid, comprehensive, and as name-dropping as one could ask.

King of the Courtroom: Percy Foreman for the Defense. *By Michael Dorman. Delacorte. $5.95.* Despite its rather grandiloquent title, certainly not of Mr. Foreman's composition, this is a fascinating, A-1 job. Of the thousand-odd accused killers whom he has defended, this advocate lost only one to the executioner.

Heroes of Scotland Yard. *By Sam Jackett. Photographs. Roy. $5.50.* Gunplay is not exactly common in London streets, but bullets do ricochet there occasionally, and a bobby will fall now and again in line of duty. The instances Mr. Jackett has assembled are largely of recent occurrence.

Fake! The Story of Elyr de Hory, the Greatest Art Forger of Our Time. *By Clifford Irving. Illustrated. McGraw-Hill. $7.95.* Mr. Irving's candidate for immortality is a Hungarian refugee who spends his spare time making excellent copies of masterpieces by Picasso, Matisse, and others. The illustrations are stunning no matter who produced them.

Fact and Fiction

Hanging by a Thread. *Edited by Joan Kahn. Harper & Row. $7.95.* A few years ago Joan Kahn, who processes mystery material for Harper & Row, had the brilliant notion of a two-way anthology of mystery stories: some imaginary, some historical. It worked fine. Now she has brought out a companion piece, and it's a winner.

Sergeant Cuff

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Hog-Wild

THE ESSENTIAL, embarrassing silliness of *Futz* becomes apparent when seen as a movie. Strive as director Tom O' Horgan does to make something cinematic out of the Rochelle Owens play about a nice, innocent young man's carnal affection for a pig, he is unable to make any of it work. He throws in ritual celebrations and glimpses of nakedness, plays around with color, lighting and the editing machine, and nothing happens but engulfing, yawning boredom. The new theater has come to the movies, and has been found wanting. More than that: empty.

Through the murky smoke screen thrown up by Mr. O'Horgan, we are able to discern dimly a kind of mock story about Cyril Futz, who, we are told by a keening chorus, loved Amanda, a sow, and was sorely persecuted by the neighboring Appalachian villagers for his "crime" of passion. What I assume we are supposed to take from this highly charged situation imagined by the inspired Miss Owens is a sadly ironic message, an allegory, if you will, about a society that approves of killing but punishes an "act of love." The wonder is, however, that Miss Owens did not wonder if an allegory on such a theme was necessary.

When *Futz* came along in its off-Off and then Off-Broadway manifestations, we were treated to an amazing happening. Several critics actually took this dramatic garbage *seriously*. Audiences, of course, went away from the theater wondering if it was they who were out of their minds. Furthermore, *Futz* is now being presented as a film complete with an endorsement from Jacob Brackman, a film critic for *Esquire*. He claims the film to be important "because it challenges and expands our understanding of what is possible in cinema." A great deal is possible in cinema, and most of it, by virtual definition, is bad. What Mr. Brackman is perhaps saying is that *he* prefers this kind of badness. It's a different kind of bad. Agreed.

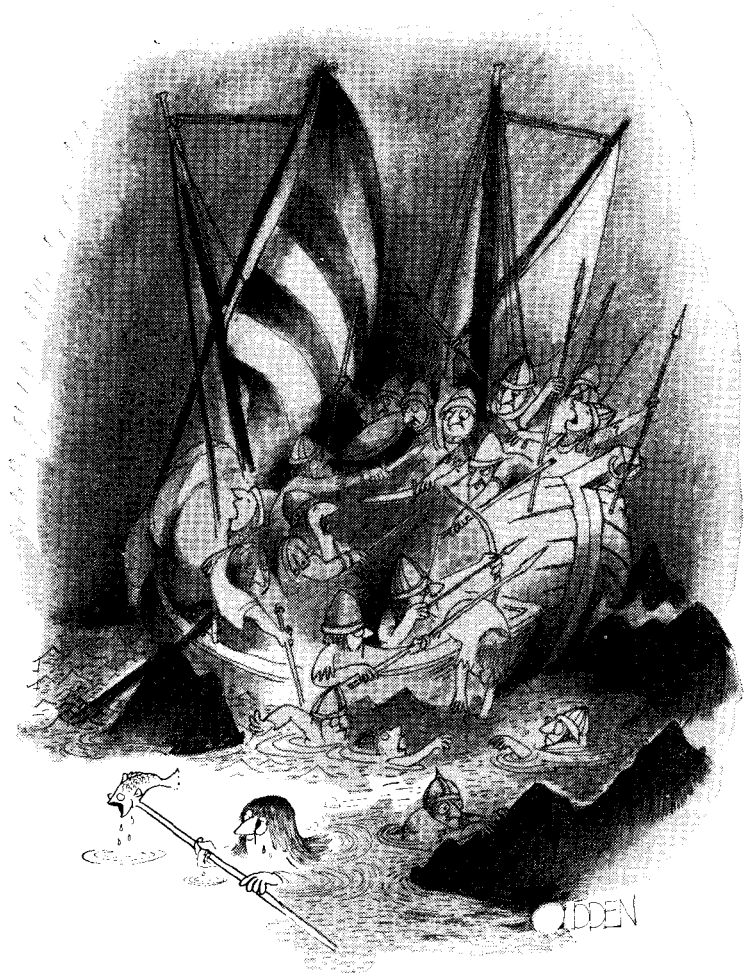
For the fact of the matter is that the play written by Miss Owens is an amateurish thing that happened to come along at a time when rebellion and revolt were rife in the theater (the supposedly non-commercial theater), on campuses, and everywhere that disaffected, draft-prone youth are wont to congregate. The more unspeakable the subject matter, the more it was acceptable to the experiment-minded. After all, it was their function to be experimental. But then the siren song of the commercial cinema reached them, and they went hog-wild. The rumor is that they spent a million dollars on what was supposed to be an experimental, low-budget film.

At this price, even pig love becomes something of a risk. So they've raised the prices for theater showings. It takes $4 and $5 to see *Futz*. Let the buyer beware, as they say.

With *Futz* being advertised as "a ritual celebration of the death of personal liberty," the appeal is obviously being made to what even I am growing tired of calling "the youth market." Let's simply call it the YM. To tap the YM, hordes of promoters are examining all conceivable sources of material. They yelp at each other, *Woodstock!*, and continue baying on the trail. Now and then they do come up with something rather nice, notably *Popcorn*, a film made by a young Australian, Peter Clifton, and labeled "an audio-visual rock thing in color." Taking several of the more popular groups, among them The Rolling Stones, Vanilla Fudge, The Bee Gees, and such individuals as Jimi Hendrix and Otis Redding, Mr. Clifton has put together a potpourri of sound and images that lasts for eighty-five minutes. A bit long for all but the dedicated.

Clifton does best with Mick Jagger and The Rolling Stones. Mr. Jagger [for more of whom, see this week's cover story, page 67] is a fascinating fellow on film, whether he's merely being interviewed or when performing. He's wild, and a little weird, with a sexuality that is neither all male nor all female. Clifton leaves him and his group alone to do their thing, and it's effective. With others he provides a background of images that aren't very imaginative: lots of surfing (staple YM stuff); a girl and a boy wandering happily hand in hand through a park, she—naturally—hanging on to a bunch of balloons; obligatory footage of the Vietnam war; some dated views of Twiggy. There are some shots, too, of Rosko, a disc jockey, blowing his mind and bragging the usual guff about how he understands the youth thing.

The film is rated "G," and in this case I'm beginning to think it means it would be best appreciated while smoking pot. Safe for teen-agers, in other words, but not for parents.



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Continued from page 22

sort of resonance between two systems attuned to each other by corresponding properties. Man has adopted this principle from nature for many of his technical devices, from the elementary structural interdigitation between key and lock to the ingenious use of wave-length correspondence between sender and receiver in broadcasting.

The following brief sampling may give an idea of the diversity of circumstances in which living nature has made use of the principle. Starting from our personal experience, there is the selective recognition of optic wave lengths within the narrow band of only one octave by our visual system (color vision); the tonal identification of sound waves by our ear; the identification of chemical compounds by our senses of smell and taste; the capacity of cells of the alimentary canal for selecting what to absorb and what to reject among ingested foodstuffs; the even more exclusive screening out from the passing blood and lymph stream by each type of cell in the various organs of its specific requirements; the faculty of cells of different tissues to recognize each other's types and to form associations like to like, which, for example, helps to restore order in the healing of complex wounds; the selectivity that enables nerves growing out from given nerve centers to make functional connections only with predestined types of peripheral tissues to be innervated; the faculty of hormones to act exclusively or preferentially on specific target tissues, even though they are indiscriminately diffused throughout the whole body; the differential effect which different stimulating or depressing drugs exert on different nerve centers; and so on. The eggs of higher forms accept insemination by sperm of their own species, while rejecting foreign sperm. A parasite recognizes its host and finds its proper route for invasion guided by matching chemical cues of the latter. Similarly, in embryonic development many cell types execute guided migrations along ostensibly "marked" pathways before arriving at their destinations, where they then become lodged, presumably bonded to their surroundings by mutual affinity.

This list, which could be greatly expanded, contains a rich collection of well documented phenomena, which evidently have some fundamental principle of operation in common. But save for a very few of the listed items we know practically nothing definite about that underlying common principle. To single out just one example, many hormones have been isolated, purified, crystallized, chemically identified, and even reproduced synthetically, but how a given one manages, on its own part, to identify and latch on to a particular matching type of cell among the myriads of cells it bathes, is still as obscure as ever.

A bright ray of hope, however, has appeared on the horizon, coming from the field most intimately concerned with the problems of specificity because of its direct bearing on human health—the field of immunology, the self-defense of higher organisms against harmful invaders of alien and incompatible chemical constitution, whether microbes or organic compounds. Recent work in many lands has brought the understanding of the actual molecular processes involved down from the metaphoric "key-lock" simile to realistic hypotheses linking up with the advances in molecular genetics. If strengthened and widened by further research, this might become the advance post, from which the rest of the stalled front in search of a common clue to the universal principle of matching specifications could be unrolled.

The practical examples of the preceding sections intimate why the outlook in biology is not all gloomy. I do believe, though, that progress could be faster, more steady, and on a broader front if the research forces could distribute themselves more evenly and widely over the vast field remaining to be explored and could rekindle the spirit of target- or goal-consciousness and of deliberate choice of goals with a deep sense of relevance, as counterpoise to the downdrift of mass movement along lines of least effort, with piles of trivial and redundant data in its wake. Much as I admire the progress in the life sciences in his century, if measured as a relative increment over the past, it must appear diminutive to anyone who is aware of the enormous distance yet to be traveled—and traveled the hard way—to reach a true and consistent understanding of the phenomena of life.

This assessment of the current state of life science will seem to some to be too sweeping, to others, too restrained. At any rate, with due allowance for the margin between optimistic and pessimistic interpretation, my assessment clearly disavows the contention that we are in the midst of a "knowledge explosion." The semblance of a knowledge explosion has come from using the wrong yardstick. No doubt, there has been a "data explosion," liberally equatable with an "information explosion," though not all of the collected data are truly informative. Furthermore, we are also faced with a "publication explosion." But "knowledge explosion"? Not by criteria of measurement on a scale of relevance. "Major" steps in our approximation to the missing answers to the "great unsolved questions in biology" seem not to have come much more frequently in the second half of the past hundred years than they did in the first; some were more massive perhaps, but the pediatrician is wary of the distinction between growth and obesity.

"Actually, I'm a right-of-center business-management major—but haircuts now cost $2.50; dungarees are 6 per cent less than slacks; what I save on shaving-gear gives me a ten-year subscription to 'U.S. News & World Report'—and I pay my broker's commissions by getting suits and jackets at Salvation Army stores."

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Your $10 Christmas Gift to these hungry kids can bring them $240 worth of meat, milk and bread.

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The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have no income at all.

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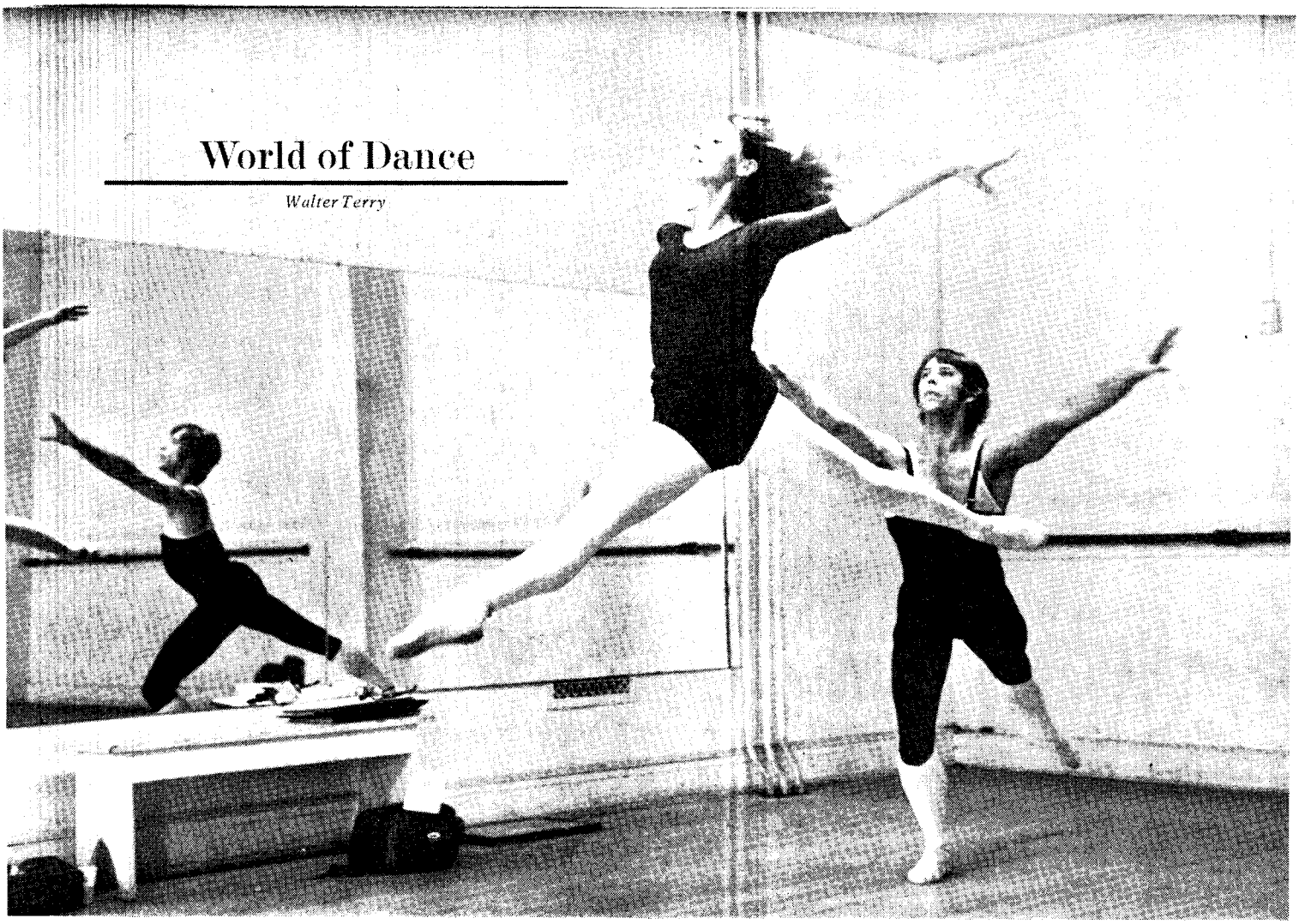
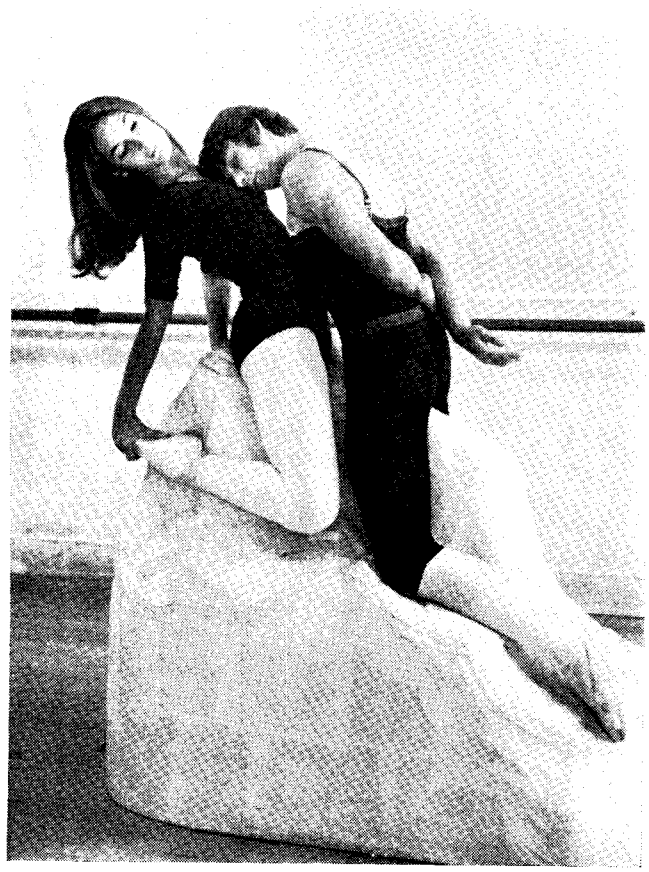
World of Dance

Walter Terry



—Photos by Martha Swope.



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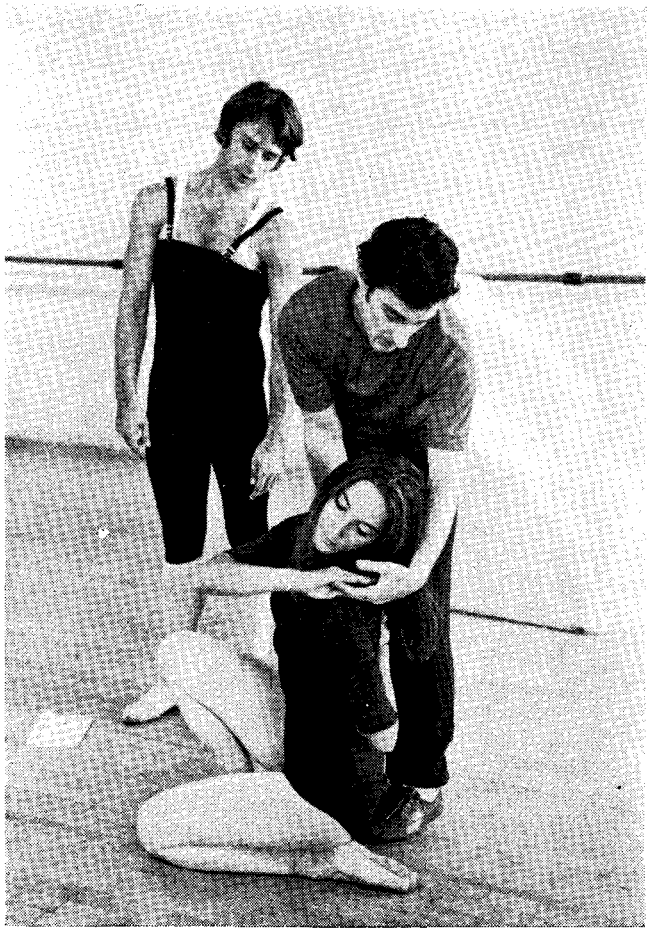
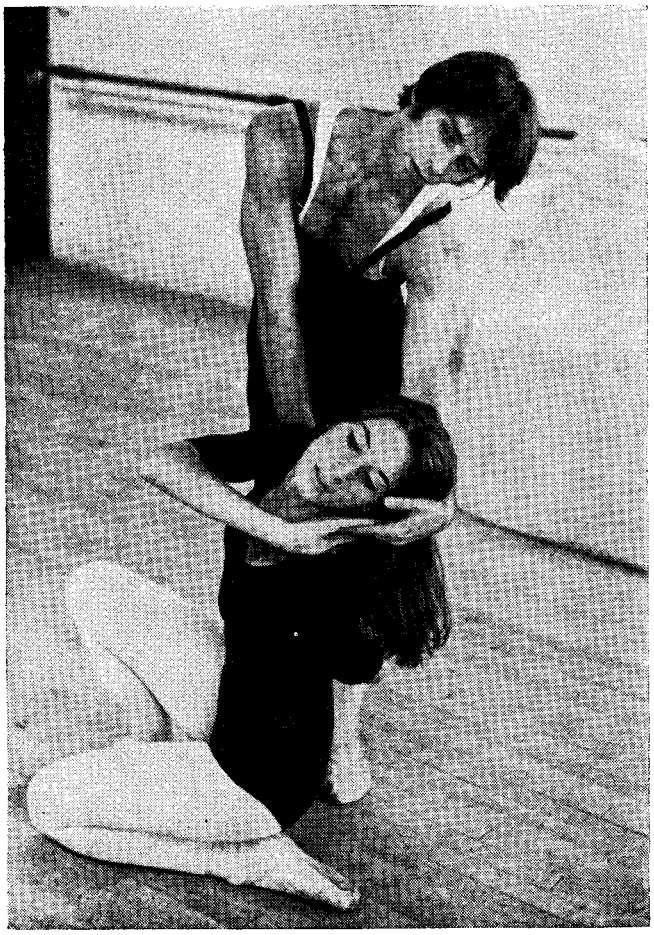
The Making of a Ballet

THE THRUST of a body into space, not by rocket engines but by man's own muscles. It may be self-propelled or it may have the force of a supplementary source of muscles and sinews behind it. Here in this magical moment, a dancer, escaping from gravity for an instant, takes flight. It is the prime function of the choreographer not only to discover and invent new aerial actions for his dancers, but also to seek out new ways to celebrate that dancing body in space, whether it is racing and turning, eddying and drifting, or frozen into a moment of dynamic stillness.

In his newest ballet, *The Eternal Idol*, which will have its premiere December 4 during the American Ballet Theatre's two-week engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Michael Smuin (WORLD OF DANCE, Jan. 5) found his choreographic inspiration through the eye rather than through the ear. Music, very frequently, is the stimulus for choreographic creativity. In this instance, Smuin was captured by sculpture, specifically by the art of Auguste Rodin. His aim, however, is not to play a game of "living statues," but rather to deal with concepts of form, from mass to shape to movement to flight. He *does* start with Rodin's *Eternal Idol* pose, but just as Rodin released the shapes already present, in dreams at least, from rock or mass material, so Smuin is endeavoring, through choreogra-





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phy, to permit those shapes, bodies, and sculpted images to find further release in the movements of dance.

Of the beautiful human body, Rodin himself said, "unknown depths and the very substance of life"; and Bernard Champigneulle, in his book *Rodin* (translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn), referred to the sculptor's awareness of "the restless summons of the human body."

The stimulus, then, for the choreographer was visual, but, although his ballet was to concern itself with forms in space, he needed sound or soundlessness. He elected sound. At first he turned to Schubert, but "he didn't move enough." In Chopin (Second Piano Concerto), he found a composer "whose music worked in both movement and mood."

For the love of man and woman, as well as shapes and forms, is of concern to the choreographer, beings as well as bodies, and such word images (by Champigneulle) as "Songs and sighs of love, cries of pleasure and pain, cries of pain and pleasure mingled, the eternal call of woman, the call of man . . . all found expression in his [Rodin's] work."

The making of a ballet begins, not stops, with external stimuli, no matter how fascinating. Once *inspired by* Rodin, and with the musical base selected, Smuin had to get to work as a craftsman of dance image and, hopefully, as an *inspiring* choreographer.

Smuin is a fast worker, but he started on *The Eternal Idol* with his two dancers, Cynthia Gregory and Ivan Nagy, principals of the American Ballet Theatre, last summer.

And how does one go about making a ballet such as *The Eternal Idol*? The sculptures of Rodin are etched in the choreographer's mind; Rodin's concepts are his guidelines; Chopin's music provides him with both aural inspiration and discipline; his dancers' bodies invite exploitation as well as poetic celebration. He is about to begin.

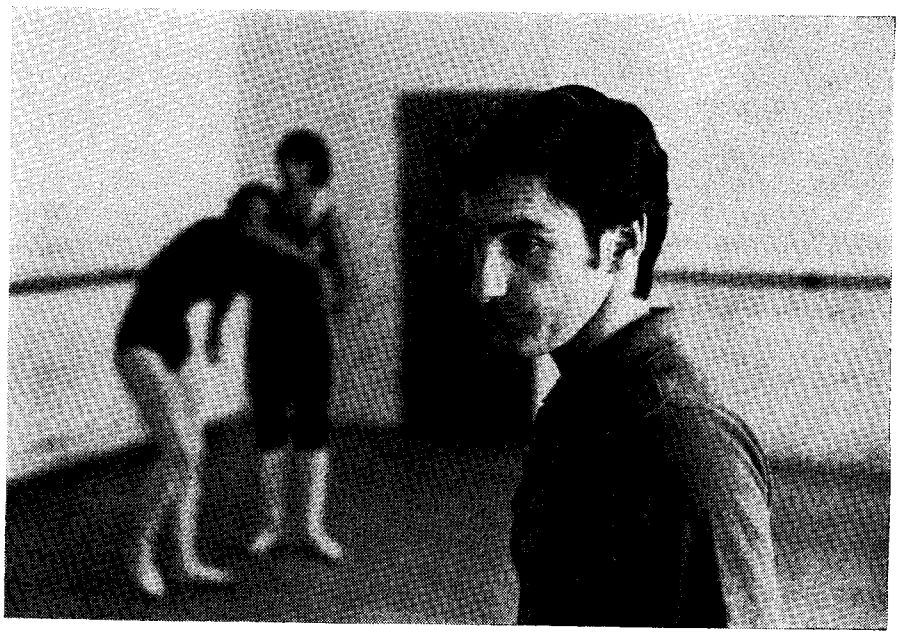
He goes to a rehearsal with certain fixed ideas in mind, patterns that he has dreamed of or worked out at home with his dancer-wife (Paula Tracy), but maybe not all of them work on Cynthia's long, lyrical body or on Ivan's highly muscular but very elegant mien.

On the other hand, just looking at Cynthia and Ivan standing there, warming up, practicing a lift or turn or balance, will give him an idea. Hundreds of these ideas, movement ideas, are tested, discarded, sorted, altered.

The choreographer himself—and Smuin is a brilliant *demi-caractère* dancer—gets involved . . . as a dancer. He knows that Miss Gregory always moves like a dream—that's why he asked for her to dance in his untested ballet—but it isn't quite the dream he had for a specific measure of music. First, he manipulates her body into the position he wants, but then he takes her part to demonstrate to Nagy where the ballerina must be on a given beat, what the stress is, where the weight lies. Next, his dancers copy his physically demonstrated instructions but move on into their own phrasing.

Here and there, he shows what he wants of the ballerina, dances the male lead, hums the music, glowers when something doesn't work and beams when it does, goes off into a corner with Rodin, Chopin, and coffee, and ranges from despair to enthusiasm.

And at the end of it all in rehearsal time, neither he nor his dancers know whether they have a hit or a flop or a usable repertory staple. Only you and I can decide that—December 4, 1969.



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Alexander's Ascent

Continued from page 29

under virtual house arrest. Miss Renault spins a stirring yarn out of the situation, with Nikeratos, whom she brings to Syracuse as star in a troupe on tour, acting as trusted courier in the efforts to extricate Plato and get him back to Athens.

And now, in *Fire from Heaven*, her latest work, Miss Renault turns to what was happening during these same years at the other end of the Greek world, the country to the north called Macedon. While Syracuse was going through the throes that would soon move it into the backwash of events, in Macedon an obscure tribal chieftain was forging an army destined to change the face of the ancient world and profoundly affect history.

Macedon was a land of craggy mountains, rushing streams, thick forests, icy winters. The inhabitants, speaking their own dialect and organized into tribes that carried on the mountaineers' primitive way of life, were a race apart from the urbanized Athenians or Corinthians or Thebans in the sunny and dry areas to the south; these looked upon Macedon as we do upon the wilds of Africa. Its history had been a discouraging succession of bloody local squabbles until about the middle of the fourth century B.C. Then Philip of Macedon entered the scene, unified the country, fashioned the magnificent Macedonian army and, through a combination of astute statesmanship, military ability, unscrupulous double-dealing, and his opponents' blunders, made his country master of all of Greece. At the pinnacle of his career, when he was about to launch an all-out expedition against Greece's arch-enemy, Persia, an assassin struck him down. No matter—an accomplished understudy was waiting in the wings, his son Alexander.

Fire from Heaven tells the story of the childhood and youth of this uncommonly gifted princeling. His mother, Olympias, daughter of the chief of an important tribe of Epirus, had a fearsome reputation for sorcery; she used it, along with more traditional means, to intrigue incessantly against her husband.

Miss Renault describes Alexander's formative years with the subtle skill and understanding that are the hallmark of her best work. He was by nature gallant and open and sensitive; his favorite reading was Homer, his favorite character the dashing Achilles, whom he deliberately chose as model. He loved his mother deeply, but was appalled by her pretensions and backstairs operations. He admired his father and appreciated the man's unique accomplishments, but could not abide Philip's ruthless ways, particularly his handling of Olympias's intrigues. Polygamy was accepted practice in Macedon, and one of Philip's preferred ripostes in the endless duel with Olympias was to take on other wives. After one especially barbed marriage—the girl had relatives powerful enough to raise embarrassing questions about who would be the legitimate heir should she bear a son—Alexander and Olympias packed up and left the court, and Alexander sulked amid the questionable pleasures of his mother's ancestral village for a number of months before Philip, who was well aware of his son's worth and was painstakingly preparing him for his future role, was able to smooth the ruffled feathers.

The boy grew up amid lacerating experiences, yet, because he was Alexander and no ordinary mortal, they put iron into his character without destroying the decency and sensitivity that had been there from the beginning. It helped that the friends of his youth stood loyally by him, particularly the closest one, Hephaestion. The author portrays him as Alexander's lover, a Patroclus to this latter-day Achilles, al-

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though history is by no means certain on the point. If they were lovers, it could well be as Miss Renault pictures it: a relationship in which Hephaestion, with single-minded dedication, made no demands and was trusted confidant as well as accepted lover.

All ages have felt the irresistible appeal of this mortal who was somehow touched by heaven's fire. His beauty, straightforwardness, sense of honor, soaring ambition, and other rare and precious qualities made him a godlike figure to the ancients—an actual god to some—while later idolaters cast him in the role of romantic hero. Miss Renault portrays the whole man—not only the charismatic leader but the canny politician; not only the cultured intellectual but the genius at bureaucratic organization. What Alexander conquered he assimilated, thanks in great part to his success as a colonizer, to his knack for picking the right spots for founding colonies, and to his adeptness in arranging things so that, once planted in no matter how alien the soil, they flourished. She tells in detail how he ended his first campaign, which he led at the age of sixteen against savage tribes in the wilds of Thrace, with the founding of the first of his many Alexandropolises.

Above all, she never lets us forget that he was first and foremost a soldier, that he climbed the heights of history on a ladder of gore. She describes his famed charge against Thebes's élite battalion, the Sacred Band, in the fight that gave Macedon a crucial victory—and then describes him walking that evening across the ghastly battlefield, stumbling over corpses smashed or torn or cut and frozen by rigor mortis into grisly statues. History states that the soldiers of the Sacred Band died gloriously to a man; Miss Renault tells what they looked like six hours or so afterward. Alexander in his white-plumed helmet and glittering armor seemed from afar like some shining god of war; Miss Renault reminds us that, when you got near, you could smell sweat and horse.

Her story ends on the day Philip's death left Alexander master of Greece and set him on the path of conquest that was to earn him the sobriquet "the Great." A good place to end. Ahead lay the glories of the spectacular march to India, but ahead lay also the moment when he hurled a spear through a trusted general, his near-psychotic grief at the death of Hephaestion, the army's smoldering resentment of his visionary anti-racism.

Mary Renault has now given us five novels based on ancient Greece. *Fire from Heaven* is one of the best, a close runner-up to the author's masterly *Last of the Wine*.

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Gospel of Beethoven as Szell Is His Prophet

GEORGE SZELL'S first week as music adviser and senior guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra brought to their collaborative effort in Philharmonic Hall the reminder that personalities, and titles, may change, but basic truths endure. The reference is to such copybook maxims as "music is a profession of faith as well as a professional pursuit" or that music is "the noblest of the arts as well as one in which collaborative effort can reach its highest fulfillment."

Nothing else about the week was new, novel, or unfamiliar, embracing as it did a Pension Fund concert in which Rudolf Serkin joined Szell in the performance of a Mozart concerto (K. 467 in C) and the Beethoven No. 4 in G, and a subscription sequence bracketing the Ninth Symphony with the *Leonore* Overture No. 2. But everything about the performances of these works was, especially by present standards, striking, exceptional, and like a visitation from outer space—not so distant as the Sea of Tranquillity, perhaps more on the order of the shores of Lake Erie, where Szell and his own Cleveland Orchestra make music of this quality rather oftener than it has recently been heard in New York.

What he brought with him to this rousing welcome home (Szell, after all, made his first American appearances in New York in the late Thirties before moving elsewhere to find a permanent situation) was the kind of galvanic energy, encompassing knowledge, and sheer immersion in the art to which he has devoted his life that are all too infrequently found among his contemporaries, old or young. One or another of these qualities is, to be sure, not all that rare. But the incidence of them together, in a relationship where one supplements the other as circumstances decree, marks the elite of any time—whether Toscanini or Furtwängler, Rubinstein or Schnabel.

As an instance of such forces at work mutually and harmoniously, Szell's direction of the Ninth could hardly be surpassed. As a condition of his advisory effort on behalf of the Philharmonic in this period of transition from Bernstein to Boulez, Szell requested and received a full week's rehearsal schedule, sans any public performance. By nearly the end, then, of the second week, with the Pension Fund concert as a kind of public rehearsal along the way, the conductor was getting from the orchestra the kind of attention he demands, and it, in turn, was getting from him the kind of leadership it deserves.

From the first series of indistinct sounds with which the Ninth Symphony begins, the interrelation was dynamic and productive, in a Szell context of finesse and intensity. As measures broadened into phrases and phrases into sections and movements, a distinctive kind of result began to emerge and clarify. This was, certainly, not the most dramatic Ninth Symphony one could recall, nor the most emotionally expansive, and it was not in the least flamboyant. But it could very well have been the most beautifully controlled and formulated, the most sophisticated in its musical culture and in the realization of the tonal spectrum the long since deaf composer strove to fix in a durable form.

Like all seasoned interpreters of this great score, Szell makes the additions to the printed text long since sanctioned as traditional. These include doubling of the woodwind parts and other reinforcements required by contemporary concert-giving conditions. But there was some curiosity whether certain other refinements, such as the doubling of the timpani at a strategic moment in the first movement, or the coupling of the normal trumpet with the bygone cornet à piston (in the interest, no doubt, of a greater bottom resonance), or the recourse to the contrafagott in the fourth movement (according to a Beethoven revision, but not included in the printed score), were not his own. No single one was of monumental importance, but, in the aggregrate, they typified the Szell approach for the knowing, leave-nothing-to-chance thing it is.

For one further detail, as the tightly disciplined first movement gave way to a tense if not exuberantly energetic Scherzo, and a marvelously detailed exposition of the Adagio, a climax point arrived at a vocal-instrumental chord so prolonged it seemed Szell would never let go. Was this a whimsey of his own, one wondered? But, as sure as the score is my witness, there it stands for all to read—*molto tenuto*. If a conductor has a brilliant insight into the meaning of one detail like this, the probability is that he also has a grasp

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on the infinite number of details that precede and follow. For the hold is not merely a passing effect—it is a shout of affirmation on the words *"steht vor Gott"* ("dwell with God"), from which the fulfillment of the final hundred pages (in the miniature score) evolves.

That fulfillment came closer to an ideal of what the choral finale should sound like than has been heard in New York for a decade, at least. Part of the credit belongs to the highly disciplined effort of the excellent Camerata Singers, of whom Abraham Kaplan is the director; another part to the well-matched vocal quartet, of which Heather Harper, the richly endowed, highly skillful Irish artist, was the soprano, and Thomas Paul, a firm-voiced vocalist of American background, was the bass. Between them were Ernst Haefliger, sounding as if he might be losing something of the penetrating power that has given him priority among oratorio tenors, and Jane Hobson, a mezzo of fine musical instincts if not of the most audible vocal equipment. And a substantial credit belongs also to the Philharmonic, that moody behemoth whose response throughout was of its best. But the coalescing, inspiring, indeed inciting impulse emanated from the podium where Szell, neither bearded nor bent but a prophet nonetheless, preached the gospel of his faith.

William Steinberg, in his other guise as music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony, began a Carnegie Hall series showing no signs of the physical distress that caused him to give up his recent New York concerts as music director of the Boston Symphony. So much was to the good; the pleasure of the program itself, devoted in large part to Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde,* was rather less than it promised in prospect. Part of this could be attributed to the routine character of the *Ostinato Perpetuo* and *Ritmico Ostinata* of Vladimir Vogel (a composer of Russian birth whose works Steinberg had conducted in Germany in the early Thirties) with which he chose to preface it.

But a truly soaring performance of *Das Lied von der Erde* can be and has been quite enough musical exaltation for an evening. What I heard of this one—through "Der Trunkene im Frühling"—did not attain real elevation, let alone soar, so I departed. One reason for the departure—as well as for the presence in the first place—was the effort of tenor Jean Cox, an American long active in Germany, in his official New York debut. Singers qualified to undertake the taxing music that Mah-

(*Continued on page* 85)

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Spirits of Dublin

I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST California—the very word takes on a warm new glow as autumn and Metsomania slide away from this side of the continent—but it's my duty to report that a voyager can now fly from New York to Dublin and back for exactly the cost ($238) of a New York-Los Angeles excursion. This has come about because: 1) domestic fares have been creeping upward since last February, and 2) transatlantic fares took a joyous nose dive when the International Air Transport Association, meeting last month at Lausanne, failed to flush Alitalia's cut-rate deviltry from its delicate system. As a result, the other transatlantic carriers have had to offer low-season fares commensurate with Alitalia's breakaway $299 New York-Rome round-trip deal. Suddenly the real Matterhorn looks closer than Disney's.

Shannon Airport indeed is $13 closer than Los Angeles International. At $225, the New York-Shannon round trip is the cheapest and shortest (five and a half hours) ride to Europe through commercial air lanes. Pan Am, TWA, and the others have to use Shannon for all their Irish business, but Aer Lingus—Irish International Airlines for those who don't read Gaelic—alone has permission to operate in and out of Dublin's fair city on the east shore.

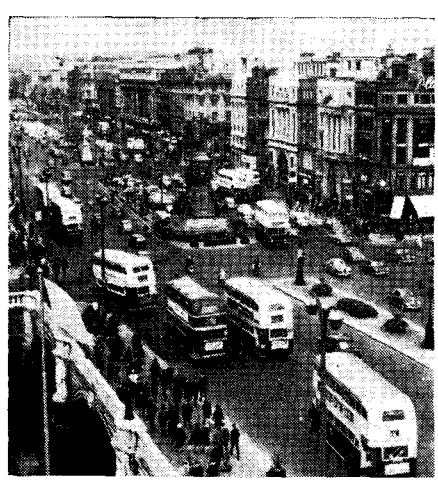
Dublin didn't look such a fair city on a morning in late October as I rolled in by bus from the airport, but then neither does Paris or Rome at 10 a.m. after an overnight crossing. Most transatlantic flights go out from the East Coast at night so that morning connections can be made in Europe, a condition that makes sense commercially but still leaves passengers like me humpbacked, lock-kneed, and red-eyed at journey's end. Any sensible man would prefer a morning departure from the States so he could arrive at 9 or 10 in the evening with a theoretical six-hour lead on the resident swingers and a full night of sleep thereafter; but such flights are scarce.

At the Shelbourne Hotel I snoozed away part of a precious afternoon until a peal of bells ushered me properly into Dublin. In Ireland one doesn't set a watch or keep an appointment by the sound of bells, because chances are they will ring at some insignificant, unexpected hour. Generally all the bells come together at 6 in the morning and again at noontime to announce Mass; otherwise it's anyone's guess. The bells of Christ Church, so far as I could deduce, pour forth their enchanting melody two nights a week—which two, I am not sure.

In Dublin, music is always in the air, whether it be chiming bells, singing hotel pages, wailing fishmongers, or roaring balladiers jammed in a downtown pub. At the Shelbourne, Gresham, and other hallowed old Dublin hotels, fresh-faced youths as angelic as cherubs sally through lobby, bar, and restaurant shrilling guests' names. "Mis-terr Mur-pheeee, please," they cry, hitting a downbeat on the last word. I know a Dubliner who, when his spirits are particularly high, will summon a page and ask him to seek out an imaginary woman friend named Miss Carriage.

Dublin's girls are as pretty as they ever were in "Molly Malone," but they no longer push wheelbarrows through the streets singing "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive-oh." The art of fishmongering is left to the hardy old women of Moore Street who set up their carts and stands every morning around half-eight and wail through the day, "Threepence each, the whiting!" or "Sixpence a bit o' ray!" I stopped beside a ruddy-faced woman with a kerchief on her head who was slicing a conger eel into strips, her knife flying like a silver scalpel. She glanced up from her surgery and eyed me quizzically. "I'm just watching," I said.

"Ah, there's no charge for watchin', luv," she said, and, nodding at the piles



Thanks to recent fare cuts, O'Connell Street is as close as Wilshire Blvd.

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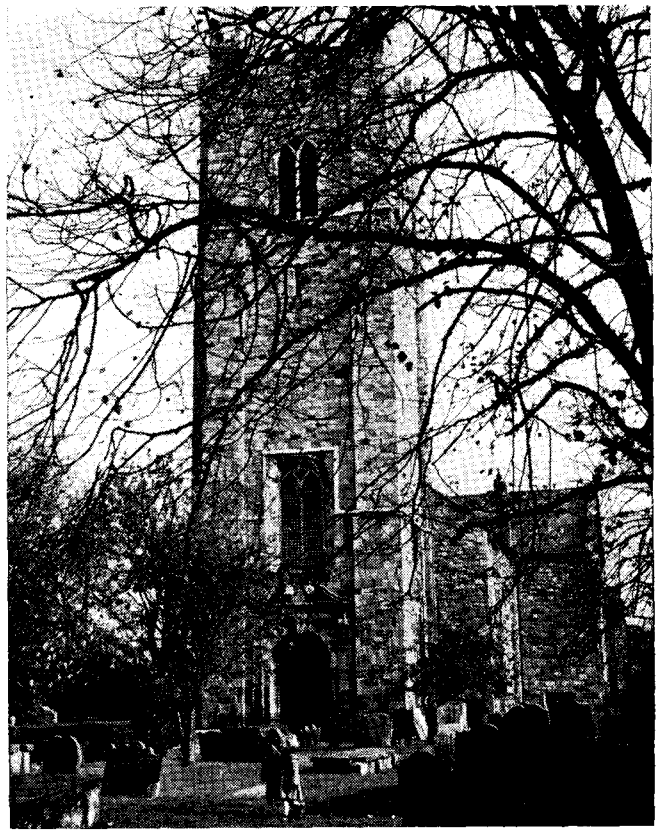

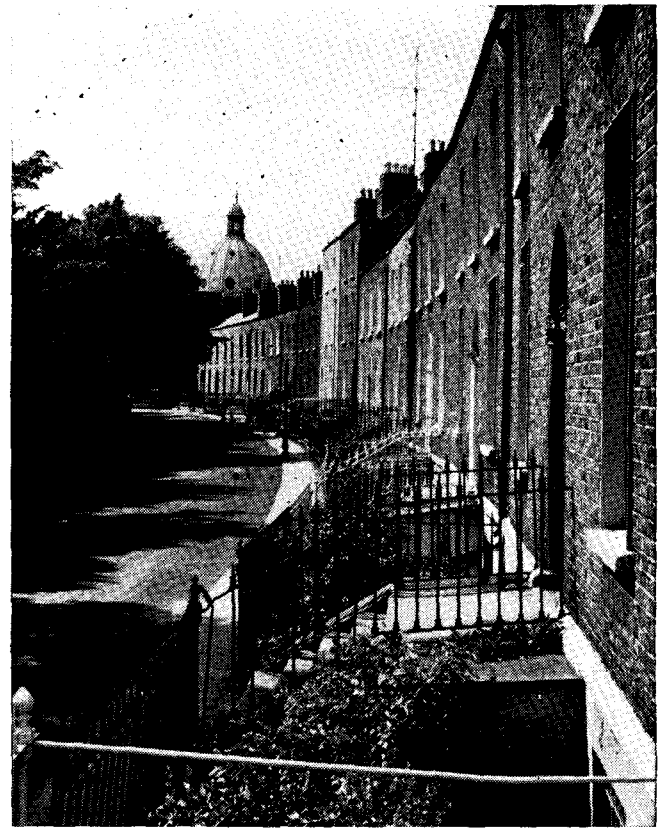

—Photos courtesy Irish Tourist Board.

Spooky St. Michan's Church (left) and Victorian row houses in suburbia—"In Dublin, music is always in the air."

of fish on her cart, asked: "Wouldn't you like a bit of ray for your breakfast?"

"I might, but I have no place to cook it."

"Why don't you go and get married," she snapped with mock scorn. "You don't know what you're missin'."

My young Irish companion, perhaps the image of Molly Malone, asked another fishmonger if the ray she was shredding had been caught near Waterford. "I couldn't tell you, missus. I don't know where Howth is. The bus takes me to work every morning, and that's all I know."

Howth, for the record, is a hilly little community ten miles or so north of Dublin where the River Liffey empties into the Irish Sea. It is perhaps best known, to travelers anyway, as the site of the Abbey Tavern. I caught a cab to the Abbey one night and en route learned from the driver, Austin Kelly, that it's wisest to keep the taxi in Howth until one is through at the tavern, rather than hunt for a ride late at night. I wondered aloud if he meant I might not have all my wits by that point. "Oh, no," he said. "I've never seen an American drunk." Coming from Austin Kelly, drunkenness sounded a lofty, rarefied state.

Kelly sat with me through the balance of my meal, the two of us roasting by an open peat-fire, and then he joined me upstairs in a large wood plank hall, where the Abbey Tavern Singers led a willing crowd on a sad and happy tour of Irish lore and history. They played two guitars, a fiddle, and a flute, but the best act of all was Sean Donnellan's reel with a pair of dessert spoons. I should say it was the best instrumental act, for a young man named Brendan O'Duill spoke a monologue called "The Four Farleys," which caught beautifully, as far as American ears could follow, the broad range of Ireland's internal troubles. When Aine McCann, the only colleen among the seven performers, sang "Danny Boy" in Gaelic, a woman at the next table broke into tears. "She's an American, an Irish-American," Austin Kelly told me. "She's come back to her homeland." Minutes later everyone stood up for the anthem, and when the crowd filed out, the tearful woman was laughing.

On that week in late October Ireland's smoldering civil affairs were less a topic of talk than the new "breathalyser" system for detecting drunken drivers that was to go into effect at the beginning of November. It is significant, I think, that the standard of inebriation has been fixed at a higher level in Ireland than in Britain and other European countries where similar methods of detection have been installed. In other words, an Irishman can drink a little more than the others before he's adjudged to be drunk. Fitting, too, is that when a drunken man blows into the breathalyser device, the telltale crystals turn green. Most of the Irishmen I talked with, as the fateful day approached, were still in a quandary as to how to combat the system. Many said they will simply have to bring along a sober friend, perhaps a member of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association of the Sacred Heart, a large order of

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Irish who have taken the vow never to have another drink.

One day in a pub on Baggot Street I welcomed the company of J. P. Murray and the rare occasion of a nonalcoholic lunch. Murray, a writer, golfer, and character of some acclaim, was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his avowal. "There was a time," he said, "a few years ago, when I'd smell the stuff and my hands would start shakin'. And I tell you it was sixteen years before the longing went away. There's just no substitute for drink. It's a sacrifice."

We had smoked salmon sandwiches and coffee in a convivial, if not traditional, Irish pub called William Searson's. There is a carpet on the floor and long plush sofas, and a happy mix of working girls and businessmen —not exactly a Behanesque watering hole, but not so rampantly mod as to discourage old-fashioned McLushes. Some Dublin spots, to be sure, are going the way of Piccadilly, and against the backdrop of this brick-and-cobble town, where horse-drawn carts still ply the narrow streets, the arrival of glaring modernity is a little rough on the senses.

Dublin remains, happy to say, the kind of city that unfolds surprises right on the street. I was driving one afternoon on Blackhall Street a few blocks from the quays when I met a herd of cows coming up the middle of the road, tended by two farmers on bicycles. I was still trying to shake that scene into focus when along came a row of hogs nudging their way through gathering traffic. With that, I pulled off the road and stopped the car. An enormous hog, passing perilously close, stopped to nuzzle my right front hubcap, and when a herdsman came by to shoo it along, I asked where the caravan was headed. "Just around the corner," he said. I followed, and watched the man and a pack of young boys with sticks lead the hogs through a red gate marked Thomas MacKeogh and Sons, Auctioneers and Valuers, Livestock Salesmen.

Halloween was in the air that week too, little urchins stopping me at every corner to solicit coins for parties, or so they said. To get in the spirit a few days early, I called at St. Michan's Church, a haunted house of sorts. A guide, one Harold Wilmot, a friendly undertaker type, showed me through the church and pointed to the font where Edmund Burke had been baptized and to the keyboard of an early eighteenth-century organ on which Handel may have played *The Messiah*. Then we went outside into a gray afternoon, traipsed past a small graveyard, and descended through a hatch he opened with a huge iron key. Mr. Wilmot shone a lantern on one cobwebby vault after another, containing the wood and brass coffins of bodies that have remained almost intact over the centuries because of an oddly dry atmosphere preserved beneath the church. "The only form of life we have down here is spiders," he said. "There are no rats, mice, or insects of any kind."

I asked several times to see the mummies I'd read about, but he seemed to delight in putting off this sight for the last. Finally, he ducked into a tomb a few steps ahead of me, and when I caught up he was casually seated on a stack of caskets above the leathery remains of four or five bodies lying in open coffins. He talked of the dead as though they were pets. "We call that woman the 'nun,'" he said. "She still has her ear turned up to hear everything that's said. And this gentleman still retains the cartilage of his nose; it gives him a very good appearance." Mr. Wilmot asked if I wanted to shake hands with the one he called the "crusader" ("People believe it's good luck"), but I let him have the pleasure. It was his scene.

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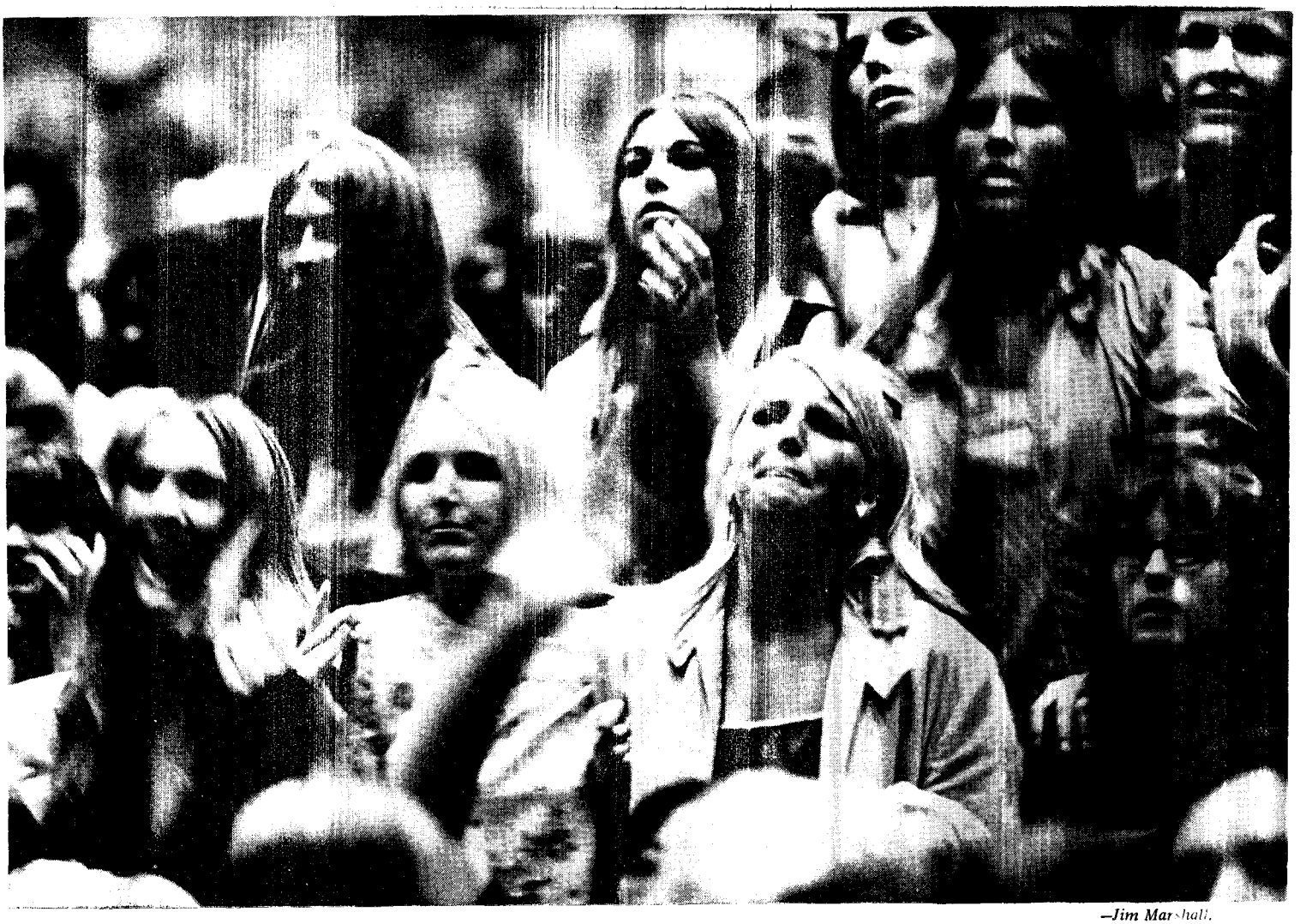

—Jim Marshall.

"Performers and audience are one in a desperate, cathartic drama."

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The Stones Keep Rolling

by ELLEN SANDER

LOS ANGELES.

They sauntered in, single file, across the back of the room, miming some kind of formality-by-default, down the center aisle of set-up chairs, and arranged themselves behind teacups on a long white table at the front of the room. About fifty reporters, photographers, newsmen, cameramen, and assorted hangers-on had assembled in a banquet room of the Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles to receive The Rolling Stones after several years' absence from the United States. Legal, domestic, and other problems had beset them in the meantime, and they had been sorely missed.

The Stones had been in town only a day or two, but their presence had made itself felt. "The world's best rock and roll band," proclaimed the *L.A. Free Press*. If nothing else, this proved that Los Angeles is practically their second home. It is the only city on the planet insane enough to absorb, engulf, and contain The Rolling Stones, or take them in stride. Here The Stones have always been patron demons—madcap musicians on the loose in twentieth-century Sodom. The assembled reporters—some natty envoys of long-esteemed Hollywood papers, some shaggier members of the underground contingent, some cool, compromised company freaks, and practically every house hippie in town—were prepared for a traditional Rolling Stones assault on the questionable dignity of the communications profession.

The brutalization began. In rare form, the group fielded questions, parlayed answers, evaded definitions, put on a riotous show. In Los Angeles, the press either doesn't know enough or knows far better than to be insulted and they just laughed. In the laughter was more recognition than amuse-

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ment, more a welcome than a reaction. The Rolling Stones had arrived.

Famed for reducing members of the press to "stuttering, embarrassed heaps," as one English paper once described it, The Stones lived it up and lived it down. Mick Jagger, vocalist, lyricist, and head Stone (or stone head, depending on where you were sitting), delegated questions, growled halfway intelligible answers, mocked disdain, flashed his eyes and his leer, then, finally, put his head in his arms on the table and groaned, "That's enough." The pack, looking as if they'd been shaken out of a restless sleep, without time or inclination to change, shave, or rouse their dispositions, marched out of the room in single file, leaving a cheerful ruin of reporters behind. "A classic," muttered John Carpenter of the *L.A. Free Press.*

"It was all right," said Jagger a day or two later. "Some of them are *really* great." He grinned heartily and turned his attention to one local paper's report of the debacle. "Stones put on press," he intoned condescendingly and giggled as he read on. "You'll see. We've got to have one when we get to New York." (They got to New York November 27.)

At a press conference in London more than a year ago the group hurled a dozen cream pies into a flock of reporters. It was a direct and loving affront to the ever-distant, very proper English press establishment. By now at last, Her Majesty's finest are at least inured to this band of musical ruffians, the amplified street gang The Rolling Stones have personified all along.

Unleashed on the idle pop market in 1963, The Stones have had a hectic history. Always the vagabond group in their appearance, their music, and the development of their artistic *Gestalt*, The Stones have somehow, and much to their own amazement, pulled through. Responsible for such evanescent beauties as "Ruby Tuesday" and "As Tears Go By," and, more typically, such rock classics as "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction," "Get Off My Cloud," "19th Nervous Breakdown," and "Have You Seen Your Mother?" typified by the raw, unadulterated insolence of their collective performing personality, they've capped their creative contributions with "Honky Tonk Women," a single that is undoubtedly song of the year 1969, their current release.

They were in Los Angeles to finish an album and prepare for a twenty-two-day, fourteen-city performing tour of the States, their first American appearance since 1966. Much has transpired in their absence, as this country's youth has trembled from the brink of flower-power to the abyss of fist-power and back in an agonized convulsion. Meanwhile, dissent has polarized much of the populace. The Stones have always had a genius for relating to the American social situation in a way no other group in the world has been able to sustain. The nightmarish Convention riots last year were likened to a Rolling Stones concert, and their release then was "Street Fighting Man" coupled with "Jumpin' Jack Flash." Many radio stations refused air-play of the first side because of suppressed revolutionary undercurrents and violent implications.

Violence? The Stones typify it; they don't imply it. A Stones concert is a raging assault, a fiery menace of music and freneticism choreographed by the devil's disciples. The Stones confront their audiences; they don't mess around. Jagger on vocals, and various rhythm instruments, dances like a dervish, moves like a matador, teases, threatens, and taunts his crowd into submission; half the show is in the fight they give him. Performers and audience are one in a desperate, cathartic drama, and everyone loves each moment of the fray. The energy is siphoned off, the crowd breathless, elated, spent. The group stalks dramatically off stage.

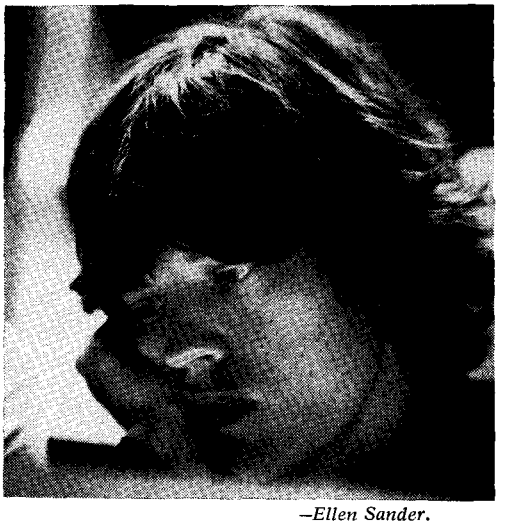
They have carved an identity with their special brand of *machismo* and stoned soul sorcery; they've paid their dues and the result is the world's best performing rock band. Also, they've always been the underdogs of pop, and most of the time they've not been together enough even to try harder. They've had their problems, internal and external, and they've borne the brunt of abuse from the press. Misunderstood, misused, and, in many ways, classic misfits even in their own milieu, The Stones are the original outlaw bluesmen. It's easy to understand why they are so well loved by their fans, so passionately resented by their detractors. In the establishment "pop" has become, The Stones are the only real rebels left. Their recordings, their performances, their antics, their anti-style make no concession to order or predictability. Uneven, often sloppy, sometimes even lame, their product has never been uneventful. Their music is pure essence, basic hot-tempered rhythm rock and blues tapped from rich black roots, honestly assimilated, and delivered with confident finality. Their act, onstage and off, is an art built on sexuality and anger. The effect is chaotic release.

The day after the press conference Mick Jagger and Keith Richard, the writing team and creative nucleus of the group, sit behind the mixing board in a studio listening intently to a playback of an album cut. The track was completely recorded and the mixing (the process by which the sixteen tracks of vocals and instrumentals are adjusted and refined proportionate to one another) was in process. "I want those drums out," says Jagger; "I want them like 'Hey, Bo Diddley.' " He throws out a pair of hands and approximates drum sounds to demonstrate. "Midnight Rambler" thunders from the enormous studio speakers at top volume, mean, quick, blackhearted. It is mixed to satisfaction and the next cut is played back for inspection. It is "Monkey Man," a tortuously disorganized rock 'n' roll extravaganza piled high with innuendo and a deafening, heavy beat.

The album, with a working title of *Let It Bleed*, is scheduled for release immediately on completion, for maximum impact during the tour. ("Honky Tonk Women" has been high on the charts for weeks.) The success of a rock band depends a great deal on the coordination of air-play, booking, publicity, and performance dates. Now The Stones must tackle the problem of a follow-up single.

Allen Klein has arrived at the session. He is business manager for both the Beatles and The Stones, a music business heavy with a mean reputation and a tough track record. He stands medium tall, a stocky, considered man, his arms bulging from a short-sleeved knit shirt, his hands knotted in each other. Jagger, Klein, and assorted acolytes retire to a smaller room to listen to a few tracks of the album, trying to extract a single. One contender is played; it seems to be the best bet. Jagger closes his eyes, clenches his fists, and dances about, swaying, jerking, writhing,

(*Continued on page* 85)



—*Ellen Sander.*

Jagger—"warmly endearing."

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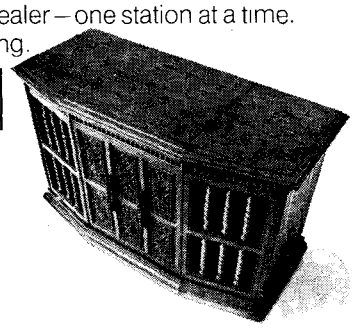

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A Berlioz "Troyens" for the Record

by THOMAS HEINITZ

THE TWIN CLIMAX of Britain's tribute to the memory of Hector Berlioz in this centenary year of his death took the form of two closely linked events whose unprecedentedness brings to a close more than a century of the most shameful, senseless neglect ever accorded a great and noble masterpiece. Covent Garden did produce "The Trojans" substantially complete, in English, in 1957 (the production being subsequently revived in 1958 and 1960), and many of us have never forgotten how much we owe to Rafael Kubelik for the kind of musical revelation that adds a totally new dimension to one's artistic appreciation. Yet this year's new production, which received eight performances (all of them sold out) spread over some three weeks, presented *Les Troyens* absolutely complete and in the original French for the first time since Berlioz completed his greatest score on May 9, 1858. I doubt whether the enormity of this fact can be fully appreciated by anyone who has never experienced the work in the theater (and I mean the whole work, not some butchered version, insensitively performed, such as has been seen from time to time in Paris, Milan, and other centers). I can think of no parallel case where the supreme masterpiece of an otherwise famous and far from unpopular composer has remained hidden from view.

In a way, I viewed the approach of the first night, September 17, with a certain trepidation, for passionate love affairs, even with works of art, have a habit of cooling off over a lengthy period as the first flush of enthusiasm gives way to a more detached and critical appraisal. In the case of *Les Troyens*, of course, the decade of the Sixties had not been entirely barren, for, thanks to the missionary zeal of that arch-Berliozian Colin Davis, a series of concert performances kept our interest alive. It had long been accepted that, when Covent Garden finally decided to mount the opera once more, Davis would have to be the conductor. Though, for a variety of reasons, the new production was not the unqualified success one had hoped for, the work itself was not merely vindicated—its beauty, splendor, passion, and dramatic power surpassed all our memories.

Our gratitude to Covent Garden must not blind us to the fact that the production itself revealed a serious misunderstanding of the work's nature: Though it contains spectacular scenes, *Les Troyens* is not fundamentally a spectacular opera, and to treat it as such, with costumes and scenery of the utmost lavishness and a stage filled with milling choristers and dancers, is no substitute for an imaginative response to Berlioz's noble conception. Colin Davis possesses an unequaled feeling for the music in all its classical grandeur and romantic intimacy, and, when he succeeds Georg Solti as the Royal Opera's musical director, he will surely revive the present production in a drastically simplified form. On this occasion he obviously had to do the best he could under trying circumstances, and, on the first night, at any rate, he was hard pressed to keep his forces together in the face of a good deal of scenic chaos.

Further disaster threatened when, shortly before the third performance, Josephine Veasey fell ill. But the groans that greeted the announcement (from the stage) of her indisposition turned to applause at the news that her place would be taken by Janet Baker. It is doubtful whether Covent Garden has ever witnessed a nobler rescue operation than Miss Baker's thrilling Dido, though she had to sing the part in English; in fact, she sang two performances, and, while her voice does not fill the theater as amply as Miss Veasey's more dramatic mezzo, she brought to the role such a wealth of nuance and such unsuspected reserves of passion that she scored a great personal triumph.

When "The Trojans" was first heard at Covent Garden in 1957, the vocal sensation of those performances was Jon Vickers's Aeneas. Though not in his best voice on the opening night, his Enée remains one of the most satisfying and, indeed, thrilling operatic assumptions of our day, blending stunning, heroic muscularity with tender lyricism, superb musicianship, and complete dramatic plausibility. The Cassandra, Anja Silja, looked magnificent and gave a gripping portrayal of a demented prophetess, but her powerful singing was often unlovely, and, in the final scene of Act II, one was conscious of her weak lower register. Her Choroebus, Peter Glossop, used his splendid Verdian baritone to fine effect, but his acting looked conventional and placid beside Silja's; Anne Howells, *en travesti*, was an altogether charming Ascanius, but Heather Begg's Anna was no more than adequate.

Smaller parts were handled with varying degrees of competence; the chorus sang firmly whenever producer Minos Volonakis allowed them an adequate view of the conductor; and the orchestra not only played with notable skill but faithfully reflected Colin Davis's passionate belief in the work, as well as his singular flair for Berliozian melodic lines and textures.

The new Philips recording, completed at 10:15 p.m. on October 19 after occupying Walthamstow Town Hall for a total of seventeen three-hour sessions involving approximately 365 takes, can hardly fail to speed this process. Not only will it be the first complete recording of the opera, but previous sets devoted to the work have been so woefully inadequate and wanting in sensitivity as to do the work a real disservice. Having spent some eighteen hours at Philips's sessions, I am confident that the five-disc album due to be released early in 1970 will, whatever its minor defects, prove nothing less than a revelation to music-lovers on every continent unfamiliar with *Les Troyens*. The collaboration between conductor Colin Davis, producer Erik Smith, and musical adviser David Cairns has been a real labor of love, and the Covent Garden cast was notably strengthened by the splendid young Swedish soprano Berit Lindholm (Cassandra) and that fine French bass Roger Soyer (doubling the roles of Narbal and Hector's Ghost). Jon Vickers was in stunning voice whenever I heard him, and Josephine Veasey, once she had recovered from her indisposition, sang beautifully as Dido.

The very last session was mainly devoted to the sublime "Love Duet," and I can honestly say that I have never heard this intoxicatingly beautiful music sound so lovely as on this occasion. I almost envy those who will hear *Les Troyens* for the first time when this recording is released, but it is only in the theater that the work as a whole can be properly appreciated, and, if the Philips recording is instrumental in hastening the end of the most ignominious neglect ever suffered by a major musical masterpiece, as it surely will, it shall have served a noble and historic purpose.

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If It Pleases

by OLIVER DANIEL

Back in 1896 when Tolstoi wrote his *What Is Art?* he assembled definitions of art—including all its manifestations—by the major estheticians and philosophers ranging from the early eighteenth century through his time. He then proceeded to augment these with a lengthy chapter embodying his own concepts. It makes fascinating reading, but leaves one hanging when it comes to assessing our most recent products. One definition Tolstoi meditated on was by Immanuel Kant, who suggested that "beauty in its subjective meaning is that which, in general and necessarily, without reasonings and without practical advantage, pleases." Schiller, a follower of Kant, referred to art as a game. And here we find some reconciliation with what has gone before and what is happening now. With his game theory, Schiller would have understood both Yannis Xenakis and Charles Wuorinén better than many of their older contemporaries. New works —electronic, instrumental, and even computerized—are coming on in a marvelous profusion of gamesmanship.

Xenakis, who is regarded as a kind of mechanical genius, has turned his mind toward music-making, and the result, far from being an exercise in drier mathematics, becomes an exciting musical experience. It even does what Kant has suggested beauty in art must do: it pleases. Two albums released by Angel (S-36655 and S-36636, $5.98) give considerable time and space to Xenakis. The second disc in this series is all his and includes four works. Side 1 opens with *Polla Ta Dhina,* a work for chorus and orchestra written in 1962. The vocal part is taken from Sophocles' *Antigone,* titled here "Hymn to Man." While to most observers Carl Orff would be considered at an opposite end of the musical spectrum, the simple monodic choral treatment is Orffian in execution, but the accompanying sounds are not. But that is Xenakis's marvelously inventive prerogative.

It is in the second work that we come into the fun and games department. The piece is, believe it or not, labeled *ST/10=1-080262 for Ten Instruments* (1956-1962). One cannot simplify Xenakis, and so I quote from the record liner:

> The composition signifies the initial calculation by the IBM 7090 . . . following a special stochastic (probabilist) program devised by Xenakis. To the composer, the calculation of probabilities in itself is based upon the only theory capable of dealing with great numbers . . . . Basically, the program is a complex of stochastic laws by which the composer orders the electronic brain to define all the sounds one after the other in a previously calculated sequence. First comes the occurrence date, then the tonal class (*arco, pizzicato, glissando,* etc.), the instrument, the height, the *glissando* pitch if there is any, the length in time, and the dynamic form of the emission of sound. In the title itself, ST stands for stochastic (from the Greek word *stochos,* meaning "aim") and is a term Xenakis frequently applies to his music. (In mathematical terms, stochastic has reference to the contingency of change or the theory of probability first introduced by Jacques Bernoulli in 1713.) 10=1 signifies that this is Xenakis's first work for ten instruments. 080262 equals February 8, 1962, the date when the work was calculated by the 7090. As Xenakis has commented, the IBM 7090 has served his music well by advancing his goal of creating . . . "a form of composition which is not the object in itself, that is to say, the beginnings of a family of compositions."

Curiously, the end result is no gimmicky devitalization. It makes sense, a kind of musical sense that is indeed a bit frightening. Computer people talk of "garbage in, garbage out." Xenakis puts music in.

Akrata for sixteen wind instruments is also based on complex manipulation

Wuorinén—"as . . . calculated as a project in rocketry."

—Photos, Nonesuch Records.

Subotnick — "content to give his music a beat. . . ."

of mathematical ideas based "on the theory of transformation groups. It makes use of the theory which annexes 'moduloz' congruences, and is derived from an axiomatic of the universal structure of music." It sounds quite like a mindless electronic improvisation, all of which convinces me that one cannot reverse the process and, on hearing this music, perceive anything comparable to the theoretical involvement from which it is generated.

The fourth work is *Achorripsis for 21 Instruments.* It refers to a "Jet of Sound" and was "composed with Poisson's Law of Probabilities and developed with the help of a matrix of this compositional behavior which is stochastic in nature." In computerese this is "garbage out."

The other disc of this series groups Xenakis with Betsy Jolas and André Boucourechliev. Xenakis's piece is a brilliant work for solo piano that is as spastic and unbeguiling as anything I've encountered for a long time, and hardly warrants the pianistic wizardry that George Pludemacher lavishes on it.

Betsy Jolas's *Quatuor II* calls for a soprano along with a string trio to form her quartet. The individual flavor of this piece stems from the vocal pyrotechnics of Mady Mesplé. She is quite remarkable and sings with an agility that is unstrained. As music, the work is ordinary despite its pretensions.

Boucourechliev's *Archipel I* is a chance piece for two pianists and two percussion players using fifty-four different instruments, and the performers are more or less on their own. Although I have not seen the actual scores, they are described as being similar to "large nautical maps on which the four interpreters must

(*Continued on page* 84)

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Recordings in Review

Four-Star "Werther"

MASSENET: *Werther. Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, Mady Mesplé, Roger Soyer, Jean-Christophe Benoit, Christos Grigoriou, and André Mallabrera; with Georges Prêtre conducting the Orchestre de Paris.* Angel stereo, SCL 3736, $17.98.

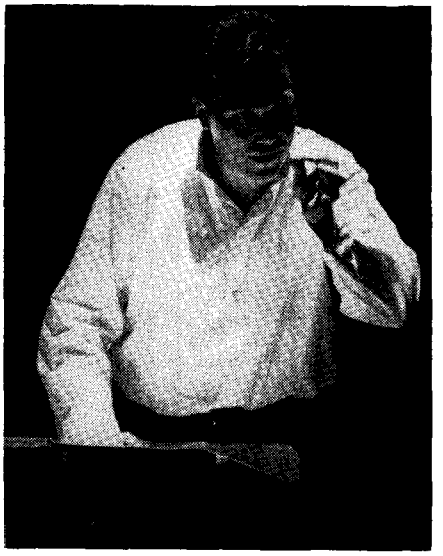
PRESENT-DAY operagoers will be disinclined to believe it, but there was a time when the composer with the largest number of operas performed in New York was neither Wagner nor Verdi, but Jules Massenet, with fourteen. Does his eclipse argue a change of taste or a lack of opportunity for taste to assert itself? Possibly some of both, but, most of all, the decline in availability of performers with the qualifications to encourage more than an occasional *Manon*.

Here, then, is a triumphant demonstration of what happens when an all-out effort is mounted to give one of his less frequently performed works its opportunity to court public favor. Angel's supervisors deserve at least a Croix de Guerre with battle stars (the Grand Prix du Disque was probably delivered even before the recording was finished) for giving the phonophile what has never existed before: a four-star *Werther* (comparatively, the Cetra Tagliavini-Tassinari version was in the utility class). Central star is, of course, Massenet himself; the constellation that surrounds him is made up not only of such stars as Victoria de los Angeles, Nicolai Gedda, and Georges Prêtre, but of such satellites as Mady Mesplé and Roger Soyer. All the other roles are similarly well served.

As in the case of *Thaïs*, *Hérodiade*, and *Don Quichotte*, it is an important first step for the listener to remember that *Werther* is *not* about the historical figures of Goethe's novel at all. It is about some figures in Massenet's fantasy named Charlotte and Werther with whom he has the kind of associative affection that he also had for those others in history to whom his heart went out. As a summation of the agonies of unrequited love immortalized in *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, this opera is no more satisfying on behalf of Goethe than Gounod's *Faust*. But as a pleasant way to pass an evening with characters who are more tragical than tragic, there is much to be said for it.

That is especially true after the first, somewhat tentative half of Act I has been disposed of, having fulfilled its mood-serving purpose. The opera begins to move with Werther's "O nature, pleine de grâce" (not too well sung by Gedda) and the "Clair de lune" duet, but the issue of interest is really resolved in Act III, in which Charlotte's reading of Werther's letters and the great scene that grows out of his "Pourquoi me réveiller?" are Massenet's operatic artistry at very nearly its best. As the Earl of Harewood says (in his revision of Kobbé's *Complete Opera Book*): "From the beginning of Act III right through to the end of the opera, there is a directness of expression and a decisiveness that contrasts with the frustration, the continual second thoughts of the first two acts."

It is to the great credit of Prêtre, once more back on the artistic terrain of *la belle France* where his talent flourishes best, that he maintains a maximum of possible effect in the first two acts, so that the attention is retained until the time when Massenet achieves the kind of warm, uncompromising sentiment for which his gift was so great. Once past the opening aria, Gedda is a Werther to cherish, as los Angeles is a Charlotte whose confusion and contrition are never conveyed at a cost to beautiful sound. Unexpectedly excellent as Sophie is the effort of Mesplé, who marks her talents for future attention by the affecting delivery of the two little arias in which Massenet returns to the youthful enchantment of *Manon*. In all, *Werther* marks a red-letter day for those to whom French opera is not *mort*, merely *dormant*, waiting, like that other sleeping beauty, for the kiss of those who can bring it once more to life.



—*Capitol Records.*

Georges Prêtre — "back on the artistic terrain of 'la belle France.'"

A Loewefest

LOEWE: *"Prinz Eugen"; "Trommel-Ständchen"; "Heinrich der Vogler"; "Die drei Lieder"; "Die Uhr"; "Hochzeitlied"; "Elvershöh"; "Der heilige Franziskus"; "Odins Meeresritt"; "Der Nöck"; and "Die Gruft der Liebenden." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Jörg Demus, piano.* DGG stereo, 139 416, $5.98.

IN HIS seventy-three years, Carl Loewe comprehended much of the history of the lied as it grew from the tentative beginnings of Mozart and Beethoven to the status of an art form all its own. Schubert was his exact contemporary (two months younger, in fact), and when Loewe died in 1869, Hugo Wolf was about to enter a Gymnasium in Graz. Both facts are relevant to the contents of this disc, which range from the Schubertish "Die Uhr" to the sophisticated setting of Goethe's "Hochzeitlied" in a vein of humorous parody developed to a house specialty by Wolf.

As the contents suggest, even in his investigation of the Loewe literature, Fischer-Dieskau has sought out a combination of quality and novelty. Thus "Prinz Eugen" and "Heinrich der Vogler" stand for the bardic side of Loewe (no "Edward" or "Tom der Reimer," however), with "Elvershöh," "Die Gruft der Liebenden," and "Trommel-Ständchen" of such little general knowledge that no listing of them can be found in the first edition of Clough-Cuming (covering the whole period of 78 rpm recording). Fischer-Dieskau is at the peak of his interpretative art in this notable collection.

The Youngest Bjoerling

LEONCAVALLO: *"Skratta Pajazzo" (Pajazzo).* PUCCINI: *"Saangen till livet"* and *"Det Sköna staar att Finna" (Tosca); "Laat henne tro" (Flicken fraan Vilda Västern).* VERDI: *"Ack som ett Fjun saa lätt" (Rigoletto) and "Stretta" (Trubaduren).* MASCAGNI: *Siciliana (Cavalleria Rusticana).* TOSELLI: *"Serenata."* CURTIS: *"Carmela."* RAY: *"Säg mig godnatt."* BALL: *"Bliv min saa är världen min."* PETERSON: *När jag för mig själv i mörka skogen gaar" and "Bland Skogens höga furustammar."* WIDE: *Nämner du Sverige.* ANON: *"Tanti's Serenad." Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; with Nils Grevillius conducting.* Odeon, PMES 551, $4.79.

THE TITLE listed above may be slightly misleading, for it does not reproduce the voice of the late Jussi Bjoerling when, as a boy, he toured America with a family quartet of which his father was the leader. But it does pick him up at the age of twenty-three in 1930 (he

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was born in 1907) and provides the pleasure of his company through the last five years of his twenties. It is thus a perfect preamble or preparation for the three volumes of *The Beloved Bjoerling* in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series, of which the earliest presents him as of 1936.

For those unacquainted with his American career, it was just about this time of year (1937) that the first 78s of Bjoerling (on HMV) came to the United States, followed shortly by his debut on a radio program that emanated from Carnegie Hall. Thus the freshness, the pealing brilliance, the effortless, open-hearted sound of the voice are not entirely unfamiliar. But it is instructive to hear the familiar arias sung in Swedish with a flow and sensitivity that he did not always achieve, at this time of his career, in the original Italian texts. It is a reminder that singers from countries where opera is sung in the vernacular are sometimes penalized more than one takes account of when they come on the world stage (as, with her Croatian background, Zinka Milanov was, too).

Most of the operatic titles are easy enough to translate through source references and the flow of syllables. But who would suspect that "Bliv min saa är," etc., is nothing else than our old friend "The Sunshine of Your Smile" (Ernest Ball's name is the clincher here) or that "När jag för mig," *usw*, is, by that or any other name, still "Love Me and the World Is Mine." It is hardly necessary to say that Bjoerling sings these and the other sentimental matter of Side 2 with the same absorption, thrust, and vocal sophistication that he applies to the *Tosca* arias or "Ridi, Pagliaccio." That was his way, and he could not do otherwise.

—*Isabelle Arnstam.*

Luciano Berio — "absorbing initiative, ingenuity, and strength."

The World of Luciano Berio

BERIO: *Sinfonia. Luciano Berio conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra and the Swingle Singers.* Columbia stereo, MS 7268, $5.98.

Lacking some such title as *Le Sacre du printemps*, which served Stravinsky so well nearly sixty years ago (and ever since), *Sinfonia* is probably as good a name as any for a work that is no part of a "symphony." For the latter embodies specifics whereas the former is generic. Berio cites as his point of reference the definition of a sinfonia as a "sounding together." He might, had he thought of it, cited the answer Gustav Mahler made when asked a similar question about his own work: "The fact that I call it a symphony doesn't signify very much, as it has nothing in common with the usual form. The term 'symphony' to me means to build a world with all existing means."

This, to be sure, Berio has done with absorbing initiative, ingenuity, and strength in this creation of 1968 that was first performed by the New York Philharmonic in October of that year. That the outcome prompts reference to *Sacre du printemps* on one hand and Mahler on the other is testimony, in general, of something sizable, meaningful, and far above any normal "novelty" of recent years. But there are specific reasons why the names of these two particular composers are pertinent.

One is the musical language itself, in which Berio breaks through a good many contemporary clichés on to high, clear ground of his own. This is achieved not so much through new means but through simplification, clarification, and consolidation of old means. So much for the Stravinsky analogy. The obvious link with Mahler comes, of course, in Berio's brilliantly realized variation on the variations-principle which makes up the third movement. Unlike uncounted predecessors who have taken a theme or thought of a prior composer and made it over in their own images, Berio has taken the "Scherzo" of Mahler's Second Symphony as the screen or background against which he has projected a stream-of-consciousness sequence of thoughts, verbal as well as musical. The daring and inventiveness of the procedure have been carried out with such musical resourcefulness that it is almost certain to engender imitation. But few are likely to achieve the extraordinary result that Berio does in maintaining the musical context of Mahler while exposing his verbal patterns (excerpts from Samuel Beckett, James Joyce, student slogans, snatches of *solfège*, etc.).

Here is the more subtle, less obvious link to Mahler, who once said: "When I conceive a large musical picture I always reach a point at which the 'word' is necessary to me. . . . " With Berio, the "word" is implicit from the outset, not so much (in the remainder of Mahler's statement) "as a bearer of [the] musical idea," but as an associative element in the total thought process. In the first movement it is through a series of short statements from a book (*Le Cru et le cuit*) by a French anthropologist, Claude Levi-Strauss; in the second, it is the syllables Martin/ Luther/King/ repeated in part or, finally, in toto that make up the dirge-like undertone of a threnody to the Atlantan's memory; in the third movement, Beckett, Joyce, etc.; and in the brief fourth section, a composite of elements from the three preceding ones.

Any notions associated with the Swingle Singers as Bach-improvisers, or jazz-oriented vocalists, are largely irrelevant to the use Berio has made of them. What he has utilized is their enormous *facility* in the enunciation, as individuals and as a group, of verbal values. From this virtuosity Berio has evolved a new, multi-voiced instrument in the string-reed-brass-percussion complex. If one can think of an organ that could, as well as discourse single lines or eight-voiced chords, pronounce words—you would have what Berio has in the Swingle Singers.

Are they then indispensable for a performance of his *Sinfonia*? Perhaps for the while. But there is every likelihood that other vocal octets will come into being if there is need for them. Whether Berio chooses to enlarge on his own example, only he can answer, but it is an example that is certainly apt to have an appeal to others. In the meantime, Columbia MS 7268 can be recommended to anyone thirsting for a new, valid musical experience and fed to here with the faddists, the fumblers, and the fakers. To close with one more quote: the novelty of Berio's *Sinfonia* reposes not in any specific innovation or deviation, but as Ravel said of *Le Sacre* (to Stravinsky's satisfaction), "in the musical entity."

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report	
Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Variations on a Theme by Handel (orchestrated by Edmund Rubbra). The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia stereo, MS 7298, $5.98.	The conductor who undertakes the performance of a transcription of a work greatly familiar in another form challenges grave risks in two respects: the basic question of suitability, and the imprint that has been left on the original by a host of interpreters. Here, it strikes me, Ormandy has been penalized both ways: The Rubbra transcription, from its opening with a solo trumpet trilling the Handel theme, has many debatable aspects of taste and appropriateness; and each variation as it unfolds brings back the memory of one who played it superbly well—whether Hess, Solomon,	Moiseiwitsch, Bauer, and Gabrilowitsch, among others. In this pairing (it was issued previously in conjunction with a recording of the *German Requiem*) there emerges the strong suggestion that Brahms was a better orchestrator than he is commonly credited with being. *His* treatment of a work written for piano (four hands) is far more luminous and transparent than Rubbra's. There is also a marked difference of orchestral texture: The Haydn variations are suave and finely stranded, the Handel rougher and somewhat opaque.
Britten-Rossini: *Musical Evenings.* **Delius:** *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring.* **Walton:** *Capriccio Burlesco.* **Gotovac:** "Kolo." **Casals:** *Saint Martin of Canigó.* **Delibes:** "Naïla Waltz." **Litolff:** "Scherzo" from Symphonic Concerto. Andre Kostelanetz conducting (with Theodore Lettvin, piano, in the Litolff). Columbia stereo, MS 7319, $5.98.	As well as being a celebrated orchestral technician, Kostelanetz is the master of something even more demanding—tonal characterization. Each of these pieces differs from the others, and the values are beautifully arranged to give each the shade of meaning desirable. In the Britten it is the dance character appropriate to the "Tirolese," "Boléro," "Tarantella," etc.; in the Delius, the pastoral	surroundings of the Norwegian scene it evokes; in the Walton, the gusty humor it embodies, etc. Side 2 progresses from the lively "Kolo" (a Balkan dance) to the insinuating "Naïla Waltz" by way of a performance of the Litolff "Scherzo" that is indeed scintillating in the aural sparks Lettvin scatters across its length. First-class performance and sound.
Debussy: *Images* (Nos. 1, 2, and 3). Pierre Boulez conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. *Danses, sacrée et profane.* Boulez conducting the Cleveland Orchestra; with Alice Chalifoux, harp. Columbia stereo, MS 7362, $5.98.	Just as there is more than one kind of Debussy, so there is more than one kind of Boulez Debussy. In addition to the clear and clean BD, which does such a work as *Jeux* great good, so there is also the lean and hard, which does not serve "Ibéria" so well. Indeed, the ear impression to me, from this performance, is of a work that has been micro-	scoped as well as microphoned. Details tend to stand out larger than life-size, the blend of elements from which Debussy evoked his "image" of a dusty, sun-baked terrain congealed by a treatment that is cool in temper as well as in temperature. The *Danses* are beautifully played, quite the best matter on the disc.
Henselt, A. von: Concerto in F minor (Op. 16). **Liszt-Lewenthal:** *Todtentanz.* Raymond Lewenthal, piano; with Charles Mackerras conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Columbia stereo, MS 7252, $5.98.	For those who may have tired of the Schumann Concerto (and perhaps never did care for Mendelssohn), Lewenthal's effort on behalf of the long unheard Henselt work will be doubly welcome. For those not so disposed, it should be at least singly welcome for its inherent qualities of zest and animation. It is also of interest as an apt illustration of the difference between talent and genius: Henselt's talent enabled him to do everything of his period (the work was completed in the early 1840s and first performed about 1844 by Clara Schumann) well, and some parts of it brilliantly. But Schumann's genius prompted him to carry forward the precepts of the time in which he was reared, with the result that the A-minor	Concerto, which was introduced by the same "Chiarina" two years later, has outlasted both formula and fashion. Lewenthal has a smashing attack at the piano that serves both the Liszt and Henselt well, a defile-defying dexterity that causes the hackles to rise (assuming one has Liszt-responsive hackles). He has also made an amalgam of material from the earlier version of *Todtentanz* which expands its musical interest and gives it, toward the end, something like a piano-orchestra version of *Les Préludes.* Mackerras is every bit a co-enthusiast with Lewenthal in these exploits, and engineers Robert Gooch and Roy Emerson have, in cooperation with producer Paul Myers, served up a witches' brew of sound.
Mahler: Symphony No. 7. Otto Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel stereo, SB 3740, $11.98 (two discs).	The possibility that the combined skills of Otto Klemperer, the New Philharmonia Orchestra, and EMI's technicians might produce a more illuminating account of this work than has hitherto been available is, alas, unfulfilled by the outcome. It remains a rambling, sometimes incoherent, and eventually frustrating work that is plainly the product of a weary, spent man (as Mahler recognized himself to be as he labored at it).	So great is the Mahler mystique that there are those who will find greatness where it is absent. The point-to-point progress, which is tedious in the best of circumstances, is not galvanized by Klemperer's broad, leisurely tempi. What there is to be heard is clearly conveyed in the reproduction, but it is a minimal amount of music for a work spread over four sides.
Weber: *Grand Potpourri.* **Danzi:** Concerto in E minor. Thomas Blees, cello; with the Berlin Symphony conducted by C. A. Bünte. Turnabout stereo, TV 34306, $2.98.	Neither of these is in the category of works that can be described as unjustly neglected, but each has its share of interest nevertheless. In the instance of Weber it is a glimpse of the kind of music he was writing before he found the identity with which his name is associated. It shows that his affection for the cello (as evidenced in both *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*) was no late-blooming enthusiasm, but a fondness	from his youthful years on. It is beautifully played by Blees, a cellist otherwise without credentials known to me. Danzi, as it happens, was *Kapellmeister* at the Stuttgart Opera at the time Weber wrote his *Grand Potpourri* there. His Concerto is rather a better made work than Weber's with a full range of demands on the solo performer. These, too, are well met by Blees. —Irving Kolodin.

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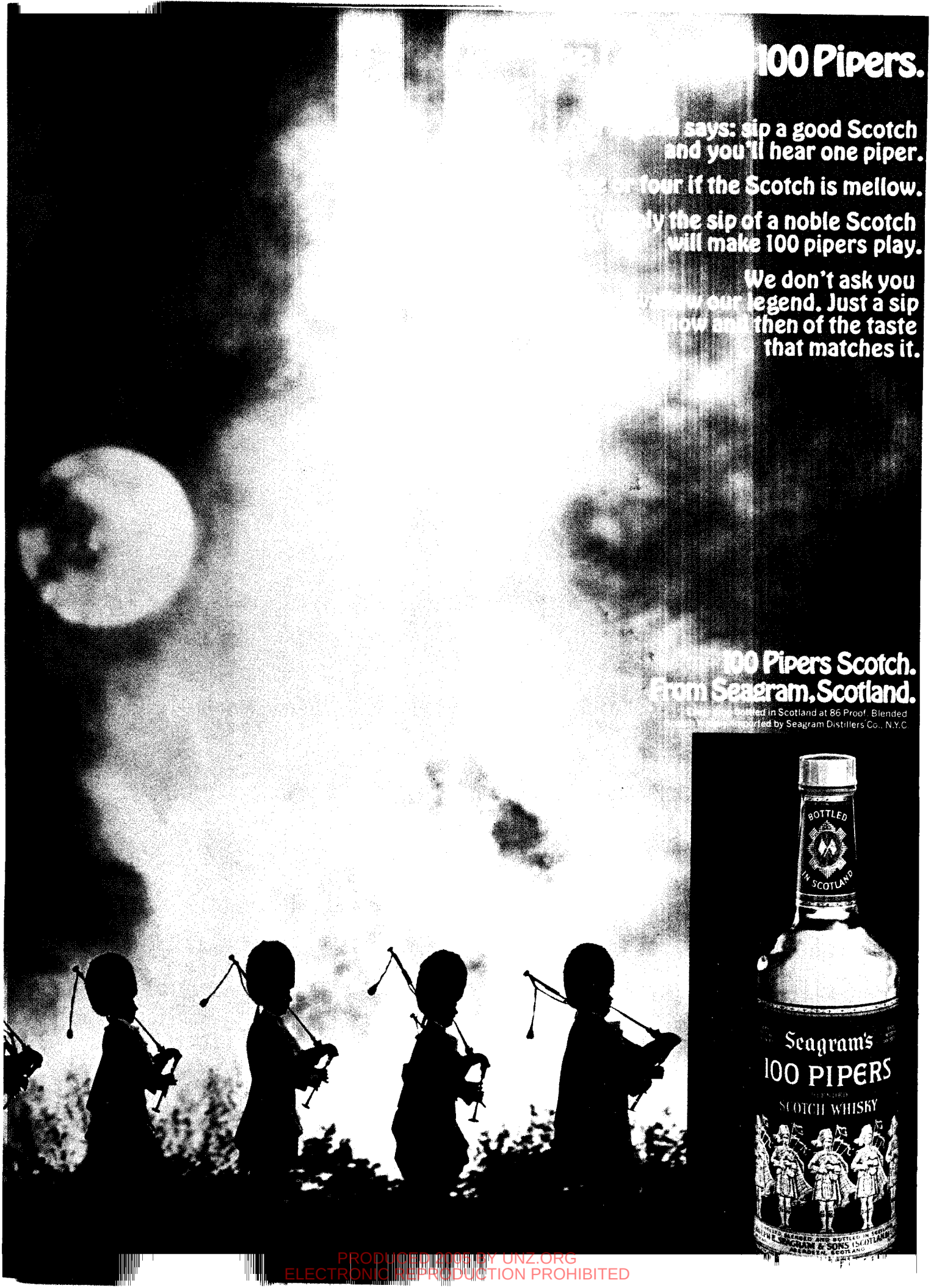

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Four-Channel Sound Is Here, Sort of

The industry that brought you two-channel stereo is beginning to bring you four-channel stereo, too. They hope you're ready for it—and they're reasonably ready themselves.

If you live in the New York or Boston areas, you can hear four-channel sound right now. The Acoustic Research listening booths in Cambridge and in New York's Grand Central Station are including four-channel sound in their demonstration programs. If you can assemble two stereo FM systems in a single room, you can even hear four-channel stereo at home (over WGBH and WCRB in Boston; WNYC and WKCR in New York). And if you attended the Los Angeles Hi-Fi Show this year, you had several opportunities to hear it.

Within a very few months, you'll even be able to buy four-channel equipment and recordings for your own home use. H. H. Scott has announced the first four-channel amplifier, while four-channel tape recorders have been announced by Crown International, Viking, TEAC, and 3M/Wollensak (in chronological order). Vanguard has announced four-channel tapes; ESP-disk is making noises in the wings; and there's some likelihood that Columbia may join the party, too.

By now, I've heard demonstrations at the AR factory, at Vanguard Studios, at the AR listening booth in Grand Central, in several booths at the L.A. show, and in the home of AR's advertising manager, Bob Berkovitz. I haven't been overwhelmed (some of the demonstrations I heard were poorly done), but I am certainly impressed.

The extra pair of channels in "Surround Stereo," as Vanguard calls it, are not spread along the same wall as present speakers are. Instead, they are mounted on the opposite wall and aim to reproduce the reverberant field we normally hear from the back of a concert hall, or (in popular recordings, mostly) instrumental groups and voices not included in the front pair of channels. The effect is, indeed, surrounding. It spreads the stereo ambiance more evenly around the room so that the stereo perspective changes without diminishing as you move about. Even adjoining rooms seem filled with stereophony.

In concert recordings, the "space" and acoustics of the concert hall are defined more accurately, more realistically (and, more important, more pleasingly) than two-channel stereo has ever done. But such recordings *must* be played with the rear channels at an almost subliminal level relative to the front pair; if the rear channels are anywhere near as loud as the front ones, the sound will be gimmicky, unrealistic, and unpleasant. And since most lay listeners are apparently impressed most by gimmicks, many of the demonstrations I have heard thus far have either erred by playing all four channels at the same volume, or have omitted concert recordings altogether.

There are, of course, exceptions within the concert repertoire. The four brass choirs of the Berlioz Requiem and the children's choir at the back of the hall in Mahler's Third Symphony can only be appreciated on four-channel tape (or in the concert hall, of course), and correct relative level settings for such works is almost automatic.

But there are still problems to be faced before four-channel stereo reaches maturity. One, of course, is cost. A four-channel stereo system today will probably cost you less than twice as much as a comparable two-channel system—but only negligibly less. It will probably be quite a while before a four-channel system (not counting speakers) will be available for as little as half again the cost of a comparable two-channel system. And many listeners, faced with the doubled speaker requirements, may compromise on four mediocre speakers rather than two good ones.

Another problem is program availability. Though most recording companies have been making their master tapes in multiples of four channels (usually eight, but sometimes twelve, sixteen, or even twenty-four), their extra channels were not recorded with the spatial requirements of four-channel playback in mind. As a result, most four-channel re-releases of existing records will most likely be of popular music, whose spatial requirements are less critical.

Recording techniques for four-channel playback are still a bit primitive (though apparently less so than they were in the first days of two-channel stereo). And standards are by no means established yet. It seems fairly safe to say that the standard tape format for four-channel will have the "front" two channels placed to play compatibly through regular two-channel tape recorders (with the rear-channel information unheard), and that all four channels will be stacked within one tape head. But there are other track formats. And at least one manufacturer (TEAC) is offering the option of a staggered-head, four-track machine, with the two added tracks displaced to an extra playback head; this system is cheaper to manufacture, but more cumbersome to use, and will probably disappear as quickly as staggered-head stereo did in the early two-channel days.

Speaker placement can be a problem. In many rooms, the chairs and sofas are backed against the wall, leaving no room to place rear speakers behind the listeners. Omni-directional speakers, which can flank the listeners, may be the solution to this problem. Or—if four-channel really catches on—fashions in furniture arrangement just might change.

Our existing libraries of two-channel and monophonic recordings can still, of course, be played through just the front speakers of a four-channel system, or all four channels could be harnessed to produce a surround sound, if not a true surround of stereo.

Or we can even simulate four-channel sound with fair effectiveness by feeding the program into the rear channels, at low volume and with a slight time delay. Any stereo recorder with three-head monitoring can provide the necessary delay, except when playing back a tape recording. And by adding an extra, two-channel playback head just after the main, four-channel playback head, some enterprising manufacturer could give us a four-channel machine that produces fair four-channel sound from normal stereo tapes as well.

Of course, the obvious step-up of two front and two rear speakers might not really be the best route to four-channel sound. Paul Beaver and Bernard Krause of Parasound suggest the ideal would be a tetrahedral setup, adding a sense of height to the existing depth. But since this would involve a speaker on the ceiling (as well as three speakers on or near the floor), it doesn't seem commercially viable.

Perhaps some day we'll have an inconspicuous flat speaker which could reproduce good sound while mounted flush within the ceiling. But by that time we'll probably have to go to five channels to take advantage of it. And perhaps we will. —IVAN BERGER.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Bach, J. S.: Trio Sonatas No. 1 in E flat and No. 5 in C. **Vivaldi:** Sonatas in C and G minor. Julian Bream, lute; and George Malcolm, harpsichord. RCA stereo, LSC 3100, $5.98.	At first consideration, a series of performances bringing together the lute and the harpsichord would seem destined for the most modest kind of interest, if any at all. Too much similarity of sound and overlapping of colors for a successful outcome would be the underlying thought. However, a sampling of the results achieved by Julian Bream and George Malcolm leaves little doubt that what counts is not what is being done, but who is doing it. Bream is a musician of the verve and imagination to impart vitality to anything in which he is interested, and Malcolm participates as an equal in all the performances. Bream's appropriation of material usually associated with the organ may be disputed by some, but the suitability of the material to the medium employed is self-evident. In any case, the necessary definition of the individual lines is consistently accounted for. The Vivaldi works were conceived for lute (with violin and continuo) and emerge with the freshness and clarity of unknown masterworks in these performances. Excellent processing is an additional cause for recommendation.
Bach-Busoni: Prelude and Fugue in D. **Beethoven:** C-minor Variations; Sonata in C-sharp minor (*Moonlight*). **Medtner:** *Sonata Reminiscenza* (Op. 38). **Prokofiev:** "March" and "Scherzo" (*Love for Three Oranges*). **Ravel:** *Pavane pour une infante défunte*; *Jeux d'eau*. **Chopin:** Etude in A-flat (No. 26); Etude in F minor (Op. 25, No. 2). **Bach-Siloti:** Prelude in B minor. Emil Gilels, piano. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SRB 4110, $11.98.	This reproduction of the performance Emil Gilels gave in Carnegie Hall on February 2, 1969, is superior to the generality of "live" recordings for two reasons: the super quality of the playing Gilels accomplished which made it an occasion worth recalling, and the excellence of the techniques whereby it was reproduced. Not that every item is the equal of every other one (how often is such the case?); but there is variety and contrast, and a rising tide of enthusiasm right through to the encores (Chopin and Bach-Siloti). Least to my taste is the playing of the Beethoven Variations, but it is followed by a version of the *Moonlight* that has had few contemporary equals. Fine playing throughout and superbly reproduced.
Clementi: Sonatas in F-sharp minor (Op. 25, No. 5); in A (Op. 33, No. 1); in C (Op. 33, No. 3); and in G minor (Op. 50, No. 3). Lamar Crowson, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 306, $5.95. Sonatas in G minor (Op. 7, No. 3); in B-flat (Op. 24, No. 2); in A (Op. 25, No. 4); and in B minor (Op. 40, No. 2). Crowson, piano. L'Oiseau-Lyre stereo, SOL 307, $5.95.	Muzio Clementi cannot be said to have been wholly bypassed on records, not when such a pianist as Vladimir Horowitz has put his influence to work on the composer's behalf. But the bulk of his sixty piano sonatas remain unexplored, and awaiting such an exposition as Crowson has undertaken in these two discs. He has apparently chosen consciously not to duplicate works already recorded by Horowitz (and such others as Robert Goldsand and John Newmark), with the exception of the late G-minor subtitled "Didone Abbandonata," which marks the height of Clementi's power. This, it will be noted, is not to be confused with the early G-minor, which appears on Record 2. The first impression of Clementi's writing is of its superficial resemblance to the early, formalistic writing of Beethoven. However true, it is not to Clementi's discredit, for he was four years old when Mozart was born, and widely known when Beethoven was only a child. Beethoven soon grew beyond what he had absorbed, but Clementi continued to grow, as Crowson's well-chosen selection demonstrates. He also has the pianistic skills to validate his chosen task.
Debussy: *Jardin sous la pluie*; "La Puerta del vino"; "Ondine"; "Feuilles mortes"; and *Pour le piano*. **Ravel:** *Sonatine*. Ivan Moravec, piano. Connoisseur Society stereo, CS 2010, $5.98.	The hysterical clamor with which Connoisseur launched Ivan Moravec several years ago may be forgotten by some, but the most fortunate thing for Moravec is that it did not cause the public to forget him. As in a collection of some months ago that included Debussy's *Children's Corner*, Moravec's pianistic equipment is equal to all the demands made upon it, even in such a testing piece as "Ondine." Some greater variations of color would have been desirable, and the decision to utilize a Boesendorfer piano in a Viennese surrounding may be subject to question. Rich tonal requirements are admirably met, but the less vivid, more percussive patterns of the "Toccata" (in *Pour le piano*) and the Ravel *Sonatine* do not have the dry crispness they should.
Schoenberg: *Pierrot Lunaire*. Marie Thérèse Escribano, speaker; with Ivan Eröd, piano; Helmut Riessberger, flute; Rolf Eichler, clarinet; Josef Plishta, bass clarinet; Viktor Redtenbacher, violin; Eugénie Altmann-Cloeter, viola; and Friedrich Hiller, cello; with Friedrich Cerha, director. Turnabout stereo, TV 34315, $2.98.	In the aftermath of the version by Helga Pilarczyk with Boulez conducting (plus previous ones by Craft and Leibowitz), there would appear to be little remaining to be said on this subject. However, there are always interests in diverse points of view, which conductor Cerha's and vocalist Escribano's certainly are. They have the same view of something light, fanciful, and almost pretty, with little of the mordant bite or moon-struck fantasy commonly considered basic in Giraud's verses. Indeed, Schoenberg himself was aware of the danger that lurked in the work's content being mistaken after the passage of years. All the musical amenities are conscientiously observed in this performance (place of origin unidentified), but the all-important matter of "tone" comes uncomfortably close to confirming the possibilities noted by Schoenberg.
Schumann: *Carnaval*; Impromptus (Op. 90). Nelson Freire, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7307, $5.98.	Freire's talents are in admirable order in the Schubert, not so admirable in the Schumann. The first shows his uncommon abilities to produce a sustained singing sound from the instrument applied to works to which such sound is appropriate, with the kind of spontaneity that made his prior issue (four concerti) so striking. This is the easy kind of music that is difficult to play simply and convincingly. Freire meets the test more than commendably. At its best, his playing of *Carnaval* has similar distinctions, but the level of quality is not so consistently sustained as it is in the Schubert. A tendency to accelerate where it is not wanted is combined with more than a scattering of wrong notes . . . both to the detriment of the kind of result for which he is aiming. Otherwise, it is a performance of many endearing qualities. —I.K.

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Renaissance Revisited

For the record-collector and music-lover whose tastes for Renaissance music may not yet run to the extremes of a recording devoted solely to the music of a Josquin des Prez, Jacob Obrecht, Johannes Ockeghem, or Heinrich Isaac, Seraphim has come up with the perfect solution: *The Seraphim Guide to Renaissance Music* (SIC-6052, $7.47, three discs)—seventy-two brief vocal and instrumental works covering a span of some five centuries across Europe. Glowingly performed by the Syntagma Musicum of Amsterdam, directed by Kees Otten, it is a collection bound to provide nearly two hours of initial listening pleasure, as well as to promote countless hours and (no doubt) further delving into the matter thereafter.

The American record audience first came to taste the piquant flavors of music of the Renaissance and Middle Ages through the scholarly and popular efforts of Noah Greenberg and his New York Pro Musica. Now—with the expansion of recording frontiers and the search for ever fresh material through the centuries—Nonesuch, Telefunken, DGG's "Archive" series, and Odyssey (among others) have made invaluable historical contributions through such ensembles as the Brussels Pro Musica Antiqua, the Lipsiensis Cappella, the Hanover North German Singkreis, the London Ambrosian Singers, the Vienna Renaissance Players, and the Zurich Ancient Instrument Ensemble.

Each has brought to the microphones an approximation of authentic sounds and styles through real and reproduced early instruments. To this list is now added the Syntagma Musicum, an ensemble of rare refinement and obvious enthusiasm, which gives striking performances to this fascinating variety of vocal and instrumental music—from the fragment of thirteenth-century polyphonic *organum* that opens Side 1 to the two 1612 compositions of Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck that close Side 6.

Along the way, the uninitiated can be introduced to a variety of recorders, the shawm (early oboe), the curtal (early bassoon), crumhorns, the kortholt, the Rauschpfeife, straight and curved cornets, the gemshorn (primitive flute), the portative organ with its hand-worked bellows, the spinet, the medieval fiddle, a variety of early

Woodcut of a sixteenth-century lady musician playing the six-string violin by Tobias Stimmer.

viols, and a large collection of colorful percussion instruments. With the persuasive singing of contralto Will Kippersluys and tenor Marius van Altena, a rewarding spectrum of Renaissance music is traversed, if only briefly in most cases. Songs of the troubadors, dances, sacred writing of Guillaume de Machaut, madrigals from fourteenth-century Italy, English polyphony, clavichord and spinet pieces by Legrant and Paumann, German lieder from *Glogauer Liederbuch*, English songs from the time of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, a religious song by the legendary Hans Sachs, the flowering of the Dutch school of Isaac and Sweelinck, and a good deal more entice the ear.

The Dutch engineers for EMI have recorded instruments and voices with exceptional clarity and a kind of presence that may give the uninitiated the wrong idea as to the size and amplitude of these instruments, whose general qualities include intimacy and delicacy. The intent of this entire project is so admirable that it is a pity a more detailed text could not be included, since only the barest minimum is offered on each work and composer. Also, Seraphim must be taken to task for not including translations of the secular poems. Yet, musically, the price is more than right.

—Robert Jacobson.

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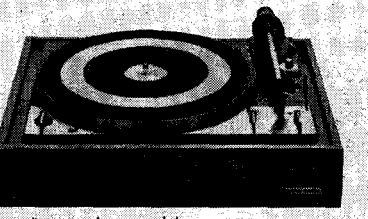

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A Guide to Russcol's "Guide"

It has been a long time since anyone has attempted a book evaluating all, or substantially all, current recordings of serious music, though there have been recent volumes limited to coverage of a single composer or a certain period (as well as compilations from the pages of *High Fidelity*). The latest effort, however, is restricted not in terms of repertory but of price—as indicated in the title of Herbert Russcol's *Guide to Low-Priced Classical Records* (Hart, 832 pages, $10 hardcover, $2.95 paperback).

Mr. Russcol, identified as a horn player, author of two other books, and contributor to several periodicals, has attempted to write the kind of book that simply cannot be written any more: There are too many records, too many new ones every month (the cover of the October *Schwann Catalog* announced "674 new listings"), and too many being deleted for such a book to be by the time it is published really comprehensive and up-to-date. Acknowledging this, one would like to be able to salute Russcol for a valiant effort, but after reading only a few pages one becomes painfully aware of a distressing combination of omission, carelessness, and something less than full familiarity with the subject.

One is put off, at the start, by references to "Virgil Thomas," "Irving Colodon," an opera composer named "Zandoni," a Mozart opera character named "Petrillo," and the "50 to 10,000 cycles-per-second hi-fi bug." Leaving aside such niceties as the validity of Russcol's critical judgment ("Rosbaud seems ill-at-ease conducting Bruckner," for example; or the list of "Great Works of Western Music" in which the Vaughan Williams symphonies are represented only by Nos. 2 and 8; or the "Basic Repertory" list that includes only a single Mozart concerto and no Mozart quartet) and his crude, cliché-ridden language ("untold millions" listen to Beethoven, while Giulini is "noted almost exclusively for his opera conduction"), one finds his book an unreliable guide because of its innumerable inaccuracies regarding what is *on* the records discussed, as well as what is and is not available on low-priced discs.

Such a book cannot be produced overnight; one can only imagine how much time must have gone into it—but not enough, evidently, for the author to hear all the records he discusses. "Horenstein's direction is lively, but the playing is indifferent" is the comment on a Vox recording of Ravel's *Pavane pour une infante défunte*. But Horenstein has not recorded the *Pavane*. On the record in question the work is given in its original form as a piano solo, played by Vlado Perlemuter, for whom Horenstein conducts the orchestra in the two Ravel concertos.

Also in the Ravel section, both the Munch/Victrola and the Ansermet/Richmond records of *Daphnis et Chloé* are listed as the "complete ballet," but the Victrola actually offers only the two concert suites (and the Richmond was discontinued some time ago).

Ernst von Dohnányi's Everest record of Beethoven's Opera 109 and 110 piano sonatas is described as a "relic," with the further comment: "The ancient Dohnányi disc is a historical document and is to be respected." It *is* a historical document, perhaps, but neither "ancient" nor a "relic," having been recorded shortly before Dohnányi's death in 1960.

Monteverdi's *Magnificat* is discussed separately from the complete recordings of the *Vespro della Beata Vergine*, and not identified as a section of the larger work. Moreover, Russcol states, "Both the Nonesuch and Turnabout discs [of the *Magnificat*] include the stark Schütz work on the reverse," while actually different works of Schütz appear on the two discs.

Russcol advises that "Ristenpart uses Helmut Winschermann's arrangement" of Bach's *Art of the Fugue* on Nonesuch. Ristenpart did indeed record the Winschermann version, but the Nonesuch set, one of his last recordings, presents the work in the orchestration of Marcel Bitsch and Claude Pascal. The utterly different Winschermann version is offered by the Musical Heritage Society, but there is no reference to that release. Ristenpart's superior remake of the Bach *Magnificat*, also on MHS, is ignored, too. In fact, although the MHS catalogue is the largest single aggregation of low-priced discs, totaling nearly 600 now, only *six* MHS items are listed in the book.

Telemann's famous Suite in A minor (for flute and strings) is a work of which "a definitive recording . . . has yet to appear on a low-priced label," according to Russcol, but the superb version by Hans-Martin Linde and the Collegium Aureum under Rolf Reinhardt, released on Victrola two years ago, simply is not listed. Neither is any recording of the Janácek *Sinfonietta*, despite the current availability of the magnificent Ancerl recording on both Turnabout and Parliament.

Among the other conspicuous omissions are such notable discs as the late Tauno Hannikainen's Sibelius Second on Crossroads; Peter Maag's substantially complete *Midsummer Night's Dream* music and Rafael Kubelik's Dvorák E-major Serenade on London/STS; orchestral Satie conducted by Maurice Abravanel on Cardinal and by Manuel Rosenthal on Everest; Satie's piano music by Jacques Février and Georges Auric on Everest and by Frank Glazer on Vox; the Schuricht Schubert Ninth on Vanguard/Everyman, Kondrashin's Mahler Ninth and the Borodin Quartet's complete Shostakovich cycle on Melodiya/Seraphim; the Busoni and Milhaud collections on Candide; and the Philips World Series disc of violin concertos by Milhaud and Barber.

On the book's final page, Russcol advises the reader to "avoid reprocessed stereo where possible," but he apparently cannot recognize it. The Kubelik *Pictures at an Exhibition*, one of Mercury's first single-microphone recordings (1951), "rechanneled" a few years ago, is commended as "a solid, high-tension stereo version, extremely well recorded."

The author himself may not have been responsible for the jacket blurb reading: "During the last two years there has been a tremendous production of low-priced classical records" (it goes back much further than that, of course), and stating that the book "deals specifically with classical records selling under $2.50" (the average list price is $2.98); but he must take the credit for listing such works as Penderecki's *St. Luke Passion* and *Hiroshima Threnody*, Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee*, and the Boulez *Le Marteau sans maître* under the heading "Electronic Music," with the comment that they are "some of the most important productions of the electronic age."

Unfortunately, a great many people, possibly eager for just such guidance as this book purports to provide, are inclined to place a good deal of confidence in the printed word, particularly when the word is given permanence in the form of a book nearly two inches thick.

—Richard Freed.

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Basie

William "Count" Basie runs a Cadillac of a band. Sleek and powerful, it performs with watchlike precision, shifting gears with surprising smoothness. The contemporary Basie sound is large and opulent and far more "perfect" than the Basie of old. Flash, flair, sensuous thrust, and, above all, the stamp of approval of show biz personalities, notably Frank Sinatra, have endeared the piquant pianist and his men to a large mass of people who had no idea the band existed a few years ago. After more than three decades as a band leader, the quietly affable, self-effacing Basie has a reassuring degree of economic security—on the face of things —and can look forward to a relatively level future.

In person, Basie always provides a memorable "physical" experience. The band lifts and takes one along, ever building, punching, feinting, backing off, exploding in multiple climaxes, and bringing the listener the sense of realization he expected all along. It is difficult to remain unaffected when in the same room with this instrument of seemingly limitless energy. Simultaneously, one is stimulated and stunned to submission by the group's strength and unity and vigor. When a phonograph is placed between the auditor and the band, however, more of the truth comes clear. The separation creates a sense of objectivity impossible in more immediate circumstances.

Basie albums have followed a pattern in recent years. He records with major and minor singers, involves himself in a variety of "popular" projects —all in the cause of continued prosperous life. Occasionally, though, the pianist tapes LPs that purport truly to mirror his band. *Basie/Straight Ahead* (Dot stereo, DLP 25902, $4.98), entirely comprised of originals and arrangements by Sammy Nestico, is an offering in this category.

Nestico, a former Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey, and Gene Krupa saxophonist, was chief arranger for the U.S. Marine Band in Washington, D.C., until last year. A facile craftsman with a propensity for the melodious, he unfortunately gives little indication of possessing great rapport with the Basie style. He fails to explore adequately the band's blues nature and to ignite fully the enormous sense of life so characteristic of this body of men. His nine compositions are well played, yet seem curiously bland in the listening, and easily could have been written for other bands with jazz propensities. Unlike Quincy Jones, Ernie Wilkins, Manny Albam, Frank Foster, and certainly Neal Hefti, Nestico does not unleash the rhythmic flow, the foundation and prime strength of this organization, or move inside the soul of Basie jazz.

Hefti, in particular, provokes pulsation, allowing nothing to get in its way. Like the other arrangers who know best how to showcase the Basie band, he edits out the extraneous and develops shapely scores in which much happens and more is possible. His material, blues-oriented and tailored to swing, moves right along. Blocks of ensemble color and competitive call and response effects are provocatively placed. Sound densities are varied; dynamics and shading come into play. Excellent use is made of space and silences, so much a part of the Basie thing. Soloists shake loose, often supported by consonant, sharp-edged riffs or exclamations of differing volume. The outstanding arrangements for the contemporary Basie band, such as those by Hefti, et al., preserve a feeling of spontaneity within a rigidly stylized context. They carve out a well-defined identity for this unit, while cementing a strong link with its memorable past.

Nestico only superficially follows in the tradition. Not that it is an absolute must to do so. But what he has written does not stand comparison with the work of others who move easily within the Basie pattern. There are rays of promise, however; his ballads — e.g., "That Warm Feeling"—are a quiet matter of tasty textures and define feeling in a natural, pleasing manner. And there is at least one up-tempo item, "The Magic Flea," a small gem of a performance, in which the band finds itself. But, in general, the charts created to make bottoms wiggle and fingers snap either sound homogenized or press too hard for a groove. Soloists get comparatively little opportunity; they serve only as an inlay, another set of colors within reed-heavy scores. As for Basie — he seems unusually reserved during these performances. Generally the spice in the cake, he is forced into a background role. And the band seldom gets off the dime as it deals with the well-designed paper work.

Standing Ovation, Basie's newest release (Dot stereo, DLP 25938), is another matter. An exercise in nostalgia, recorded at the Tropicana Hotel in Las Vegas, it endeavors to recount recent and not so recent glories of this great band. In the final analysis, the venture's success or failure depends on your age, experience, and, particularly, the tune under consideration.

Much of the material contained in the set was popularized by the Basie contingent that came east from Kansas City in 1936, the group of musicians that brought fresh concepts to the jazz scene, in the process paving the way for modern jazz. When listening to today's "modernized" versions of "Down for Double," "Broadway," "Jive at Five," "Jumpin' at the Woodside," "Blue and Sentimental," and "Every Tub," it soon became apparent to me, particularly after referring to the origi-

—*From "The Big Bands."*

Count Basie—"a launching pad for great soloists." The 1940 band at the Apollo Theater in Harlem: Left: Walter Page, string bass; Basie, piano-leader; saxists Buddy Tate, Tab Smith, Jack Washington, and Lester Young. Rear: drummer Jo Jones, guitarist Freddie Green, trumpeter Buck Clayton, trombonists Vic Dickenson (hiding Ed Lewis), and Dickie Wells, trumpeters Al Killian and Harry Edison, and trombonist Dan Minor.

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nals, that you can't go home again.

One must remember that the Basie band of the Thirties and early Forties was a launching pad for great soloists. The improvisers provided the essential substance and flavor; they fed life into the band's central core; whereas, today, soloists are more subservient to the "arrangement." A large band with a small-group orientation, this Basie edition was lighter in sound and pulse and leaned toward community creation: "head" arrangements. It could balloon out full or perform with the flexibility of a much smaller bunch. It was, as drummer Jo Jones repeatedly has said, "a family," in which love and common purpose abounded.

Each man supplied something singular. For example, tenor saxophonist Lester "Pres" Young contributed a dynamic presence and striking, vibrato-free melodic flights, couched in decidedly individual rhythmic terms. Trombonist Dickie Wells offered poise and great expressiveness in performance; trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison, an impish, telegraphic style, notable for its voice-like continuity; trumpeter Buck Clayton provided ease, warmth, a particulary winning way with mutes; tenor saxophonist Herschel Evans, Coleman Hawkins-like sound and a deep-seated sense of sophistication. The pungently economical Basie and his colleagues in "The All-American Rhythm Section"—Jo Jones, bassist Walter Page, and guitarist Freddie Green—furnished the underlying rhythmic surge. In essence, early Basie was the sum of its players.

Compare the original "Jive at Five" (*The Best of Count Basie*—Decca stereo, DXS-7170, $11.98, two discs) with the version on *Standing Ovation*. It proves that the conditions and feelings of one period will not bear the transfer into the ambiance of another time. In the original, tiptoe, soft-shoe rhythm and tight trumpets against growling trombone set up a feeling of loose-limbed swing and prepare the way for the soloists. Pres creates delightful lines from the original materials; Sweets adds a bit more character to matters before Young returns for a parting eight bars. Basie's succinct comments and a short outing by baritonist Jack Washington lead us back to the theme. From one end of the treatment to the other, there is a continuous feeling of creation, surprise, and intimacy, lacking in today's version. What we have in the contemporary performance is more of a symmetrical "arrangement," less telling solos—with the exception of Sweets—and heavier rhythm to push the larger band.

Trumpeter Edison, in truth, is one of the few *real* links here with the past. Little changed stylistically, he has matured an instantly identifiable, pithy style in which every note is made to count for something. His one-note repetitions move rhythm, particularly in the Basie context, like little else. Throughout the Dot album, Edison is a catalyst, an elbow nudging the side of the band, a consistently fulfilling solo voice.

He is central to the impact of the set's best arrangement and performance. In that twilight area between teasingly slow and medium tempo, "Cherry Point"—the Neal Hefti blues—begins its evolution in Basie's introductory comments. Then enter Sweets. Dropping a note here, a phrase there, he structures an engaging solo, while setting up the band. After an eruption of sound, the trumpeter slyly responds to statements made by the ensemble, bringing additional character to the score. More brass explosions lead to a relaxed Basie, who converses with himself, providing both questions and answers. Continuing discourse between the two soloists and the band, and among the sections, lends particular distinction to this musical experience. Listen to "Cherry Point"! It's Basie as he should be—at home in the blues, with a "spacious" arrangement that truly accommodates his needs and those of his band, in today's terms.

—Burt Korall.

Partial Discography

Basie's Back in Town—Epic LN 3169

Lester Young Memorial Album with Count Basie and His Orchestra—Epic SN 6031

Basie—Roulette, Birdland Series R-52003

Li'l Ol' Groovemaker . . . Basie—Verve stereo, V-68549

Basie in London—Verve stereo, MGV-68199

One O'Clock Jump—Verve MGV-8288

Basie Plays Hefti—Roulette, Birdland Series R-52011

On My Way & Shoutin' Again—Count Basie and his orchestra play music by Neal Hefti—Verve stereo, V-68511

Answer to Wit Twister, page 52: Pecos, copse, scope, copes.

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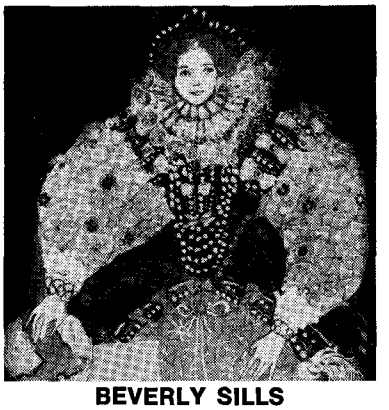

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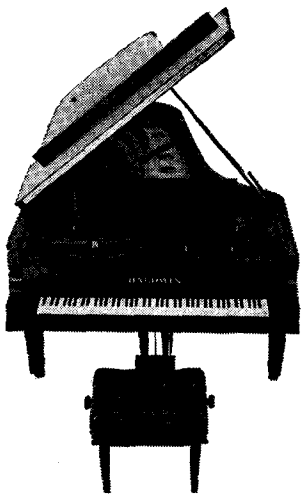

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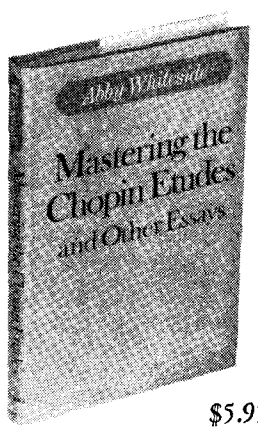

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If It Pleases

Continued from page 71

choose, guide, devise, and modify increasingly the course of the navigator —never twice the same, always taking a new course through the islands of the archipelago." To show how varied this navigation can be, it is played twice. It is more games than fun, and much more of this navigation could induce seasickness.

Like Xenakis, Charles Wuorinén is intellectually brilliant, and he approaches music with scientific preoccupation. His *Time's Encomium,* a wholly electronic piece taking two sides of a Nonesuch disc (H-71225, $2.98), is replete with all the fascinating sounds and squiggles that electronic gadgetry can produce. But here nothing is left to chance. It is all as precisely calculated as a project in rocketry. "Because I need time," he states, "I praise it. Because it does not need me, I approach it respectfully, hence the word 'encomium.'" Wuorinén's program notes are almost as fascinating as his music. Both are lucid and direct. Thankfully he does not indulge in the purposeful obfuscation practiced by some of his colleagues.

Morton Subotnick's *Silver Apples of the Moon* fills another complete Nonesuch disc (H-71174). He approaches music quite differently; the result is more elemental. For one thing, he is content to give his music a beat, or, more properly, to give it a sense of pulsation and repetition rarely found in other electronic music. And he contrives delicious sounds that suggest a slightly tipsy calliope loping in a dream parade. On the second side, the repeated figures suggest the workings of a printing press or some similar type of machinery, and at moments they evoke the insistent beat of jazz. The disc does not call for repeated hearing; a little tends to go too long a way. But don't say it isn't fun.

John Eaton (Decca, DL 710165) adds some exciting new touches to his electronic music that distinguish it from the more conventional product born in studios where splicing, altering, and over-dubbing are part of the process. In his *Thoughts on Rilke,* Eaton has assembled a chamber orchestra of electronic instruments that are played live.

He uses the Syn-Ket, an electronic synthesizer invented by Paolo Ketoff in 1964. It sounds like the offspring of an electronic organ and a Theremin on a chemically induced "high." In addition, he uses a Moog synthesizer, a vibrator, a reverberation plate, and a Syn-Mill, described as being "essentially a staircase generator." These supply the wonderfully sub-zany background for the Japanese soprano, Miciko Hirayama, who sings a paraphrase on a Rilke "Sonnet to Orpheus." "The machine threatens everything human if it in spirit commands, instead of obeys . . . and music, always new, builds from tremulous stones in superfluous space her deified house." Eaton fragments the phrases (in German) to give them a meaning that is less clear than provoking. This approach is novel, fresh, and tonally quite magical. The same can be said of his *Soliloquy for Syn-Ket* and *Duet for Syn-Ket and Moog Synthesizer* (he plays both instruments simultaneously). Here, and in his music for conventional instruments, Eaton takes advantage of microtonal relationships that particularly distinguish his music from most of the doings of the Columbia-Princeton electronic center.

Eaton's *Vibrations,* labeled a "Concert Piece for Woodwinds," is conducted by William O. Smith, who, along with Eaton, has given some sensational recitals. Each, in addition to being a composer, is fantastic in performance: Smith is regarded as one of the most phenomenal experimental clarinetists of our time, and Eaton as an improvisational jazz-type pianist of Horowitzian dimension.

Those who have heard Gunther Schuller's opera, *The Visitation,* may recall the café sequence where a jazz combo produced some lively characteristic improvisations. This was primarily the work of Eaton as piano improviser, and as such he became a vital element in the opera. The woodwinds Eaton requires for his *Vibrations* are flute, two oboes, one tuned down a quarter tone, and two clarinets with similarly disparate tuning.

With his microtonal music and exploration of the overtone series, Eaton touches on many of the theories advanced by Henry Cowell in his *New Music Resources* written in 1919. I imagine Charles Ives might have enjoyed the piquant pitch combination and twittery nose-thumbing Eaton produces. Even Kant might have found that it pleases.

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Rolling Stones

Continued from page 68

punching out the beat. At the end Klein says, "I still like it."

"So do I," replies Jagger, "but is it a hit?"

"I don't know; I can't pick records."

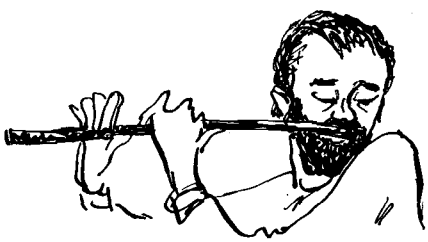
Jagger is a picture of perplexity, his cool blue-gray eyes fixed elsewhere. He pouts silently.

"I didn't like 'Honky Tonk Women' at first either."

"Neither did I, right?"

"Look, we don't have to release a single for the tour; it would be good, but we don't have to; the album's still selling."

"We still have a problem getting it



played, except for the FM stations. We can release a single or not. What do you want to do?"

"I don't want to; I don't know."

"OK, we won't release a single. I'll put together a promo album, three or four cuts from the album, and we can tie in with local stations on the tour. If they want to cover the tour they guarantee us so many hours of air-play on the promo. That's not payola, right?"

"Let's not release a single, then."

"I'm with you."

"OK, so what are we doing?"

Jagger leaves the room for a moment to check out the studio. Klein flashes an affectionate paternal glance in the direction of his exit. For a moment he glows.

"Honky Tonk Women" was the single of the year and they didn't like it at first. They're nervous about the tour, nervous enough to have a test concert somewhere in Colorado before the official opening in Los Angeles. The unpublicized Colorado concert is already sold out. In this, the year of Woodstock, *Tommy*, *Abbey Road*, the Isle of Wight, and the Chicago conspiracy trials, The Rolling Stones' tour could blow the whole pop scene wide open with an explosion of energy and a tidal wave of rejuvenation. Jagger returns to the formica room, and they quibble some about air-time, singles, and payola.

Jagger chews thoughtfully on a knuckle. The heel of his hand is scarred from a recent accident—a gun on the set of *Ned Kelly* went off accidentally while they were shooting in Australia. Once his arm was broken in the crush of a post-concert melee. The slight scar on his head is a battle wound inflicted by an overzealous fan and a piece of broken chair during a performance. These are hazards of the trade to a rock 'n' roll star.

People come in with photographs. Klein grabs them and squints through the transparencies in the light. "We gotta get this stuff out right away or those idiots will use pictures from the Year One. I'll bring them back to New York tonight."

Klein and Jagger hunch over a table. Klein is scrawling figures on a sheet of paper. "Don't you worry about the bread. If you need 30,000 pounds to live on, we've got to earn you 300,000, right?" Jagger brightens. Klein draws boxes around the figures. The conversation gets disjointed. Jagger goes back to the studio to help with the mixing.

In the studio, producer Jimmy Miller and engineer Glyn Johns are sitting in front of the controls. They are tops in their trade, viable alchemists to the finest rock product from England. Richard is reaching for the toggles and dials. Johns asks him to leave the board alone—too many hands, no control.

The room is heavy with concentration. The music is on the tape, the profile of the songs is taking form. Jagger crumples over the board. Annoyance, delight, a wince, a grudging smile, then a grin of satisfaction flicker in rapid succession over his face.

The mobility of his expressions tells more about the man and his art than anything he'll give to an interviewer. His smile is at once mischievously evil and warmly endearing. His careful eyes show both outrage and concern. Behind them is rare instinctual genius. His presence is electric; his movements are quick, spontaneous, with a kind of animal grace only children and born stars possess.

Faces behind the board are mesmerized. A charge of excitement flashes around the room. It's a wonderful album, bursting with excesses, characterized by impassioned finesse and doltish humor.

"Here, see where it changes, goes from fourths to eighths? There's a lot of time changes and every one is accompanied by a change in the sound; that's what we're trying to bring out on this one." Staunch professionalism. The days of headlong record ramblings have passed for this group. In rock 'n' roll, they've got it covered. From the chaos on the tape the order of the excitement begins to take shape. Somebody comes in with paper sacks full of soda and chips. They will be working far into the night.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 63

ler wrote for the tenor in his setting of the poems by Li-Tai-Po (and others) are rarities, and may also be possessed of potentials for the Wagner literature. But an inability to maintain accurate pitch is a liability for any singer, and one to which Cox was too prone for my aural comfort. The basic sound is pleasant and moderately large; but in the C-sharp-D area (middle tenor range) the "break" is inadequately joined, and the upper octave has the pitch problem noted above. What he did, musically, was commendable, and his enunciation of the German text was clear. In totality, however, Cox's strain to produce the volume of sound required worked against real pleasure in the results.

On her side, Miss Forrester performed with the robust vocal quality and the absence of real intelligibility that have characterized her singing for years. As Steinberg's style for this occasion was respectable but not really impelling, the downward drag was greater than the upward lift—the negation, in pure aerodynamic terms; of what is required for soaring, artistic or otherwise.

Victor Eresko, who made his American debut in Alice Tully Hall a resounding success, is a Soviet pianist with a difference. Tall, sandy-haired, bespectacled, he presented the kind of internationally accepted appearance that might characterize his background as Berkeley or Cambridge rather than Lvov by way of Moscow. But the pianistic current that underlies his achievement runs deep and sure.

Eresko eschewed the formal obeisance to schools and styles customary in American recital programs. He served strictly from strength, with the Sixth Sonata of Prokofiev and the Fourth of Scriabin followed by Rachmaninoff's Variations on a Theme by Corelli and four of his *Etudes Tableaux*. This left many areas of interest unexplored, but nothing about the requirements of these works unrevealed. From his strong, assertive, and sure-handed way with the Prokofiev, it was evident that Eresko is a pianist of superb mechanical achievements and a thoroughgoing student of his music as well. In the Scriabin he traced a beautiful curve of ascending power from a low point of lyric introspection to a clamorous conclusion that drew blood, in the form of cheers. The demonstration, incidentally, qualified Alice Tully Hall as an ideal place for a piano recital.

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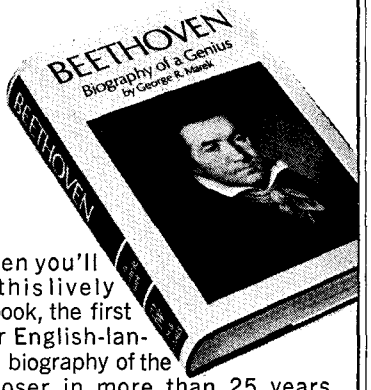

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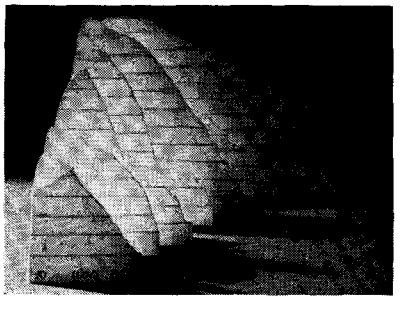

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Letters to the Recordings Editor

Jazz at Aspen

I READ with interest the article "Rare Air" by Willis Conover [*SR*, Oct. 11] on the jazz parties of Dick Gibson in Aspen. In the first place, the fact that such a high level jazz concert comes about is something of a real accomplishment, especially in a more or less out-of-the-way place like Aspen, and with such a high price tag for three days of concert.

While I am much more of an appreciator of the traditional and classical music, I still enjoy some of the very good and genuine jazz, as an American art form and medium of musical expression. And, as I sat reading the article and at the same time listening to a Mozart piano concerto, I wondered about the possibilities of Mr. Gibson adding some variety to the extemporaneous menu of the different groups by letting them hear a few bars of music from some of the old masters and then give vent to their imaginations and innovative skills in reconstituting some of the old themes? It might develop some viable interchange of musical interests by those who like both kinds.

THE REVEREND ASA MUNDELL,
Portland, Ore.

Jazz for Home Consumption

READING Willis Conover's account of the annual Dick Gibson high-altitude jazz bash was a pleasure—but one tinged with sadness. The number of cherished jazz musicians is inevitably dwindling. This year we have lost Pee Wee Russell and Coleman Hawkins. And while it is a source of joy to be reminded that such superlatively stalwart performers as Lawson, Butterfield, Freeman, McGarity, et al., are still creatively active, the pitiful truth is that they remain generally neglected by our principal entertainment media.

American jazz, beloved abroad, is all but disdained in the land of its birth. Most of us who grew up with the music have long since become resigned to this, one of the century's most disgraceful musical ironies. Yet surely the matter now is less one of irony than of urgency. Willis's broadcasts to other countries gladden veteran foreign jazz fans, charm newcomers to the music, and heighten friendly feeling toward America. On all three counts the need would appear to be much more acute on the home front.

Indeed, VOA would be justified in expanding its target area for jazz to include the United States. And a more generous network TV exposure offered jazz would, at the least (and before it's too late), be one small measure of justice to an exciting, still vigorous class of American musician typified by those who blow periodically up there on that Colorado mountain.

LEN GUTTRIDGE,
Alexandria, Va.

Terry and Bernhardt

IN HIS interesting column about Dame

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Margot [WORLD OF DANCE, Nov. 1] Walter Terry is mistaken in saying that Bernhardt at fifty functioned with a wooden leg. The amputation was in 1915 when she was seventy, according to Cornelia Otis Skinner (*Madame Sarah*).

As a boy in Berlin in 1903, I remember that Bernhardt stayed for two weeks in the same hotel with me, playing *Tosca* and *Phèdre*. I knew her personally and she was charming to me. She was then fifty-eight with plenty of legs! In 1906 or 1907, I was a college boy when she played *Camille* in New Haven. She was then sixty-one or -two. She knew me again and she still had plenty of legs!

Miss Skinner and the *Almanac* differ slightly on dates. But what would a year or two matter to Sarah Bernhardt?

HENRY E. SHEFFIELD,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Exact Identification

IN THE OTHER SIDE [Aug. 30], Thomas Heinitz makes reference to an Argo record of German songs of the early nineteenth century, by Prince Albert, sung by the Purcell Consort. My record seller has not been able to locate this for me. Could you give me a more exact identification so that I may obtain a recording?

THEODORE BAUMEISTER,
Willtown Bluff,
Yonges Island, S.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is the English Argo label distributed in this country by McGraw-Hill.*

Who Sings Lead in "Oh! Darling"?

I DO NOT wish to make this an overly long letter, as you will undoubtedly be deluged with many more of a similar nature. However, as I restrained myself regarding Nick Cohn's grand error in the Sunday *Times* of a few weeks ago, I am no longer able, in light of the same error in the pages of *SR*, to keep silent.

I urge you please to inform Ellen Sander ("The Beatles: 'Abbey Road,'" *SR*, Oct. 25) that it is *clearly, unmistakably* Paul McCartney singing lead on "Oh! Darling," that the song is not, as Miss Sander would have us believe, a "grand old John Lennon screamer." I grant that there are a few songs, possibly two to three at most, in the entire history of the Beatles' recorded music in which the lead singer *might* be in doubt to other than a trained (Beatle-maniacal?) ear. "Oh! Darling" is simply not one of them.

ERIC JACOBSON,
Forest Hills, N.Y.

The Beatles' Philosophy

ELLEN SANDER'S review of the new Beatles album, *Abbey Road*, is an incomplete analysis which, in all cases, misses the true inherent value of their philosophy. Quite true, her introduction puts the album in its right place, high above most electronic gibberish and senseless songs. Yet its content has three objective levels: instrumental presentation, emotional stirring, and, most important, intellectual igniting. Unfortunately, her pen appears to have dried up in relation to the last.

The proper expounding of all songs has been neglected. Is it painful for our peace-loving and pornographic populace to equate "Come Together" with copulation, or to accept that "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" refers to youth trapped in the mutated military circle, or that "Octopus Garden" connotes the only place where man can acquire peace, out of society? Furthermore, all songs have emphatic overtones of peace, love of nature, and distrust of society. But if you refuse to shock the reader with such stinging facts, it's tragic and the true value of Beatle philosophy is disparaged.

THOMAS AZAR,
The Hunter College Envoy,
New York, N.Y.

In Response to "Abbey Road"

CERTAINLY, any recording review will bring an amount of criticism. The only possible way to review a Beatles album is in retrospect to their other works. A review of the Beatles' newest album, *Abbey Road*, a few weeks after its release is a futile waste of work. The Beatles have a quality that cannot be defined. I found Ellen Sander's review of *Abbey Road* incredibly naïve.

The Beatles are no longer a group of four musicians, but, rather, they are a feeling. The ultimate recording is one that evokes some sort of emotion from the listener and is able to bind the greenest listener to the music itself. *Abbey Road* has set a precedent for current music. It is emotional as well as musical.

A good poet will use meter as an element in creating a certain, desired effect. The Beatles seem to have similarly mastered a certain tone in their music. The tangible elements of this tone are the same as those of a good poet: meter, versification, word usage, and general style.

The best music ever composed by the Beatles is in the medley on Side 2 of *Abbey Road*. I find it hard to believe that Ellen Sander could devote only a single sentence to the medley itself, and a poor paragraph to specific parts in the medley.

One cannot guess as to what the Beatles will next shower upon the world. At any rate, in the turmoil of the evolution of modern music, the Beatles sit on a plateau of their own, high above the confusion.

ALAN FARAGO,
Providence, R.I.

Likes and Dislikes

AN EXERCISE in superlatives does not constitute a review. For all its exuberance and joyfulness, Miss Sander's review of *Abbey Road* has quite the opposite effect; like too much cotton candy, its airy sweetness leaves one out of sorts. I found, of course, nothing specific to contest, but such would have been welcome. As it was, the review could have been neither right nor wrong, for one cannot contest another's emotions. One cannot object to Miss Sander's liking or disliking any recording; one can, however, expect reasons to like or dislike.

FREDRICK BOSCO,
University of Denver,
Denver, Colo.

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(Continued from page 89)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1860

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Controversy.	3 8 57 63 65 72
B. Advanced beyond proper limits with (2 wds.)	82 93 112 130 138 142 169 200 206 2
C. French Dominican missionary (1663-1738) who founded Basse-Terre, Guadeloupe.	9 16 81 96 108
D. Miss Miggs wishes she'd been born thus (3wds.; Dickens, "Barnaby Rudge")	124 121 132 156 182 197 222 11 102 118
E. Secretary of State under Roosevelt (1905-9)	143 154 178 212
F. A la (4 wds.)	29 33 43 49 67 78 84 97 137 153 172 114 217
G. Annuls.	23 167 201 117 127 140 170 180 194
H. Ecclesiastic.	199 213 17 28 191 219 226 5 14
I. Unqualified, absolute; arrant.	53 60 163 192 218 1 18 27 48 91 94
J. Discharging; filming; spurting.	116 119 136 202 224 4 30 36
K. "A forted residence 'gainst ———of time." (2 wds; "Measure for Measure")	74 83 99 125 225 13 15 22
L. Anglo-Irish dramatist and critic ("Jane Clegg", "The First Mrs. Fraser")	50 77 85 92 110 120
M. Sylvaner and Liebfraumilch, for instance (2 wds.)	181 19 42 46 58 62 69 145 162 176
N. "When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,/. . . with all your thunderbolts, ———!" says Brutus. (4 wds.; "Julius Caesar")	39 45 73 90 104 113 183 21 32 98 133 175 221 189 198
O. Visible to; as viewed by (4 wds.)	10 56 129 141 184 204 59 70 126 152 37 80
P. Characterizing word or phrase.	103 150 12 134 174 193 160
Q. Prohibitions.	122 38 148 161 25
R. In ancient Rome, days on which public business could be transacted without impiety.	75 105 149 165 86
S. Best.	87 101 186 135 215 55 157
T. Bocaccio or ocean perch, for instance.	7 47 173 211 139 144 166 26
U. Fishing harbor and resort of county Cork.	168 216 115 177 44 159 158
V. Be suspended above; projection.	76 106 34 51 52 111 6 61
W. Football goal posts.	171 164 88 151 31 68 20 35
X. One invested with vicarious authority.	208 107 188 109 196 24
Y. Hide, cache.	64 205 187 40 66
Z. Kindle.	95 185 155 203 210 54 220
Z¹ Word Q, for instance.	190 209 146 131 89 147 179 214 128
Z² Kern-Hammerstein musical (2 wds.)	223 71 79 41 207 100 195 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 I	2 B	3 A	4 J	5 H	6 V		7 T	8 A	9 C	10 O	11 D	12 P	13 K	14 H		15 K	16 C
17 H	18 I	19 M	20 W		21 N	22 K	23 G	24 X		25 Q	26 T	27 I	28 H	29 F	30 J	31 W	
32 N	33 F	34 V	35 W		36 J	37 O	38 Q	39 N	40 Y		41 Z²	42 M	43 F	44 U		45 N	46 M
47 T	48 I	49 F	50 L	51 V		52 V	53 I	54 Z	55 S	56 O		57 A	58 M	59 O	60 I	61 V	
62 M	63 A	64 Y		65 A	66 Y	67 F		68 W	69 M	70 O	71 Z²	72 A	73 N	74 K		75 R	76 V
77 L	78 F		79 Z²	80 O		81 C	82 B	83 K	84 F	85 L	86 R	87 S	88 W		89 Z¹	90 N	91 I
	92 L	93 B	94 I	95 Z	96 C	97 F		98 N	99 K	100 Z²	101 S	102 D	103 P		104 N	105 R	106 V
107 X		108 C	109 X	110 L	111 V	112 B	113 N	114 F	115 U	116 J	117 G	118 D		119 J	120 L	121 D	122 Q
	123 Z²	124 D		125 K	126 O	127 G	128 Z¹		129 O	130 B	131 Z¹	132 D	133 N	134 P	135 S	136 J	137 F
	138 B	139 T		140 G	141 O	142 B	143 E	144 T	145 M	146 Z¹		147 Z¹	148 Q		149 R	150 P	151 W
152 O	153 F		154 E	155 Z		156 D	157 S	158 U		159 U	160 P	161 Q	162 M	163 I	164 W	165 R	166 T
	167 G	168 U		169 R	170 G	171 W	172 F	173 T	174 P	175 N	176 M		177 U	178 E	179 Z¹	180 G	181 M
182 D	183 N	184 O	185 Z	186 S		187 Y	188 X	189 N	190 Z¹	191 H	192 I	193 P	194 G		195 Z²	196 X	197 D
	198 N	199 H	200 B	201 G	202 J	203 Z	204 O		205 Y	206 B		207 Z²	208 X	209 Z¹	210 Z	211 T	
212 E	213 H	214 Z¹	215 S		216 U	217 F		218 I	219 H	220 Z		221 N	222 D	223 Z²	224 J	225 K	226 H

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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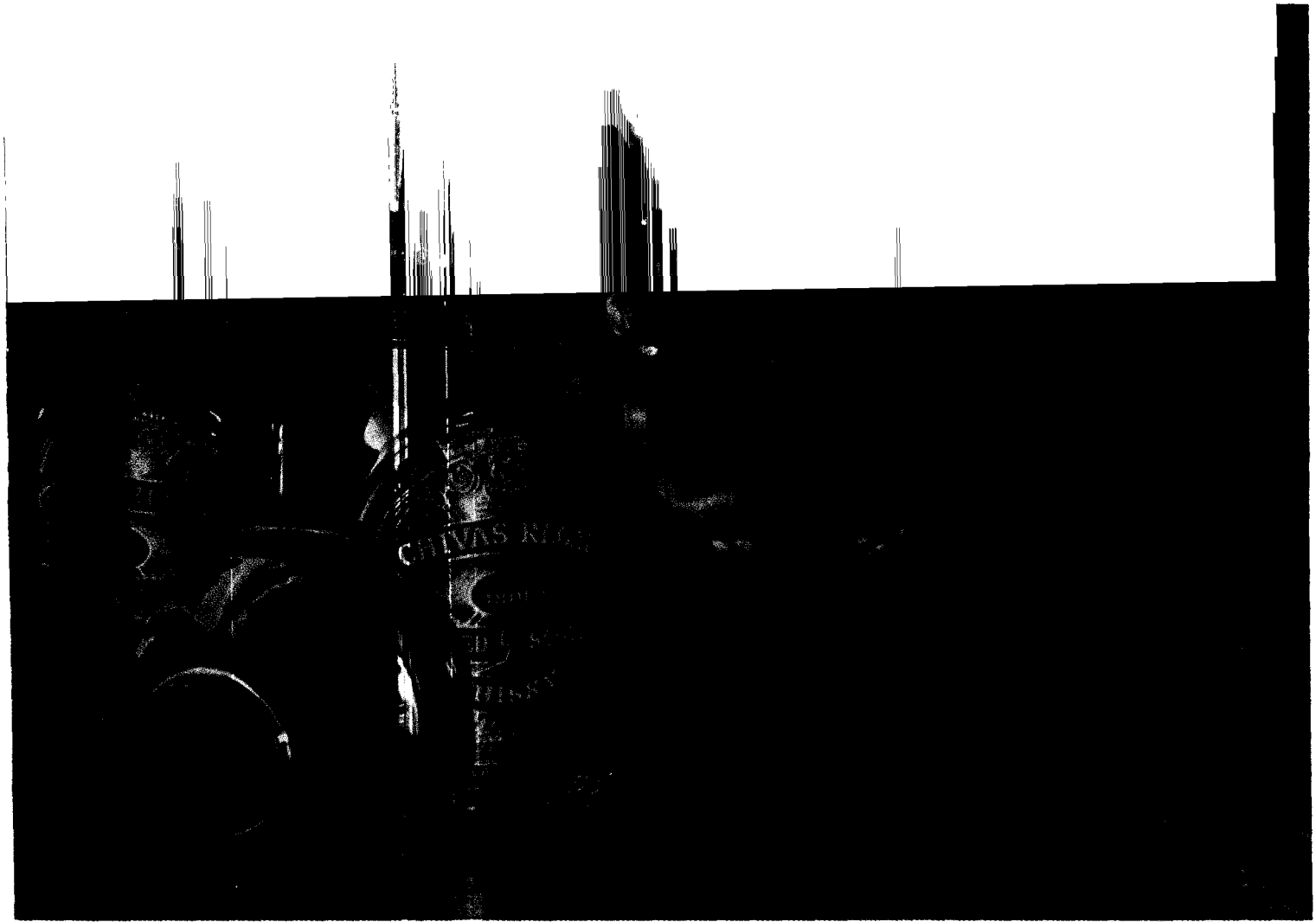

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

The following events actually took place. Only the names have been changed.

January 10, 1969.

5:30 P.M.—Mrs. Harris Williams and her daughter left their home in Manhasset, L.I., and drove to Kennedy Airport to pick up Mr. Williams who was coming home from a business trip.

7:30 P.M.—Mr. Williams' flight landed (one hour late, due to inclement weather).

8:00 P.M.—The Williams family stopped off at a small Long Island restaurant for some dinner.

9:00 P.M.—They arrived home, found the house in shambles, and called the police.

9:15 P.M.—The police got there and together with the Williamses compiled a list of the articles missing. Among them were: the sterling silver (they left the stainless); the color TV (they left the black and white); eight bottles of Chivas Regal (they left the ordinary liquor).

10:00 P.M.—The police attempted to add some levity to the situation by commenting on the thieves' good taste.

10:01 P.M.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams didn't laugh.

CASE ON FILE IN NASSAU COUNTY POLICE DEPARTMENT

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